THE BOOKMAN

MOUNT ST. CHARLES COLLEGE
LIBRARY
HELENA

August, 1927

FAREWELL AND HAIL!
John Farrar

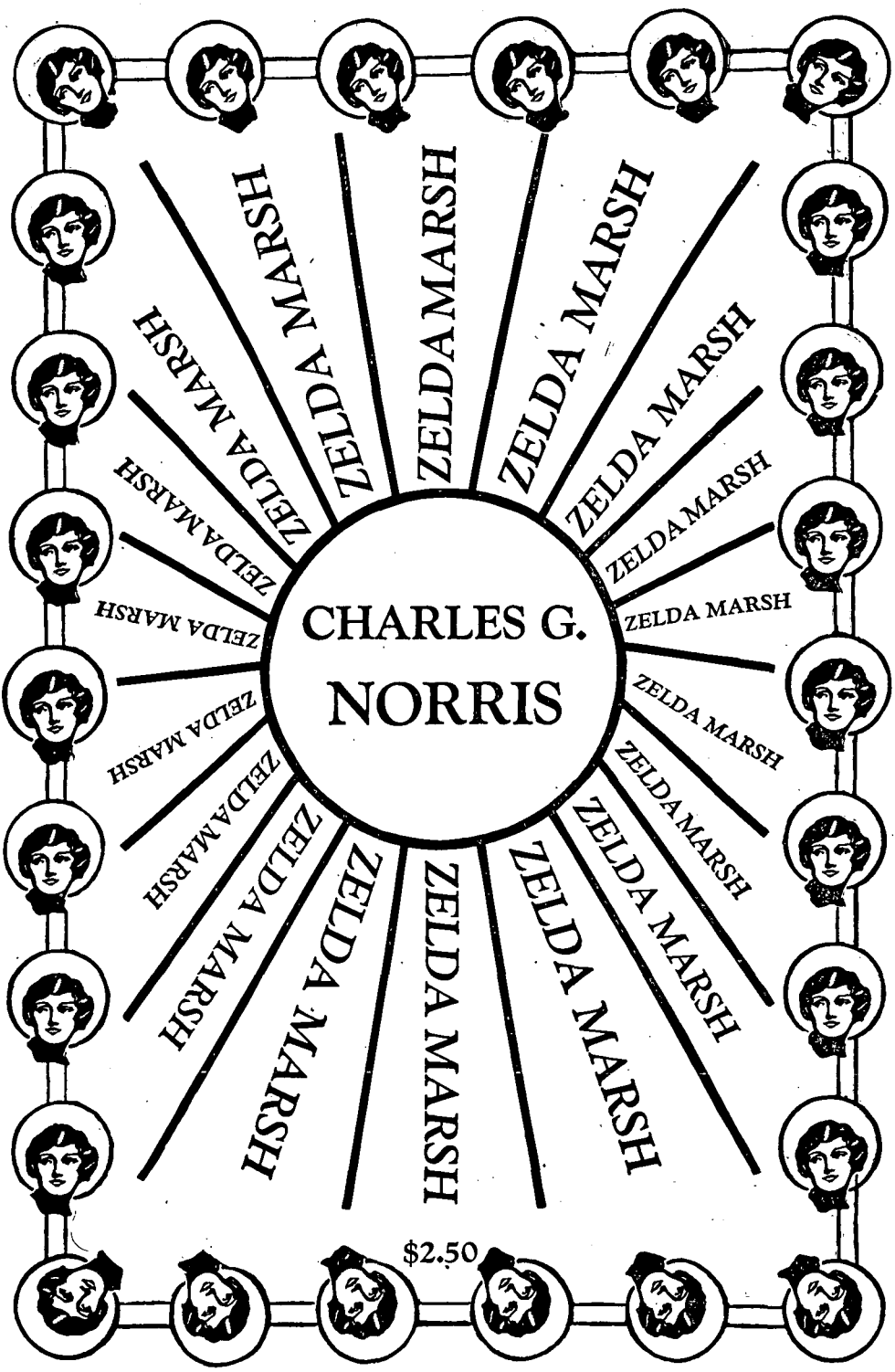
DOROTHY CANFIELD: THE LITTLE VERMONTER
Dorothea Lawrance Mann

FINIS: A STORY
Elsie Singmaster

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

50 Cents $4.00 Yearly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PUBLISHED BY DUTTON

Publishers of "Face Value" by J. L. Campbell, the most talked of book of the season; "The Mob" by V. Blasco Ibañez, the author's most popular book; "Find The Clock" by Harry Stephen Keeler, one of the best detective stories ever written.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold Bell Wright

His new novel is

God and the Groceryman

Is God being crowded out of American life? After three years of study, Harold Bell Wright answers with this powerful, human novel. A climax to the trilogy begun in "The Shepherd of the Hills" and continued in "The Calling of Dan Matthews."

Published July 29th

$2.00

D. Appleton and Company

35 West 32nd St., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUGUST, 1927 VOL. LXV, NO. 6

THE BOOKMAN

John Farrar, *Editor*

Contents

Farewell and Hail!	*John Farrar*	609
A Postscript	*George H. Doran*	612
John Erskine — A Modern Actæon	*Henry Morton Robinson*	613
By the Sea Wall. *A Poem* *With a Woodcut by Richard Bennett*	*Edward Lucas White*	619
Finis. *A Story*	*Elsie Singmaster*	620
When Sylvia Sings. *A Poem*	*Thomas Moult*	624
Memories of a Father	*Marjory Royce*	625
The Actor	*Stark Young*	628
Epitaph. *A Poem*	*Lynn Riggs*	633
Humbert Wolfe *With a Portrait by Maud Grant-Ford*	*Herbert Gorman*	634
Over the Steppe	*Max Robin*	640
The Flaming Sword. *A Poem*	*Ethel Kelley*	641
The Sketch Book *Essays by David Cort, Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, Bertha Oppenheim, H. Bedford-Jones, Arnold Mulder*		642
Persephone. *A Poem*	*John Drinkwater*	652
The Londoner	*Simon Pure*	658
My Autograph Book. *Illustrated*	*Gerald Dillon*	665
Color. *A Poem*	*Sidney Cox*	672
Irvin S. Cobb: Ask Him Another	*Grant Overton*	673
Small Songs for a Small Daughter. *Poems*	*Marion Strobel*	677
Jeremy at Crale. Part IX	*Hugh Walpole*	678
The Blow-Down. *A Poem*	*Leo C. Turner*	690
The Tyrant. *A Story*	*Liam O'Flaherty*	691
Dorothy Canfield: The Little Vermonter	*Dorothea Lawrance Mann*	695
Wild Geese. *A Poem* *With a Linoleum Cut by the Author*	*Robert P. Tristram Coffin*	702
The New Yorker	*Larry Barretto*	704
The Bookman's Guide to Fiction		708
The Editor Recommends —	*J. F.*	710
A Shelf of Recent Books *Reviews by Dorothea Lawrance Mann, Will Cuppy, Herbert B. Benjamin, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Charles W. Ferguson*		713
The Bookman's Monthly Score		721
The Seven Seas	*Michael Joseph*	722
The Gossip Shop. *Illustrated*		726

For Brief Reviews, Travel Books, Religious Books, Contributors' Column, see advertising sections

Published every month by George H. Doran Company. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City. John Farrar, Editor: Amy Flashner, Assistant Editor. Canadian postage, 3 cents a copy, 36 cents a year. Foreign postage, 6 cents a copy, 72 cents a year. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1927, by George H. Doran Company. All rights reserved.

NOTE: Beginning with the September number, THE BOOKMAN will be edited by Burton Rascoe and published by the Bookman Company. Manuscripts and all other communications should be addressed to 452 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME DUTTON CLASSICS

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, *or*
THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION
By IZAAK WALTON and CHARLES COTTON

Illustrations from Wood Engravings by E. Fitch Daglish

"I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you."
Rob. Floud

American edition $15.00

MUSIC:
CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC, AND MODERN
By EAGLEFIELDHULL

With twelve portraits and many musical excerpts.

A bird's-eye view of the whole range of music from the sublimities of Bach and Beethoven to the symphonic dissonances of the ultra-moderns. An excellent guide for the music lover, whether he be professional or amateur.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT
By GEORGE GISSING

The first American edition authorized for publication by George Gissing's heirs.

"Here was a man who, having his desire, and that a very modest one, not only felt satisfied but enjoyed great happiness." $2.00

SCIENCE:
LEADING AND MISLEADING
By COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH

A comprehensive study of scientific development and an exposure of what the author regards as charlatanry. One section contains a thoroughly interesting discussion of psycho-analysis. "Doctors," says Colonel Lynch, "are a real danger in many cases, tampering ignorantly with complex machinery." $2.50

THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES,
TRAFFIQUES, AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION
By RICHARD HAKLUYT

With an introduction by John Masefield
Sixty-four Illustrations by Thomas Derrick

The only exhaustive and illustrated edition, obtainable at a moderate price, of this great English epic of travel and discovery.

Volumes I and II, $3.00 *Per Vol.*

AMERICAN GAME SHOOTING
By PAUL CURTIS

Illustrated

In the loquacious manner familiar to hunters in a firelit room after the day's chase, this book is written. The author knows how to write, as well as how "to stand on a great pass at dusk with a stout gun and pull the high ones out of the air."

$3.50

REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE BOOKMAN

BURTON RASCOE becomes the editor of THE BOOKMAN.

With the September issue THE BOOKMAN *will appear under new ownership and direction, not connected with any book publishing company. The size of the magazine will be increased, and its scope broadened.*

JOHN FARRAR begins a regular department devoted to whatever happens to interest him.

Portrait of a Woman by THEODORE DREISER

A full-length story-study.

The Irritating Archangel by THOMAS BEER

The author of "The Mauve Decade" turns the spotlight upon a revered figure in American literary history.

Old Bookman Days by ARTHUR B. MAURICE

Reminiscences of THE BOOKMAN in swaddling clothes by the writer longest identified with its history.

Martial: A Roman Journalist by KEITH PRESTON

A classical scholar who is also a columnist writes of the first of his tribe. Beginning a series of interpretations of Greek and Roman writers from a modern point of view.

(See Next Page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT MONTH OR LATER IN THE BOOKMAN

In Explanation by JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Wherein Mr. Cabell shares some secrets with his readers concerning Don Manuel and his progeny.

Man About Town by ERNEST BOYD

An analysis of a species.

My Friend George Sterling by UPTON SINCLAIR

An intimate revelation of the late poet by his best friend.

The Real Broadway by WALTER WINCHELL

America's most spectacular street described by a chronicler of its ways.

Nellie Bloom by MARGERY LATIMER

A story of unusual distinction by a newcomer in the literary field.

Articles by	*Poetry by*	*Fiction by*
E. E. CUMMINGS	DOROTHY PARKER	HUGH WALPOLE
HERBERT GORMAN	ELIZABETH COATSWORTH	LIAM O'FLAHERTY
VINCENT STARRETT	AUDREY WURDEMANN	ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY

IMPORTANT NOTICE

WITH the change in ownership the price of a year's subscription to THE BOOKMAN will be increased from $4 to $5, to make the rate uniform with that of all other 50 cent magazines.

This change in price will not go into effect until January 1. Subscriptions received before that date will be entered for a full year at $4.

THE BOOKMAN · 452 Fifth Avenue · New York City

Please enter my subscription to THE BOOKMAN for one year, to start with the September issue. I enclose $4.00* (money order or check); or, send me a bill.

Name.....

Street.....*Place*.....

* Canadian postage 50c a year extra; Foreign postage 75c a year extra B. 8-27

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF REVIEW

IN the latter half of the nineteenth century when the present war between science and theology was in its earlier and fiercer stage, Frederic Harrison occupied an interesting but anomalous place. Importing to England the philosophical and social teachings of Auguste Comte, he attempted to effect a synthesis of the religious and rational life which would be real and satisfying. He failed. The scientists wouldn't have anything to do with him because he smelled of the church. The theologians regarded him as an enemy of the same color as Huxley or Spencer because he deprecated theology and stood by biology. But he made a gallant effort, in any event, and in the course of his sixty years of labor for the Religion of Humanity the militant Harrison fell into controversial affrays with some of the ablest churchmen and rationalists. For the student of Victorian liberalism, Harrison's was not only an exciting life but a significant one, and the tone and feeling of its quality is admirably conveyed by Austin Harrison in the memoir of his father entitled "Frederic Harrison — Thoughts and Memories" (Putnam).

The essential spaciousness of reasoning which prevails throughout C. E. Ayres's superficially iconoclastic "Science the False Messiah" (Bobbs-Merrill) is typified in his initial premise: "That the truth of science is established only by belief, after the manner of all folk-lores". If a thinking mind can regard such a statement as deserving of serious consideration, then the entire volume should give entrancing occupation to that mind's workings. The author writes with a bombastic, indisputable assertiveness of his views, laying them down with seeming certitude of their infallibility, which is little warranted by the inherent vagueness of his theorizing processes and their conclusions. The erudition he brings to bear is apparently liberal and of a wide diversity, but the logic of its possessor is so inordinately bent upon being ruthlessly destructive that he fails to touch more deeply than the bare surfaces of the immense subjects whose attainments he rashly seeks to undermine and confute by wholesale.

One rather expects labor poems from a former editor of "The New Masses", but James Rorty in "Children of the Sun" (Macmillan) has given his desire for freedom a wider significance than the merely economic. He has stepped out of the rigid, artificial costume of class into the open air and he puts down the universal craving for more life, more consciousness. His fine poem "Prelude: When We Dead Awaken" is full of the sounds of this awakening, the bells, the glorious music of the earth transfigured and glittering, "the high horns", violins, drums, kettle drums. We are to awake, crawl out of our dark holes in the earth, and see our world at last. ". . . and we laughed because Eden had blossomed for us again, and we were clean like the happy beasts that roll where the grass is thick in the sunshine." There is more than the idyllic perfection of happy beasts. There is further awakening which links all humankind, with animals, birds, and grass, into one. The volume includes a group of satires, "American Landscapes", and a "Trans-Canadian Diary"; but the most impressive section is the first, "When We Dead Awaken", which holds most of the shining imagery which has mind as well as emotion behind it.

It is pleasant, for a change, to take up a book like Abel Bonnard's "In China" (Dutton), a record of impressions registered by a sensitive, deeply cultured observer who is able to reveal in an illuminating manner — Veronica Lucas's translation is admirable — something of that inner soul life which plays so important a rôle in the life of a people when its urges materialize in deeds. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR ALL AGES

JUST PUBLISHED BY DUTTON

MEMOIRS OF A POOR RELATION

By MARIETTA MINNEGERODE ANDREWS

A charming autobiography! Imagine the naïveté of such an expression: "Judas and I talked his troubles over and I said to him, 'Don't worry. Jesus will get you out.'" Autobiography is the confession of a great soul.

This is the story of a distinguished southern family and their privations during the Civil War. It is history, psychology, philosophy seen through the eyes of an artist. Beautifully written and illustrated, many of the pictures being drawn by the author herself. $5.00

THE PERFECT COURTIER

COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE: His Life and Letters (1478-1529)

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT

Cleverness and character combined in Castiglione tend to make him an outstanding figure not only of his century but of all time. Known chiefly, to quote Dr. Johnson, as the author of "the best book that was ever written upon good breeding," Mrs. Cartwright has written a brilliant biography of this distinguished soldier, diplomat, and poet. *Two volumes* $10.00

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH

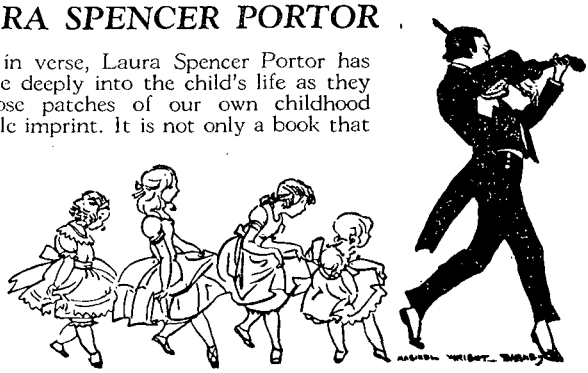
By DAVID ALEC WILSON

In this volume Mr. Wilson gives us just enough of the activities and the political situation of his time to show the real Carlyle, his mind and manners. He paints him, the *London Times Literary Supplement* says, as "a being of rapturous exaltations and huge gales of laughter." *Volume IV — Life of Carlyle* $5.00

THE LITTLE LONG AGO

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

What A. A. Milne has done in verse, Laura Spencer Portor has done in prose. Her tales probe deeply into the child's life as they have mirrored in them those patches of our own childhood which have left their indelible imprint. It is not only a book that children will joy in, but it will delight both parents and educators, as the child psychology is portrayed in a most unique and delicate manner. $5.00



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

headline reader who takes the trouble to read M. Bonnard's volume of impressions will find that, though it was written in 1920–21, such sections as "In the Towns" and such chapters as "The Soul of China" afford an excellent corrective for the propaganda smoke screen with which the newspapers try to obscure the real points at issue between China and the Western powers.

G. H. Johnstone arranges his biography of "Prosper Mérimée" (Dutton) in the two not completely convincing divisions, "A Mask" and "A Face". The former treats of Mérimée the writer, first in the forefront of the new literary movements of his time, later when "the age stretches away from him" and he holds fast to the literary convictions of his youth; of Mérimée the government archæologist; and Mérimée the devoted servant of the Emperor. The second treats of him as the man, revealed through his love letters to an unknown woman. The separation seems a little forced; the "Face" is genuine, but surely all the rest is not a mask. However, despite a flowing, slightly indirect manner of writing, quite different from the incisive, terse style of most contemporary biography, Mr. Johnstone has made of this romantic writer a figure of real poignancy and personality.

Outlines of anything, contributing as they doubtless do to the gradual dissemination of this and that, must be boosted by all who look forward eagerly to the millennium. "A Short History of Art" (Scribner), a translation from the French of André S. Blum, edited and enlarged by R. R. Tatlock, is a meritorious review of a vast subject in one volume of reasonable size. Mr. Tatlock has generally rejuvenated the popular French work, re-illustrating it completely, extending the nineteenth century and other sections, and adding a chapter on current tendencies. Here we have a non-controversial text and a sizable gallery of "the sort of art that interests most people", ranging from prehistoric times to last week. For a more restricted audience is Oscar Hagen's "Art Epochs and Their Leaders" (Scribner), a survey of the genesis of modern art distinguished in manner and persuasive in its purpose "to demonstrate the unity beneath the manifold historical mutations of artistic endeavor". Handsome illustrations adorn this welcome study.

It doesn't seem especially interesting that you can go to the phone, call up the grocer, and order a package of prunes sent up right away, because everyone knows that all the grocer has to do to produce the prunes is reach his hand to the shelf on which he keeps them. But it is very interesting to learn that these healthful little fruits grow on trees which were "created" some forty years ago by a nursery gardener in California to fill the order, turned down by all the other nurserymen around, of a horticulturist for twenty thousand prune trees to be delivered within a few months' time. The young nursery gardener was Luther Burbank, and it took a much greater gesture than raising his hand to fill that order, for he didn't begin to have the goods tucked away on a certain shelf. He did have the genius and energy, however, to create a species of prune tree that would grow quickly enough for him to deliver his order on time. The story of how he did this, as well as many of his other well known plant "inventions" such as the shasta daisy, the Burbank potato, and the spineless cactus which is busily making over the cattle industry, is told most entertainingly in the volume "The Harvest of the Years" (Houghton Mifflin), written by Burbank himself with the aid of his journalistic friend Wilbur Hall.

A delightful book, "dedicated to the great army of Junk Snuppers whose ardor and zeal are perpetuating our traditions", is "The Junk Snupper" (Macmillan) by C. R. Clifford. In it are tall tales of antique collecting, some of them involving huge sums, which should fire the imaginations of those few Americans who are not yet engaged in collecting anything, be it weather vanes or Duncan Phyfe tables. Many of the stories must be familiar to antique hunters, for they are of the very fibre of the collecting tradition. But they make jolly reading, anyway, which is more than can be said of many of the tomes compiled by experts who confine themselves to technical information.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great New Novel by

H. G. WELLS

¶ The dramatic, highly provocative story of a modern woman subjected to special and violent conditions of modern life.

MEANWHILE

The Picture of a Lady

"Work!" says the conversational Mr. Sempack in MEANWHILE, "We have had to work for the sake of the day and take happiness for the wild flower it is. Some day men will grow their happiness in gardens, a great variety of beautiful happinesses, happinesses under glass, happinesses all the year round. Such things are not for us. They will come. Meanwhile--"

Meanwhile, what are we all doing? Meanwhiling away our lives? . . . . Intellectual excitement embroiders the pages of this novel with gold and there is plenty of action. Yet with its flashes of stirring philosophy, with its brilliant dialogue, and its emotional climaxes, the most striking fact about MEANWHILE remains Mrs. Rylands. Mrs. Rylands, as a woman, will remind you of Mr. Britling.

To be published August 1

Order now from your bookseller $2.50

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One is constrained to believe that with the exception of "Quo Vadis" few people know much about Henryk Sienkiewicz, including the pronunciation of his name. Even after reading "The Patriot Novelist of Poland" by Monica M. Gardner (Dutton), we are not sure just how the great writer would have his name pronounced. But a new and highly interesting light is shed on the writer of the famous "Neroic" story with which a large majority of the reading public is familiar. In an entertaining biographical style, interpolated with keen comments on the more obscure writings of the famous Pole, Miss Gardner piques the reader's curiosity for further acquaintance with Sienkiewicz. If her treatise is a bit eulogistic, it may be forgiven on the ground that here is a subject which has been sadly neglected and which merits the attention of students of belles lettres. And for the bibliophile, witness a binding of unusual and exceptional beauty.

Dickensians will relive happy literary moments on the spot, so to speak, in Walter Dexter's "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages" (Lippincott). Aided by "Phiz's" drawings and the author's photographs, it evokes the actual physical surroundings in which the Pickwickians moved and had their being in the spring of 1827, and does so in a zestful, humorous fashion one cannot help but enjoy.

Paul Bekker's "The Story of Music" (Norton), "an historical sketch of the changes in musical form", considers its subject as a metamorphosis rather than a development, and on this basic idea of transformation as the law of artistic evolution gives the layman, in particular, an excellent idea of what music has been in mankind's great life process, from the beginnings of the art to its present trends. The halftone illustrations, incidentally, are unusually good.

Let the child of affliction take comfort in finding one like himself who, in spite of all the impediments of nature, yet did all that lay in his power to obtain admittance into the rank of worthy artists and men. — *Beethoven.*

These words of the immortal genius might well preface André de Hevesy's account of "Beethoven: The Man" (Brentano), for M. Hevesy has revealed this brave spirit of a man who wrought divine music in the midst of sorrow and illness and despair. "Family quarrels, domestic cares, worry about his health, such were the lot of Beethoven at the time when he was producing his two great masterpieces, the Solemn Mass and the Ninth Symphony." Biographers will be interested to note that the author has availed himself of two almost unknown sources of information: "the files of the Ministry of Police at Vienna, of which use has so far been made only as regards Beethoven's lawsuits, and the papers of Countess Theresa Brunswick, which it was my good fortune to discover in the archives of Palfalva." It is an admirable work to appear during this anniversary year, just the book for those who desire to know more about the life of Ludwig van Beethoven but have neither the leisure nor the inclination to peruse the honored and more expansive works of Thayer and Rolland.

There seems to be little of interest for the average reader in "Behind the Scenes with a Newspaper Man: Fifty Years in the Life of an Editor" (Lippincott) by E. J. Stackpole, president and editor in chief of the Harrisburg "Telegraph". The author's reminiscences are confined to the last half century of Pennsylvania politics, during most of which period he has been a prominent factor, as delegate, adviser, and office holder, in the affairs of that state's Republican Party. He is, in consequence, able to recount many anecdotes of the Commonwealth's governors, senators, and other influential men, relating to their careers and his own modest part in them. As a reliable, temperate, and rather dull presentation of that single division of our national life with which it deals, the volume has value.

In "Homes of Famous Americans, Volume II" (Meredith Publications, Des Moines) Chelsa C. Sherlock, in direct and readable style, to an accompaniment of good illustrations, opens the doors of some twenty homes of American celebrities. Among them are Poe, John Burroughs, Noah Webster, Tom Paine, Roosevelt, James

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Announcement of
$1000 in Cash Prizes for Poetry

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH & THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

If ever there was a theme worthy of poetic treatment it is Lindbergh's superb flight and the instant response of the world to his achievement and rare personality.

There must be many poets who will find inspiration in the subject, and the results should be of real value to the nation and a real stimulus to the national interest in poetry. In the belief that this will prove to be true, a competition has been arranged with cash prizes of $1000. Anyone may compete.

The first prize will be $500, and there will be two additional prizes of $250 each.

Contributions, which must be received not later than July 25, 1927, are invited. They may be from 14 to 300 lines in length. Only those that have not previously been published are eligible.

Any number of manuscripts may be submitted by a single author, but a stamped addressed envelope—not stamps alone —must accompany each manuscript.

The judges will be Christopher Morley, John Farrar and Mitchell Kennerley.

One hundred of the poems submitted will be selected for publication in book form by the George H. Doran Company, and a copy of the book will be mailed free of charge to each contributor. After one year the entire copyright will revert to the author.

Each manuscript must bear the name and address of the author, unless it is desired to submit it anonymously, in which case the manuscript should be signed with a pseudonym and the real name and address of the author enclosed in a sealed envelope marked on the outside with the pseudonym.

All manuscripts should be addressed: The Editor, The Spirit of St. Louis Poems, 489 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whitcomb Riley, Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris. William McKinley, "Roosevelt's man with the chocolate-éclair backbone", must have found his way into this *galère* because he was a President.

In "Frontier Dust" (Mitchell) the reminiscences of John Lord, as edited by Natalie Shipman, are jotted down as they came to the subject's mind and not in chronological sequence. For this reason, the book is unusually vivid and covers many years and much territory. John Lord as a small boy sat in Abraham Lincoln's lap, he was associated with Roosevelt on a ranch, and had many hairbreadth escapes in the Civil War and as a pioneer. His yarns deal with picturesque characters such as General Joseph Wheeler, Buffalo Bill, Billy the Kid, and the James Brothers, and they are well told.

To that long row of volumes of varying importance and unequal value as literary and historical documents which concern themselves with the life and work of Anatole France, another must be added. It is "The Last Salon" (Harcourt, Brace), a collection of the letters of Mme. Arman de Caillavet made by her daughter-in-law, Jeanne Maurice Pouquet, and translated into English by Lewis Galantière. In many ways this is the most unique of all the Franciana, the self portrait of a woman who said to a publisher whom France had disappointed, "The next time you must come to me, for I keep his promises." The extent to which this tireless Egeria kept his promises has been referred to by many of France's biographers, but the whole dramatic story of a matchless friendship and its culmination in misunderstanding, heartsickness, and Mme. de Caillavet's death is told best in this volume. It deserves a place in the front ranks of autobiography as the fascinating story of a proud and brilliant woman who dedicated her life to the service and inspiration of a great writer who was also at times a thoughtless and cruel man.

At a time when the American past is becoming more and more the subject of intelligent historical and literary exploitation, Dorothy Anne Dondore's "The Prairie and the Making of Middle America" (Torch Press, Cedar Rapids), a unit in itself, presages well for projected volumes to deal with the forest, plains, mountain, and sea as they fall into line with the westward advance of the American frontier. Professor Dondore's book is admirably documented, and covers its "four centuries of description" in a fresh, animated style. Its frequent citations of source material supplied by earlier explorers, missionaries, officials, and travelers, and its vivid glimpses of actual life in the middle west during the post-Civil War period, as revealed by every form of literary record, popular and artistic, are well coordinated. And from the Spanish and French explorers to Theodore Dreiser, Sandburg, and Miss Cather, the collection is a most successful first attempt to show the influence of the American frontier on literature.

It is significant that the covers on the volumes in the Century Library of American Antiques should be a rich, royal blue. These books are truly the blue books of collecting. In "Early American Furniture" (Century) Charles Over Cornelius has written a definitive book, full of the romance that surrounds old furnishings and their makers and distinguished by the accuracy which we have come to look for from an associate curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. John Spargo has done the same sort of thing for "Early American Pottery and China" (Century), in a field which is less familiar to the layman. The publishers do not overpraise these books when they say that the series will form a standard reference library of American antiques. But we prefer to believe that, like the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, they will also recreate for us some aspects of a past that was at once rugged and graceful. Both books are copiously illustrated.

Three recent volumes again call attention to the increasing number of monographs dealing with phases of the American past. In Le Roy R. Hafen's "The Overland Mail" (Clark), we have the romance of pre-rail

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trans-Mississippi transportation as represented by the dashing pony express and the overland stagecoach of the eighteen fifties and sixties, whose trails are now being retraced by the wheels of the motor car. Alvin F. Harold's "Old Towpaths" (Appleton) does for the American canal boat era, whose patron saint was George Washington himself, what Mr. Hafen has accomplished for the ante-steam stagecoach routes. And, to continue the story, there is Charles Frederick Carter's "When Railroads Were New" (Simmons-Boardman), which narrates the beginnings of such lines as the Erie, the Santa Fe, the New York Central, and the Canadian Pacific. All three books deal authoritatively with their subjects, and neither in descriptive narrative nor illustration have their authors forgotten the picturesque appeal of older decades dear to American hearts.

"English Women in Life and Letters" by M. Phillips and W. S. Tomkinson (Oxford) proves to be rather a hodgepodge of impressions of seventeenth and eighteenth century life in England. It is jammed too full of facts, and these ill assorted, to be more than mildly interesting — a tidbit here, a sample there, but too many by half to leave room for that fascinating embroidery of detail which gives the beauty to such volumes as this. There is a vast amount of suggested interest, but the interest itself is obscured by an all pervading, overwhelming impression of quantity. The authors would have been well advised to prune and to thin out ruthlessly, so that some, at least, of their rare plants might have had a chance to grow and to spread into an equally rare attractiveness.

Liszt has said of Chopin that "he used his art only to give to himself his own tragedy". And it is significant of the Polish musician's life that the characteristic note of many at least of his compositions was what his friends called the "blue note". This, writes Guy de Pourtalès in his excellent life of Chopin called "Polonaise" (Holt),"did not alone proceed from the characteristic Chopin pitches. It was the song of his touch, the timbre of his hand." M. de Pourtalès has followed the style of his "Franz Liszt: L'Homme d'Amour" and the current fashion of popularizing biography. And this treatment, although it may lessen the importance of the work as a critical evaluation of the composer, certainly does not detract from the expressively vivid picture the author has given us of the life of Frederick-François Chopin. Charles Bayly, Jr., is to be commended for his painstaking translation of a noteworthy book.

The autobiography of State Senator Benjamin Antin, "The Gentleman from the 22nd" (Boni, Liveright), is one of the most subjective life stories ever penned. The author tells a little of his childhood in Russia and his struggles for an education, his political life in which he defeated Samuel DeWitt for the Assembly and Orr for the State Senate, but most of his book is a highly dramatized rhapsody about the needs of democracy and the protection of the much exploited immigrant.

Dr. Thomas Gann, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., member of the Maya Society, one of the foremost living authorities on the history and civilization of early Central American aboriginal peoples, describes in his book, "Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes" (Scribner), the late marvelous discoveries made in Yucatan, Guatemala, and Honduras by the scientific expedition which he accompanied to those regions. The work accomplished, as related by the author, should be of vast interest and importance to those learnedly familiar with the deeper waters of New World archæology, but so skilfully has Dr. Gann simplified and enlivened these profundities that the volume should be almost as strong in appeal to the general reader of unusual and valuable books.

Although Arthur Guiterman displays his usual technical skill in "I Sing the Pioneer" (Dutton), the book contains very little that could by any possibility be mistaken for poetry. There are some pleasant jingles, and some smooth-flowing ballads that display neither force nor personality; but the

(*Continued on page XXI*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction to Take Along!!

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Lost Ecstasy

"It is the first book which represents adequately her maturer outlook on life. She has written many times of the adventure of love, but now she writes of its psychology."
—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* $2.00

"LOST ECSTASY is a hundred per cent love story."—*Chicago Tribune*

SOPHIE KERR

Confetti

There is humor and companionship and wisdom in this book, and there are vignettes of life to read, reread and remember. In these stories she has created vital, living characters who experience everyday adventures . . . yet they are of a new and unknown order. $2.00

DOROTHY SPEARE

A Virgin of Yesterday

"Miss Speare can write glowing passages of lyrical description, florid, colorful depiction. Miss Speare has a dangerously effective style . . she can place on the written page sharply lined vignettes from the life she has observed."
—*Boston Transcript* $2.00

ETHEL MANNIN

Pilgrims

"PILGRIMS is a big book, . . so fine, so true . . a splendid novel."
—*Hartford Courant*

"She has written a bright, colorful, interesting story."—*N. Y. Times*

$2.50

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

Mr. Paname:

A Paris Fantasia

A delightful and amusing romance woven in and about the nooks and crannies of such a Paris as has never before been imagined. Light, gay and sparkling with an effervescent wit—it is a tale of love, with a laugh thrown in. $2.00

MARCEL PREVOST

His Mistress and I

A study of the profoundest emotions of three people who would rather abandon love rather than their ideals of what true love should be. An intense and gripping story, written with a flair and subtlety that immediately bespeaks the pen of a Frenchman. $2.50

DORAN BOOKS

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mystery!! BOOK THRILLS !!! Excitement!!

A. CONAN DOYLE

The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes

"The reader who is not a Sherlock Holmes enthusiast is to be pitied." —*Boston Transcript.*

"Twelve grand stories . . They possess the mysterious touch which has endeared the dean of the detectives to a couple of hemispheres." —N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* . $2.00

AUSTIN J. SMALL

The Man They Couldn't Arrest

"An arresting adventure tale . . . . with a fine love thread running through it."—*Boston Globe.*

"Most exciting . . . a modern mystery story in every sense of the word." —*St. Louis Globe Democrat* $2.00

CAROLYN WELLS

The Sixth Commandment

"An ingenious plot."—*Boston Transcript*

"Carolyn Wells always writes a good mystery story, and this is one of her best."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.* $2.00

WILLIAM JOHNSTON

The Affair in Duplex 9B

"Every page is enthralling . . . there is a love thread to it, too." —*Boston Globe*

"The yarn is cleverly constructed."—*Brooklyn Citizen* $2.00

RUFUS KING

Mystery De Luxe

"It is extraordinarily amusing and extremely clever." — *Boston Transcript.*

"A blend of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes." —*New York Times* $2.00

JOHN HAWK

The Serpent-Headed Stick

"There are thrills . . . and the unraveling of the mystery is unique, logical and concise." —*Springfield News.*

"Of clues, of bafflement, of complicating characters and situations." —*Boston Transcript.* . . . $2.00

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Haunting Romance by the Author of "One Braver Thing"

The Sower of the Wind

By RICHARD DEHAN

There is both vivid drama and adventurous romance in this tale of the love of Gaspar Barboas, the ruthless Anglo-Spanish-Hebrew pearler and the beautiful aboriginal, Safra, a native of the Antipodes who has been educated in Europe. It is a novel of power and beauty—strange, imaginative, haunting. $2.50

UPLANDS

By Mary Ellen Chase

A charming idyll with its scenes laid in the upland pastures and along the rough coast of Maine. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* $2.00

MURDER IN THE MAZE

By J. J. Connington

A continuously exciting tale of two murders occurring simultaneously in a maze in the garden of a country house. $2.00

RESPECTABILITY

By Bohun Lynch

A striking two-generation novel—the story of two Esthers, mother and daughter, and of the part played in their lives by the rigid conventionality of the Victorian period.

Henry C. Shelley, famous English critic, says: "'Respectability' is a novel of distinction, certain to capture the enthusiasm of all discriminating readers." $2.50

MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Oppenheim is at his best in this brilliant new tale of international intrigue. $2.00

SINGING RIVER

By Alice DeFord

Against a New England farming and hunting background is set this delightful romance, peopled with lovable humans, dogs and horses. $2.50

DETOURS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

A collection of Mr. Cohen's inimitable stories, ranging from sophisticated New York to Alabama swamps. $2.00

THE CRISIS IN CHINA

By Lt.-Col. J. P. Etherton

A distinguished British explorer and writer, who knows China intimately, discusses the world drama now going on in that country. *29 illustrations and map.* $3.50

CAPE TO CAIRO

By Stella Court Treat

A fascinating record of the first trip across Africa by motor car. *With 64 illustrations and a map.* $5.00

STUDIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE

By John Palmer

Brilliant essays dealing with the newer dramatic authors and producers of Europe, especially those of France. $2.75

OLD LONDON

By Gertrude Burford Rawlings

"An excellent book, illustrated by 50 well-chosen old prints of interesting places."—*London Morning Post.* $4.00

These books are for sale at all Booksellers

Boston **LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY** **Publishers**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUGUST, 1927 VOLUME LXV, No. 6

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

FAREWELL AND HAIL!

AUGUSTINE ST. CHARLES COLLEGE LIBRARY VALLEY VIEW

THE more consideration I have given to the idea of writing a "farewell article" as I vacate the editorial chair of THE BOOKMAN and put a new cover on its cushion for Mr. Rascoe, the less I have liked to embark upon so dangerous a procedure. This feeling became particularly keen as I saw myself referred to as "retiring editor"; as newspaper critics announced clearly that, in the six or so years of my incumbency, the magazine had become hopelessly rock-ribbed and hostile to all things new. In the face of this, stroking my long white beard, I call my faithful staff around me, order my wooden kimono, and, in a creaking voice, dictate a few parting words.

My chief reason for writing this article is that it gives me a chance to say, without being labeled as editor of a "house organ", a few things that have been in my mind for a long time about George H. Doran, whose wisdom in selling the magazine at this time to a company not associated in any way with the publishing of books seems to me equal to his sportsmanship in buying it nine years ago and maintaining it without profit ever since. After a long struggle, it has become increasingly clear that it is impossible to convince certain people, particularly other publishers, that a magazine of criticism can be edited from the office of one publishing company and still remain nonpartizan. On the one hand, authors published by this house have often felt themselves slighted, and have expressed this feeling in strenuous terms. On the other hand, some publishers have carped, quarreled, withdrawn their advertising, and attacked my policies viciously. Other publishers have been loyal friends and kindly advisers. Between these two walls, Mr. Doran has stood as friend and counselor. He has fought my battles and supported my policies. He has never dictated them. Knowing the editorial world as I do, I can say with all sincerity that no editor of my acquaintance has been allowed more freedom, or been given more earnest, constant, and wholehearted support. Mr. Doran has worked for the magazine, written for it, helped in planning it and in gaining for it a measure of support, and he has kept himself entirely in the background. I want

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to thank him, first for giving an inexperienced man the chance to undertake the editing of a magazine and for backing up his inexperience with every possible ounce of encouragement. Second, I am thankful for the opportunity to go on in the field which I have chosen, that of publishing, and for the hours of patient training he has given me and the other juniors in George H. Doran Company. The distinguished list he has built up in an astonishingly short time needs no acclaim. I can think of no more fascinating work than continuing, under his guidance, as editorial director of the company.

To Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., and to my editorial assistants, one of whom has been associated with the magazine far longer than I, there must also go warm appreciation of untiring efforts. An editor does not edit a magazine. The real work is done by everyone else on the staff. We have not been an exception to this rule.

Thanks to contributors and readers may be deferred for a few moments, to say a word of welcome to the new owners, Burton Rascoe and Seward Collins. Mr. Rascoe has long been a friend to the magazine and a contributor. Several years ago, when we published a series of near-libelous anonymous portraits of various persons in literature and journalism, it was Mr. Rascoe, I have since discovered, who contributed the scathing picture of myself. This may be considered in the light of a prophecy. May I now prophesy that the new BOOKMAN will be bright, forthright, liberal, highly entertaining. That, in general policy, it will hark back to the golden days of Harry Thurston Peck and Arthur Maurice. I have always felt that there was vital need for a book magazine that would be strongly opinionated, yet give a brilliant and entertaining picture of the current literary scene. I know of no man better able to carry out this policy than Burton Rascoe. I should not be surprised to see him double the circulation of THE BOOKMAN in a few months; in fact, I shall be gravely disappointed if he does not do so. I predict that his magazine will be, not only a great influence in the book world, but a necessity for anyone who wishes to follow the trend of current thought and the progress of books and the world of books. What more can one editor say of another?

So far as my own continuing relation to the magazine as a monthly contributor is concerned, I am delighted at the chance of becoming, in a sense, "anonymous". Having often been accused of undue optimism, I shall take this occasion to vie with my friend H. L. Mencken in airing my prejudices. I shall pour out the accumulated bitterness of years, say something unpleasant about Alexander Woollcott in every number, and make a constant effort to confound my friendly enemies. The publishers can no longer refuse to support me, nor can they hold Mr. Rascoe responsible for my idiosyncrasies. Think of all the new adjectives I can employ! Where I have been accustomed to using "great", "magnificent", "heartrending", I can now say "bunk", "babbittry", "balderdash". Please do not think that, in the past, my praise of books has been insincere. I have often, however, refrained from expressing my dislikes and the result is that your editor has become a bitter old gentleman, with a few rheumatic twinges which need the salve of expressed spleen.

Here I might discuss weightily the changes in the American literary scene during the last few years. To do so would be dangerous, because it changes so fast. Recently I wrote a piece in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which I said that the American poetry market was dead, that we needed a poetic inspiration. Before the article was published "Tristram" had appeared, and with a Lindbergh-like suddenness Mr. Robinson had renewed our faith in native verse. One does not dare prophesy, nor even grow reminiscent. There is both pleasure and profit in keeping a keen nose on the scent of public psychology. Sometimes I think my own nose is good, sometimes I am convinced that it is far from that. During the past years THE BOOKMAN may be said to have discovered certain new writers. Some of these discoveries are all right and some of them are all wrong. No game except that of horseracing could offer greater chances for the backers. I sometimes wonder why bookmakers do not invade the publishing scene and offer bets on the success of books and magazines.

Obviously I must say something about my contributors, and here for almost the last time I shall allow myself sentiment. There are plenty of folk about who will call it sentimentality. So be it. Few writers in America or in England have refused to help with the magazine when they have been asked, and all have done it with mighty little reward. I can scarcely name them, there are so many, and they are my friends. Bob Holliday for one, who edited the magazine with such grace, gave me counsel and aid and bequeathed to me Amy Flashner, indeed a gift of the gods. Amy Lowell and Maurice Francis Egan, both dead now, were a constant source of inspiration. Mencken and Nathan, in the offices of "The Smart Set", used to sit with their feet on the desks and reel off ideas to me. Dorothy Canfield and Robert Frost from Vermont sent me contributions and encouragement. John Erskine and Christopher Morley, F. P. Adams, Heywood Broun and Ruth Hale, William McFee, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, George Barr McCutcheon, Ellen Glasgow, Honoré Morrow, Charles Norris, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Louis Bromfield, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mary Austin — I can see that I shouldn't have started to name authors, because I shall go on forever, and want to. On our own list, there have been firm friends and distinguished friends. They know who they are, themselves, and they know how I appreciate their friendship. To them, now, I shall be able to devote most of my time and energy; but my interest in all the others will not abate one instant.

Tonight I am feeling particularly mellow, in the strictly prohibition sense. Back of me as I write is a case full of books of poetry, most of them autographed. I pick out one titled "Legends" and find in it, "John Farrar to whom Amy Lowell wishes she had given this book." Another, "Mountain Interval", wherein I find, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall between friends." On the table stands a crystal vase, the gift of a publisher who represents all that is finest and most courtly in a business which he makes a profession. A pewter pitcher from Maine reminds me of another publisher who has been a firm friend and an honest adviser. On the walls are pictures of the men behind the books. These have been happy years, of friendship as well as of work. Nor must I forget to mention the literary agents, for they make many wheels go around and are thanked not at all by the general public.

To the "faithful subscriber" I can only say that letters both of praise and of blame have been one of the most amusing results of editing. For my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editorial policy I have no defense and no apology. I hope that THE BOOKMAN has been a friendly magazine. If it has succeeded in being that, I am more than contented. It has made me warm friends and warm enemies, without which no man's life is worth living. In closing this article, I should like to thank especially the librarians, who, I fancy, have been my warmest supporters, and to reiterate my lasting gratitude to Mr. Doran and my best wishes for prosperity to my successor, Mr. Rascoe. *John Farrar*

A POSTSCRIPT

ABOUT ten years ago, by purchase and for publication by my Company, I acquired THE BOOKMAN. There were certain highly sentimental esasons why I was very keen to be rasociated with the publication of this magazine. My intimate acquaintance with it dated back to its first number, when it was in some senses an American edition of the English BOOKMAN, founded by my great friend and patron, Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Associated with him in the publication of THE BOOKMAN was my dear and devoted friend, Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams. By the passing of these two distinguished figures, a large part of my purely sentimental attachment ceased.

In the course of these years of publication of THE BOOKMAN I discovered that it is quite impossible for the publisher of books to be entirely free to edit a literary and critical magazine in the spirit of complete independence so necessary to satisfactory success. In an effort to avoid even a suspicion that the magazine was published in the interests of George H. Doran Company or its authors, as a Company we have been compelled to labor under the imputation of unfair treatment or neglect of authors and their books occupying a prominent place in our catalogue. On the other hand, were we to be independently critical of the issues of other publishers, we came under the unwarranted charge of prejudice and envy. Even with these handicaps THE BOOKMAN has at all times been a gratifying enterprise, for it has enjoyed a very generous subscription and advertising patronage. However, the magazine was not rising to its full measure of influence and service, so I invited the consideration of the purchase of the magazine by interests not associated with any established publishing enterprise, with the result that Mr. Seward Collins, Mr. Burton Rascoe and their associates have acquired the magazine and the issue of September, 1927, will appear under their ægis. I am convinced that this move is in the best interests of fearless literary criticism in America and that the present subscription list will rapidly grow under the able and independent direction of its new proprietors.

It has been a proud privilege to be the publisher of THE BOOKMAN. It will be a greater pride to see THE BOOKMAN acclaimed by a vastly greater public and exert a very much wider influence upon the reading and readers of America. Neither I nor my Company will have the slightest financial or editorial association with the new enterprise. In a spirit of the greatest possible good will to readers and authors we relinquish the magazine to its new publishers.

George H. Doran

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN ERSKINE—A MODERN ACTAEON

By Henry Morton Robinson

A HUGE mast of a man with a bright rudder of a nose, a humorous diagonal mouth, a sabre wit, the manners of a Sidney — and you have a profile of John Erskine, poet, novelist, scholar, musician, and teacher. In any room he is the biggest man present, and hod carriers might ruefully say of him as they said of Tennyson, "What a tremendous fellow we lost." In conversation or debate his power of synthesis approaches intellectual legerdemain; out of a hatful of facts he unerringly pulls the essential hare. Audiences feel confident on beholding him that they will find it interesting to follow where he leads. In a sentence he lays his propositions bone-bare; with a single stroke of his frank logic he compels assent, and his listeners find themselves accepting his thesis, suddenly luminous and aromatically true. In table talk the flux and graceful rapidity of John Erskine's ideas rank him as one of the great conversationalists of his age, worthy of a place at table with Burke or Villiers de L'Isle-Adam. I believe he could make dry bread and Icelandic grammar seem a symposium. His erudition is enormous, but he rides it easily. His thinking is a product of Greek, Elizabethan, and American influences, integrated into an idiom of his own. Finally, he seems to have retained the captaincy of that rare outcropping of modern times — his immortal soul — which manifests itself socially in a personal courtesy reminiscent of Scott, and intellectually in the same fine stubbornness that Americans admire in Thoreau.

For twenty years John Erskine has labored against the pitiful musical comedy conception that all college professors are emotional eunuchs. More than any living writer he has suffered under this schematic pigeonholing; and more successfully than any writer within memory he has bombed the misconception and silenced the antique heresy of the doddering academician. For twenty years he realized that the critical pigmies were greeting his work (without reading it) with the contemptuous taunt "academic". He knew that for all purposes of the penny-a-word reviewer this epithet was the final rap on the sconce; and that to be struck with the "academic" shillalah was to be laid horizontally in a nice cold grave and covered over with the stones of contemporary oblivion. He observed the facts — and kept on writing books.

And somehow the lilliputian lightning did not lay John Erskine low. His head still sits on top of a quite unpedantic torso, and is amply supplied with blood emanating from a very live heart. And much to the discomfiture of those who came to bury not to praise him, Mr. Erskine still goes serenely about his life's business of writing poetry, plays, essays, and best sellers that simply cannot be pushed into the rubble heap of last season's verbiage.

Ever since the appearance of "Actæon", a first volume of poetry, in 1907, Mr. Erskine has been quietly insisting upon two things: first, on the existence of an element of unmaterial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty, impinging on a material world; and second, on the primacy of intelligence in art and manners. Beauty and intelligence — always interrelated — are the be-all and the end-all of his art. Beauty, he concretely epitomizes in Helen, Guinevere, and in every poem he ever wrote. And by intelligence I have always understood him to mean a mixture of ideality, loyalty to race tradition, and pragmatic good judgment, plus a generous sprinkling of humor and self control. His writing has always enunciated these fundamentals. His work has been characterized from the beginning by a salty wit, a genius for illustrative anecdote, and an undeviating adherence to the tenets that govern all writing of dignity and power. If these traits are the earmarks of the academician, then John Erskine always was, is now, and forever shall be, profoundly academic.

The big barrage started in 1915 with the now famous volume of essays, "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent". Mr. Erskine's deflation of the social service balloon is still gratefully remembered. His cool clipped periods are valuable poultices in the treatment of swollen social missionaries. His doctrine of "minding one's own business" has been repeated in his last two novels; it is constant in his philosophy. In 1917 a volume of poetry, "The Shadowed Hour", containing two of the noblest of John Erskine's poems, made its appearance. During the next two years of the war Mr. Erskine served in France as chairman of the Army Education Commission and chief of the A. E. F. University at Beaune. Here his executive talents had full scope. He and his associates were given exactly two weeks to establish a university; within that time a thousand soldier students were to descend upon what had been merely a provincial barracks. Working night and day, cajoling military authorities, raking the requisition depots for supplies, Colonel Erskine caused a university to sprout in a fortnight. He is so well remembered by the inhabitants of Beaune that his appearance on the drowsy main street last year (during his sabbatical travels) was the signal for an impromptu but passionate burst of welcome. The citizens of Beaune have not forgotten the calm energy and sweet humanity of the man whom they honored with citizenship during the war.

Returning to America, Mr. Erskine presented in 1920 the fruits of three years' observation and experience in a volume of essays entitled "Democracy and Ideals". This volume contains some of the most thoughtful, generous, and far visioned solutions of our national and international aspirations. In the same year he produced another volume of essays, "The Kinds of Poetry", in which he enunciated much of his thought on the æsthetic problems which have always been closest to his life. A year later "Collected Poems, 1907–1922" gathered into a sheaf the best grain of fifteen years of poetry. Among the many new poems included in the volume are the sonnet sequences written at the front; and, even more significant in the light of his recent success, the sequence entitled "Paris, Helen's Lover". This important collection of poetry was followed the next year by "The Literary Discipline", a series of brilliant essays reprinted from "The North American Review".

Early in 1925 a volume of new poems, "Sonata", many of which differed widely from anything he had yet written, disturbed the composure of the pigeonhole school of reviewers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Somehow they could not reconcile the rapid narrative versification of "Ambush", and the modern love sequences "Mediterranean" and "Versailles", with their preconceived notions of John Erskine. But the most dazzling performance of a long literary career occurred in the fall of 1925 when "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" clarified in colloquial, epigrammatic prose the simple humanity of the most baffling female character that ever troubled a poet's dream. Such a first novel! Coming from the pen of a superannuated academician still in his robust forties, it proved to be a conflagration of vigor, originality, and charm. And now, going to the well once more, he draws up a fresh bucketful of mortal wisdom and delight in "Galahad".

Even the most superficial reading of any one of these books would reveal the concentration of Mr. Erskine's tremendous energies on the single theme of ideal beauty. With trivial considerations he apparently has little sympathy and less interest. There is in him nothing of the time-of-day essayist or the flyleaf poet. His mental calipers are utterly incapable of petty measurements. Ideal beauty being his creed and the instigating lever of his art, he has created in poetry, in politics, in prose, and in education an edifice of concrete and pragmatic idealism, admirably constructed along lines of architectural good sense. Believing as he does in man's ideal fulfilment by means of art, he has personified in his classic protagonists the eternal aspiration and failure of humanity to achieve more than a fleeting, evanescent glimpse of the perfect vision. Mr. Erskine is too vital to be neurotic, and too temperamentally sanguine for morbid lapses, but there runs through all his work — especially his poetry — a strain of high melancholy and loneliness. This loneliness is not the bleak aridity of Sinai nor the frigid silence of an Empedoclean Ætna; it is the loneliness of mortal isolation, the sadness of the human heart that knows it is separated from its fellows by a salt estranging sea. On this single theme the poet creates his fugue. To this instrument he sets his hand, discovering the secret stops of humanity that only the artist-prophet ever finds.

In his first important poem, "Actæon", he symbolizes, under the guise of the Greek myth, man's eternal nostalgia for the whole vision of beauty that he glimpses only for a fleeting moment. Actæon, torn by his own hounds, cannot forget the illuminated revelation; he will not surrender to the importunities of the herd that bids him drink of Lethe. It is his fate to remember, and he cries:

> If I forget, who shall remain to tell
> What Beauty was?

This is the poet's method: to embody in a hero, usually drawn from mythology, the anguishing truths that persistently afflict mankind. Mr. Erskine simply states the case for humanity, speaking through the mouth of some gigantic prototype. In "Iphidamus" he employs this method to convey the double notion of loyalty and self sacrifice. Still more powerfully he utilizes the slender allegory of a Greek myth in "The Sons of Metaneira", probably the greatest of his single poems. Here the tragedy of the half illumined soul is set down in lines of tears and blood. Demeter, surprised in the lovely act of purifying the infant's vision, regretfully hands the child back to its mother. The purpose of the goddess is but half completed. She would have given him mastery over the world of ideal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty, but human fear interrupts the endowment of the gift, and Demeter's speech of renunciation and prophecy is heavy with the epitomized tragedy of all human life, striving fruitlessly to envision the ineluctable grail. The final impossibility of beholding this vision, even through the medium of art, and the unutterable loneliness of life itself, are the interrelated themes of "Sonata", the title poem of Mr. Erskine's latest volume of poetry.

Mr. Erskine's preoccupation with ideal form, fused with the energizing element of intelligence, led quite inevitably to an intimate and matured study of the most perplexing of all women, real or legendary — the hitherto inscrutable Helen of Troy. Helen's beauty had long claimed the fealty of Mr. Erskine's preeminently curious mind. The Greek myths told only the last part of the story; there must have been something more than myth at the heart of Helen's secret. Slowly the bright clay of her beauty began to be informed with the spark of a new conception, the most realistic and wholly normalized idea ever conceived by a poet. Giving Helen the form of eternal woman, Mr. Erskine endowed her with a perspicacity that is not hers, but his own. In a shrewd study he touches the nerve of the Trojan situation — which is only his figurative symbol of life, universal and eternal.

The amazing thing about "The Private Life", and an aspect of the book not generally noted by critics, is the fact that John Erskine is saying the same thing in his novels that he has been saying for twenty years in his poetry and essays. There is no difference in content, although the formal emphasis has been changed. And the change consists in the *dramatization* of the ideas that he has always quite definitely held. It is a gross error to portray John Erskine merely as a humorist, a writer of popular novels. He is essentially a dealer in social ideas who could not get a hearing as an essayist and poet, and who determined to try the more palatable form of the novel as his medium. In his last two books he has become more strongly creative: he has breathed into the flesh of Helen and Galahad, and has animated the *ideas* which emanate in purer form from his essays and poems. Both the author and the world have gained immeasurably by this dramatization. Where formerly the solitary reader murmured with delight at the crystallization of an idea or the apposite charm of an allusion, thousands may now watch Helen and Guinevere move tranquilly through a world satirically reminiscent of our own. John Erskine has dramatically pressed the bright knife of his intelligence against our civilization; at every stroke he lays bare the real tissue underlying conventional appearance. Wit, movement, and force have aided him in multiplying his audience ten thousandfold, but in essential idea he is the same apostle of intelligence and beauty that he has been for the past twenty years.

In his "Galahad" Mr. Erskine has achieved the improbable — he has bettered his first performance as a novelist. Personally I find "Galahad" the more dramatic story of the two; architecturally it is put together more skilfully than the first novel; it moves at a swifter pace; in stage managership, in deft suggestion, and in its colloquial dialogue it is a notch above "The Private Life". And while speaking of the dialogue, I should like to call attention to the lean economy the author employs to achieve his most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powerful effects. Quite literally, he says only half of what he means, and compliments the reader's intelligence by an utter lack of editorial comment and lumbering stage directions. The hay colloquy between Pelleas and Lancelot; the whole episode at Case Castle; and the first meeting of Galahad and Guinevere are examples of superb writing. To these the reader is asked to bring all his acumen if he hopes to perceive the subcutaneous intention of the author. Mr. Erskine does not furnish a blueprint with every idea. His training as a poet aids him in suggesting more than he ever could say in words. I can warn the reader to tread warily among the eggs of Mr. Erskine's dialogue; clumsiness or cursory skimming will never reveal the secret of Galahad, or explain anything at all about his reputation. But diligent savoring of the swift talk will set ideas and emotions, delicately evoked by the author, circulating juicily through the reader's mind.

No one who knew the real Erskine was surprised by "Helen" or "Galahad". We who had heard him during those priceless evenings at his home or in some fortunate student's room in the dormitories, knew the man's story telling gift, had felt the barb of his wit and realized his huge humanity. His critical aperçus were the starting point of most of our thinking: the sound wisdom of his observations on men and women was painfully incisive and fearfully true. There are whole generations of college men who, knowing that Erskine more than any man alive had a Sophoclean perspective on life, were only waiting for him to utter through some great mouthpiece the severe and beautiful truths that were so integral a part of his nature.

And this leads directly to a word about John Erskine as a teacher, a profession to which he has devoted himself ever since his graduation from Columbia in 1900. It is impossible to doubt that he would have been known to the world years ago had he not been so completely engaged in his work at Columbia. At present, as always, he is carrying an overloaded schedule of courses. He spends his days lecturing, conferring in seminars and committees, accessible always to his students (especially the undergraduates), carrying on a tremendous correspondence sometimes amounting to twenty five letters a day, giving disproportionately of his time to the University, and writing only in the few quiet hours after midnight. "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" was written between the hours of 11 P.M. and 1 A.M., from January to June, 1925, during which period Dr. Erskine carried a schedule of university work that would paralyze anyone but a physical giant. At present he is occupied by another novel, conducts a department in a monthly magazine, lectures on his favorite theme of poetry as often as three nights a week, and still carries on his class work at Columbia. The man is a great furnace of energy, yet his outward demeanor is leisurely and calm, as though he were on a perennial week-end in the country.

His undergraduate lectures are jammed to capacity by young men who in any other course take no kindlier to poetry than hardboiled undergraduates ever do. He talks in the largest lecture hall at Columbia, but there is no hall large enough to accommodate his classes. His manner of lecturing is unique. I have never seen him refer to notes. I am sure he does not "study up" on a poet before a lecture; he is always revolving his poets in his mind. Professor Erskine speaks casually, intimately, as though he had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just been lunching with the man he is talking about. Through the vivid lenses of his imaginative presentation the author is seen to be a mortal, touched with the rod of immortality to be sure, but always living, dramatic, and never a textbook dummy. John Erskine has no "period". Homer and Whitman are equally his domain; Virgil, Dante, Lucretius, and Burns come easily to his thought to furnish him with quotation or significant anecdote. Naturally he has his favorites. Scott has always been his model of the man and author. Shelley is his great poet, although he can lecture superbly on Tennyson and Keats. Many of his allusions are from Shakespere and the Bible; he can always illustrate a point from either of these sources. The epic poets, Greek, Roman, Welsh, and English, are part of his daily breath. He speaks of Malory as though he had read that gentleman in manuscript; discusses Matisse, Degas, Tschaikowsky, and Palestrina with equal ease and charm. (One of my college memories is Erskine improvising on the piano, as a preliminary to a talk on Palestrina.) He has a repertory of Brahms and Beethoven that he can whip into concert shape in a month of practice. He is singularly fond of the French and their way of living, and is at his best when he becomes reminiscent about his years of military service in France. Persons, places, events, he knows and is interested in them all, not only in America but in England and on the Continent. His politics are Republican, of a Hamiltonian brand quite unlike the contemporary dish. His political interest is vivid: his criticism both constructive and acute. I literally do not know of any subject to which he could not bring his vast store of information or critical opinion with unmitigated freshness and health giving originality.

John Erskine has developed slowly but always along definitely discernible channels into the mature personality that now gives expression to some of the ripest thought in America. For the present, prose is his medium — a form in which he works simply and with a lean elegance that attracts and charms the purified taste. But it seems not too bold a prophecy to suggest that poetry is his real voice; here he speaks most passionately, most naturally, of the ideal vision he steadily beholds. He will not, because he cannot, forget to sing again of the young glory that has not vanished from his earth. John Erskine is a modern Actæon who persists in remembering the bright vision of immortal beauty the world tries so hard to forget. This faith in the ideal is governed by a shrewd suspicion of how the world actually runs; and the combination of poet and novelist gives to his written word the full flavor of a passionate heart, a balanced judgment, and a finely temperate mind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

BY THE SEA WALL

By Edward Lucas White

YOU bid me write. Alas, but who shall bring
Down this wide colored sky into one word;
Within one verse put all the winds that stirred
Its clouds into their many shapes that fling
On us soft-speaking lights that drone and sing;
Catch all the sweet sobs that we two have heard
From these unsteady waves whose sounds are blurred
In the late air with tones of winds that ring?

I cannot make this place speak in a song
For turning back within myself I find
The likeness of no evening-colored mind,
But dawn-like lights and shadows bright and glad,
And all the clear strength that young day has had
When its life is not half an hour long.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINIS

By Elsie Singmaster

WARDEN BANNISTER sat alone in his library on Saturday afternoon. The library was a large, high ceiled room furnished with bookcases unopened for years, pictures which were never looked at, a carved writing desk, a stove set up when the furnace fell to pieces, and a half dozen worn chairs.

Outside the scene was almost intolerably bright. Snow had fallen to a depth unprecedented in Bannister's memory. It hid neither the ill tended trunks of the mighty trees nor the pathetic disrepair of the great house, but it covered the broken fences, the tall stems of weeds, and the pile of ashes which Nellie O'Toole created by the simple process of emptying them out the window.

Bannister sat in the deepest and most worn of the chairs. Tall and spare, he was dressed in an ancient black suit with a frock coat, a coarse blue shirt, and a black tie. His lower lip protruded and the corners of his mouth dipped low. He clutched a thick cane like a weapon.

He was always alone except when Nellie O'Toole sat with him; there were few persons who did not dislike him and many who had ample reason to fear him. He had the power of wealth, and used it without compunction. His reign was approaching its term; he had been warned against eating — Nellie O'Toole was a superb cook; and against drinking — there was ancient wine in his cellar; and especially against anger. Resentment was a comfort upon which he had counted, but feeling resentful, he might go in the twinkling of an eye.

Nellie O'Toole, forty years old and gross in body and soul, sat with him much of the time, since the front of the house was pleasanter than the back. Bannister paid her exorbitant wages, and she expected a share of his estate. He had nobody in the world except a grandnephew with whom he had long since refused to have anything to do, and he had no philanthropic intentions.

Nellie entered with her market basket in one hand and the other outstretched for her wages. She wore a black fur coat, enormous, dangling earrings, and a hat which was exactly the color of the carmine on her cheeks.

"You're not going out!" cried Bannister.

"What'll we eat if I don't go out?"

Bannister walked to the table. He paid Nellie by check — there was no chance for peculation. Upon her check she would make her mark; she could read her name but she could not write it.

"I'll come back soon", she promised.

"I know how soon you'll come!"

Occupied with feeling his pulse, he did not lift his eyes to watch Nellie down the path on her floundering way.

After a long time he returned to his easy chair. The sunshine mocked him — what was there for an old man to do? Books? He read only those in which there was some vileness to ferret out. Food? He had an appetite but he was forbidden to satisfy it. Love? Love meant lust and he was too old, too old. His face grew hot — Nellie had no business to leave him alone. Words of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an evil vocabulary issued from his lips. But he must not be angry.

The room grew warmer, the air heavier, his head nodded. When he woke his anger sharpened to fury — it was three o'clock and she had not come back! Rousing himself, he walked to the window. The light had faded, the shadows had a purple cast. A woman was coming in the gate; not Nellie, but a smaller woman dressed all in black. Once or twice a year agents made their way thither, but usually they accepted advice of townsfolk and saved their time. What could be the business of this creature who persisted in visiting him in deep snow? She stopped to look up at the house, then she bent her head and came on.

Bannister's sardonic humor bade him sit still and let her ring and perhaps pound, then go away. She climbed the porch steps, brushed the snow from her shabby clothes, lifted her hand toward the bell. He could not tell whether she was homely or pretty. An evil smile shot out his lower lip, he roared a loud "Come in!"

A light step crossed the bare floor, the knob was turned. The little woman's eyes were blue, her cheeks flushed; her hair, curling under the brim of a forlorn hat, was blond. She was almost exhausted, and her expression was at once terrified and bold. Remembering Nellie's capacious furs, Bannister smiled at the knitted scarf.

"Is this Mr. Bannister?" Against her soft and tremulous voice the ticking of the clock seemed harsh.

"This is Mr. Bannister."

"May I sit down?"

"Sure. Come sit by me."

The stranger lost her color, but she took the chair indicated.

"What are you selling this pleasant day?"

"Nothing. I am the widow of Allan Bannister."

"And who was he?" Bannister was still jocular.

"He was your grandnephew. You must know who he was!"

"He's dead, is he?"

A spasm contorted the pretty face.

"Yes."

"And he was married?"

"Yes." He knew that also. But she must be conciliatory — life depended on his good will. She began a speech prepared during wakeful nights.

"He left two boys, one ten, one four. We live in one room in New York. I sew, but I could teach if I could have relief from the fear of actual starvation. As it is, I daren't stop for a day."

"How could you take this long trip?"

"I used the last money I had. Allan left a little; he was just beginning to succeed."

"Succeed as what?"

"As a writer."

Bannister thrust out his lip. Mrs. Bannister slid forward in her chair, her face burning.

"Will you help me?"

"Did Allan advise you to come to me?"

"If he had, I should have come long ago."

"Do you think he'd want you to come now?"

"I don't know."

"How did you find your way?"

"I asked at the office of a lawyer, Mr. Greene."

"Did he encourage you to come?"

Mrs. Bannister flushed; she had been earnestly advised to return to New York. Greene said that Bannister had apparently made no will; if he died intestate his property would go to her children; if she angered him he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might leave it to his cook. He might live ten years. But long before ten years had passed she would be dead of exhaustion and before ten weeks her boys would be ruined.

"I merely asked the way."

"And how much do you want?" he inquired pleasantly.

"It's what I need", answered Mrs. Bannister. "With five hundred dollars I could move to a suburb, and in the fall I could teach." She clasped her hands, her face brightening to beauty. "It would mean everything."

"Five hundred dollars." Bannister seemed to ask whether that would be enough. She was extraordinarily pretty. He reached out and touched her knee.

Mrs. Bannister rose slowly.

"It would mean everything", she repeated, her eyes darkening. Trying still to smile, she moved beyond his reach.

"'Everything.'" Bannister mocked her. "I'll think it over."

Mrs. Bannister found a card in her pocket and laid it on the table. "There's my address." Her tone was brave.

"And you wouldn't give the old uncle a kiss?"

Mrs. Bannister halted, her eyes wide, then she went quietly into the hall and across the porch. She stepped down as into a deep sea.

Tap, tap, tap — Bannister beat upon the floor with his cane. The impudent beggar — she asked him for money, looking at him as though he were a snake! He had settled Allan when he came to beg. A writer! A fool! Fortunately one could still dispose of one's property and drink one's own liquor. He had houses and farms and stocks and bonds — they would be amazed if they knew how much he had. And liquor? He rose unsteadily; Nellie was gone; her remonstrating tongue could not remind him of the agony which began in his breast and ran the length of his arm. He had a treasured Burgundy — he would fetch a bottle, then he would do what he had long meant to do — he would write his will. No, he would write his will first. Houses, lands, bonds, stocks — God, to give them up! He sat down heavily by his littered desk.

Houses, bonds, farms — to whom should he give his houses, bonds, farms? Foolish Greene would look for a legacy. The town hoped for a library. The college from which he had graduated dreamed of a large sum. Nellie O'Toole expected riches for life. The church of his parents — he laughed aloud.

In a drawer by his side was yellowed foolscap, bought twenty years ago for this very purpose. He laid a sheet on the table and dipped his pen in the ink.

"I, Warden Bannister" — Greene should get no fee for this; he could write just as tight a will as Greene — "I, Warden Bannister, being of sound mind — "

He wrote on in a large hand. There was a creeping worm of pain in his side and a confused feeling in his head, but he smiled, his lip thrust out. He surveyed his work with pleasure. He was glad that Nellie was away; no one would interrupt until he had done as he pleased with his own. He heard a jingle of bells — Nellie was being brought back by her friends. He went to the window and beckoned them in.

Nellie's brother and her cousin stood with mouths open and Nellie gasped, her eyes bulging. The paper lay on the desk, folded so that only a blank space showed.

"Can you fellows write?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, sir."

"Put your name there. Nellie's an ignoramus, she can't write. But her name's inside."

"Is it your will?" Nellie gave a sort of crow and Bannister turned and regarded her, his expression at once amused and agonized.

"It's my will. Give 'em a drink, Nell, and then let 'em clear out! Now!" he ordered when they lingered, stupefied. He slammed the door and sat down at his desk — he would sign now. His name was Bannister, the same as that of the little begging woman. He reveled in his anger; he hated her so that he forgot pain in happiness. He took the pen and wrote. Darkness seemed to come suddenly and with a roaring noise.

At seven o'clock Nellie tramped through the hall with a tray. She kicked the door and, getting no response, said thickly, "Let me in; here's your supper."

Unanswered, she set down the tray on a chair. Whether he was ready or not, he must eat so that she could have quiet for her thick head.

"Supper!" she said, flinging back the door.

Firelight illuminated the room dimly. Bannister still sat holding his pen, his hand resting on the yellow paper, his head on his breast.

"Come on!" said Nellie. "Wake up!"

Unanswered and somewhat sobered, she went into the kitchen for a lamp. Her master was dead — there was no doubt of that. She looked at the paper on which his pale hand lay and saw the only words she knew of all words in the world, those of her own name, identified by two large letters with a little crook between. She uttered a shriek of hysterical delight.

"I'll fetch Greene before's he's cold!"

Taking her coat from behind the kitchen door, she plunged into the sea of snow. A voice sang in her ears, "Nellie O'Toole! Nellie O'Toole!" "Name blessed of the saints!" she said as she rang Greene's bell. . . .

Into Bannister's dimly lighted presence, Greene and the doctor entered solemnly. They were small men, and the huge room dwarfed them. The minds of both were swamped with thought. Warden Bannister dead! Bonds, stocks, houses, farms — what of them? He was dead — one needed only to glance at him to see that.

"Here's a will!" said the doctor, who could not keep his voice from trembling.

Greene's face was pale; he thought with dismay of Mrs. Bannister's blue eyes. Why had she not obeyed him? The name of Nellie O'Toole struck him in the face; clearly Mrs. Bannister had angered the old man and had thus done for herself and her children forever.

Nellie could no longer restrain her ecstasy.

"I'm in it!" she screamed. "I seen my name."

Having reached the bottom of the page, Greene looked up. The doctor had been able to make nothing of it, except that the letters were scrawling and that they grew more shapeless and eventually dwindled away.

"Is it valid?"

Greene read again. There was the common preamble, then the scattered words:

"To Allan Bannister's children — nothing.

"To Nellie O'Toole — nothing.

"To churches, colleges, towns and all beggars — nothing.

"To nobody in the world —"

The next word also looked like "nothing". Beneath, above the names of Lucius and Patrick O'Toole, there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a scrawl, unintelligible, like a child's first effort to write. Bannister had after all forgotten his name.

"Who gets it?" asked the doctor.

"I get it", cried Nellie, weeping and laughing. "I was his closest friend. It's all O. K."

"Who gets it?" asked the doctor again when Nellie's hullabaloo had subsided.

Greene's eyes fell upon a card on the table; on it was written "Mrs. Bannister" and an address. She refused to take his advice, she made Bannister angry, but she had not done for herself after all.

"There'll be a heavy tax", he explained. "Then the legal heirs, two sons of Allan Bannister, will have all the rest."

WHEN SYLVIA SINGS

By Thomas Moult

WHEN Sylvia sings, the nursery is a garden,
Her voice is a bright flower.
The tiny dew-shot sounds are petals,
They make a blossomy bower
Of the toy-scattered room that is hers, these two so sacred years.
She sits in the middle of the rag-tag floor with her dolls, a one eared rabbit, a brown bear, and a broken biscuit,
And sings, and grows lovelier
With every singing hour.

Softly to the threshold I creep
Listening, picturing the radiance beyond the door
Where, for the song's sake, none may peep.
I listen, and I adore.
And it seems to me that a stray petal of that white flowering, quaintly curled,
Having shared in her piping wish — about you and me, maybe,
And the toys and the watch at my wrist, tick-ticking —
Has fallen across the lips of the great world
And put its grandest melodies to sleep.

But soon that wild rose music will be gone.
Her voice will droop its petals, and (as the sun
Comes flushed from a cloudy pall)
The hush of the world shall break, and all
Those giant harmonies again play on;
Their might and grandeur more
Divine than ever before
In the sweet silence when a baby's song is done.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMORIES OF A FATHER

By Marjory Royce

I SEE the mind of every sensitively brought up young girl as a picture gallery; to begin with, without pictures. Everything is ready: the softly tinted walls, the windows with sunlight streaming through, the polished floor; it is a place of beauty, this gallery of the young mind; ready to absorb thought.

Someone comes along, this year or that, and presents a picture, gives an idea, takes the owner of the gallery by the hand and shows her the portrait of somebody who is to be very important to her. She greets it, ready to admire; if it appeals she takes it for her own and it has its niche in the room; and even though, as years pass by, she is busy with other pictures in a more modern gallery and seldom glances at the old, it still endures: still is precious, still exerts influence.

To my father, William Robertson Nicoll, I owe the gift of many pictures to that gallery of youth. He gave me, for example, Christina Rossetti. His favorite of all her poems was that in "The Prince's Progress":

> Too late for love, too late for joy,
> Too late, too late.
> You loitered on the road too long,
> You trifled at the gate.

He would say it to me often, and make clear in his soft impressive voice that he utterly comprehended the danger and the urgency of things. He, the most faithful of beings, would often repeat her

> Safe where I cannot lie yet,
> Safe where I hope to be too,
> Safe from the fume and the fret,
> You, and you,
> Whom I never forget.

As I write, there lies before me one of the most precious of all the books I have derived from his library, Christina Rossetti's "Verses", published in 1894 by the S. P. C. K. on thick paper with rough edges and a crimson line border — a delectable edition. On the front page is signed the name of the original owner, and no name ever held more magic (save perhaps in later years that of A. E. Waite) for my father. "W. Hale White" I read on that frontispiece, and on the back page is inscribed "W. R. Nicoll".

Mark Rutherford has put down just inside the cover a list of his favorite poems in the book. They are penciled in his careful upright hand. Among them are "An Exceeding Bitter Cry" and "To Souls that Mount". Turning to the back, we find my father's list of favorites almost quite different, and penciled in a writing more individual. Both men have, however, picked out the solemn verses beginning:

> We are of those who tremble at Thy word,
> Who, faltering, walk in darkness towards our close
> Of mortal life; by terrors curbed and spurred,
> We are of those. . . .

ending:

> Nor such as we, Thy lily and Thy rose,
> Yet, Hope of those who hope with hope deferred,
> We are of those.

The face of the poetess, sad, reserved, austere, in a soft reddish print which hung in my father's Hampstead library, shines in my gallery of imagination, a possession forever.

I write vaguely and slowly, pausing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and remembering, and not endeavoring in any sense to be precise or complete, for such musings would lead me into a volume instead of a brief article. Taking thoughts as they come, I find that P. G. Hamerton next suggests himself: that fascinating man whose marriage with a French wife led him to make the strange land his own. He did much for the Britisher round about the eighties, enlightening him on the Latin people; and proudly among the special books bound specially in morocco for my father stood "Modern Frenchmen". The copy, worn with much reading, is before me now; it closes badly, so many pages are turned down to mark something of import. Here are the lives of Henri Pérreyve, Ampère, Rude, and Regnault. How my father loved reading about real people! Eagerly he confirmed the opinion expressed in the preface to Hamerton's "Human Intercourse", another charming and wholly forgotten book —

> The result of experience, in my case, has been to confirm a youthful conviction that the value of certain persons is not to be estimated in comparison with anything else.

And then there was another Hamerton book, "The Quest of Happiness", most thoroughly honored by Claudius Clear, and held up to the family to be loved. It falls open, as I handle it, at the true old story of the Frenchwoman who, as Hamerton observed, sang most gaily and mysteriously at her daily work in a dark French kitchen overlooking a narrow courtyard in a provincial town. He asked her to tell him why she sang, and if she could really be as happy as she seemed. She answered . . . But this is all very simple and Victorian, and why should I tell you? However, Hamerton was introduced to me early, and a picture of his romantic home at Pré-Charmoy with its "group of tall poplars beside the clear, cool winding river" hangs beside his commanding head.

Peering back through the mists of time tonight at that gallery of mine, given by my critic father, I seem to see next the noble profile of George MacDonald, born and bred near the Nicolls' own village in Aberdeenshire. "David Elginbrod" was given to me early, quite early. I have known Euphra of the trailing dress, Hugh who loved the green tassels of the larch, as long ago as I can remember. A glorious tale! But "Robert Falconer" was the book of books to my father. Here it is, his own copy, in its dreary dark cover, bearing the marks of reading and rereading. Drifting through the long, closely woven narrative, after an interval of years, as I have just paused to do, I perceive the beauty of phrase, the balance of the sentence, which persists among gushes of a sentiment that seems foreign enough now, though it ill becomes any of us to patronize this dead masterpiece. There is care and brilliance in the portraiture, and there are many flashes from the striving, loving spirit of the author.

At random I quote a sentence — noted by W. R. N.:

> As the child-bed is watched and tended with anxious expectancy; so the couch of the dying, as we call them, may be surrounded by the birth watchers of the other world; waiting, like anxious servants, to open the door to which this world is but the wind-blown porch.

And turning the pages again, I find underlined:

> "If God were *thinking* me", said Ericson. "Ah! But if he be only *dreaming* me, I shall go mad!"

It seems fitting that one of the last visitors who called upon my father before his final illness was Greville MacDonald, bearing the manuscript of his father's Life, in which W. R. N. took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a lively interest. My father was too ill to see Dr. Greville but I had that pleasure, and those few minutes showed me he had much of the personality of his courtly and genial parent.

Next rises before me quite a small picture, but it is very clear. It is the face of a man whose pseudonym is H. Ogram Matuce. My father early brought me to know the novel (also forgotten, as all the rest are) entitled "A Wanderer". The idea of a bachelor clerk deliberately saving half his salary for the sake in the end of a few years of travel and freedom, as shown in this book, enchanted my ever anxious father.* The idea of retirement was to him eternally attractive and full of possibilities; though it is clear to me now that he loved his work more than any possible sort of leisure. Yes, "A Wanderer" is still important to me, exhibiting what a plan *can* do if scrupulously followed.

Many other faces are gleaming down the long gallery of memory. Charlotte Brontë is there, of course; a very large, full size picture of her. Her glowing, reticent description of married happiness in "The Professor" was always my father's perfect ideal. I see, beyond her, Hardy's wistful face. Then there is a remembrance of Tennyson, and a remembrance of the reading at twilight by a bright fire of "The Eve of St. Agnes". My father's intonation comes back to me; every word, every syllable of the lovely poem he fully cherished.

> Deep on the convent roof, the snows
> Are sparkling to the moon . . .

I see also the faces of Isaac Taylor, the saintly Neale, Barrie, Newman, Hawthorne, Emerson, John Halsham, who wrote "Idlehurst", a work greatly beloved, and so many more! Did ever any father give his daughter a gallery like mine? Are the portraits of Compton Mackenzie, Sinclair Lewis, Mrs. Wharton, Edna Ferber, A. S. M. Hutchinson, going up in the new galleries of imagination? How can one say?

But in come the grandsons of Nicoll to be read to; they, too, must have their gallery. As I open his thin-paper copy of the "Tale of Two Cities", a little tobacco, spilled from his pipe, slips out from the pages. And I remember how, when the picture of Dickens was given to me to hang in my Room of Joy, I turned away, saying there was no place for him; and how my father fumed, marveled, and almost despaired of my salvation.

* This passage was very familiar to us both from Chapter II: "Some sixty hours after leaving the smoke and roar of London, and the seat at your desk . . . you may find yourself in some antique forest in Sweden."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ACTOR

By Stark Young

AS all actors who ever get anywhere know in their hearts, the actor is the liveliest part of the theatre. Of all theatre elements acting is closest to the audience. Of all theatre languages acting gets the readiest ear. Actors are the vehicle of expression on which most depends in the theatre, and they know that their first business is to get themselves and their matter over the footlights to the audience, to turn everything into theatre. They sense the fact that nothing counts except in relation to this theatricality. Probability in character, time, or action; likeness, naturalness, or truth, concern them only with regard to the theatre, to projecting what they create, and getting a response to it.

Actors sense the difference between acting talent and a mere serious intention, and they sense what a part sheer vitality and magnetism play in the actor's achievement. They know how audiences like spirit in an actor, well adjusted egotism, engaging exhibitions, power, assurance, the impression of success — know how wise are the Spanish in their proverb that everyone likes the victor — *siempre es simpático el que vince.* And they know that while the production of the play is being presented to the audience, they themselves are, of all the agents at work in this complex art, the chief, they are the protagonists. More than the designer who created the décor, or the dramatist who gave the play and the central theme, or the director who controlled and shaped the whole of the theatre work, the actors engage the audience; their mystery and power are felt most; they are the singers in the song. By instinct, intuition, and talent actors that are functioning in their art know these things, have them all straight. Whether they can explain them or not, they exemplify the principles of their art. And audiences by the same intuition follow them freely.

We should not hold it against them then that actors should show how human they are by being frailty and innocence itself when they come to analysis and theory. Every one of us philosophizes over life to some extent at least, every actor in the midst of his art does a little theory on his own. Then begins a confusion indeed, an æsthetic Babel, the ballad of the babes in the wood.

Sometimes the actor's theory is a prattle of mere made up explanations, like that of a man in the midst of a love affair trying to talk the psychology of sex. He will tell you, for example, that he has got to be natural, to be like life, when all the while what he is trying to do on the stage is not to represent a natural person or action but to present naturalness itself, to project to the audience what he thinks is natural. He may tell you that he must keep to the truth, when there is in fact no truth of time, place, or anything else that holds him except in relation to the effect he aims at; for he goes as fast or as slowly as he likes, jumps his scenes over the earth, in the house one minute, the next on the sea, now speaking plain words, now bursting in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to song. Actors, he concludes perhaps, should be themselves. Acting is being natural. Or artifice is out of date and false. An actor should be the part he plays. Be sincere. There are a hundred theories, sometimes held by people who can only think, not act; sometimes talked by good actors who do the right thing and are only confused when they try abstractions and principles, who act like monarchs but talk like poor Poll. Some of them think straight, most of them if they carried out the theories they announce would break their necks and the theatre's neck, or at least be far worse players than they are now. But this, as Cicero said of the early orators before him, is a horrid way of speaking, *asperum et horridum genus dicendi* —

There is no reason, however, why actors should be artists in words or artists in æsthetic doctrine. No doubt such a state of things is most desirable, but we have no more right to demand that of actors than we have to ask Lessing to dance a ballet, or Shakespeare to mold a statue of Lucrece, so long, that is, as the actor has something to say in his own language, which is acting.

Acting is an art in which the actor uses himself, his body and voice, as a medium. The actor takes from a drama a character and the dramatist's comment on that character; he brings his inspiration and technique to the dramatist's imagination. This creation of the dramatist's he restates in terms of acting, bringing into existence a new creation that was not before. This creation of the actor's has in its turn, then, to be restated in relation to the whole play, the theme and the characters; it must be given its right mask. Thereby it becomes a part of another body, of the whole theatre work that is to be created.

Technical training and skill in his art develop and perfect the actor as a medium of theatrical expression, that is obvious. But there is an element about him that we may speak of as pure acting medium, which he has largely by birth, to some extent by cultivation, and at his best by both. It is possible to be a finer artist on the stage than you are an actor; some players, Duse for example, illumine the nature of all art rather than perfect their technical range in one phase. It is possible, on the contrary, to be a noteworthy actor without being a significant artist at all, David Warfield for example. In each case we are concerned with this matter of the actor's equipment, his possession of those elements that are specially related to his particular art, as a voice is to a singer or suppleness of body to a trapeze performer. We are concerned with what he has that is pure acting medium.

We may speak of five aspects of this medium.

There is first — and most baffling of all so far as explanation goes — the theatrical person, the player who goes vividly over the footlights. Some players click as they appear on the stage, we watch them because they in themselves seem to exist in theatre terms, as contrasted with good actors whose presence is interesting only by virtue of skill in their art, or beauty, or pleasing personal quality. This theatricality is not to be confused with the popular *sex appeal* — an actor may not be conspicuously appealing in this way and yet may be theatrical, may project readily into theatre terms, just as some voices, good or bad, engage your ear at once. Indeed this theatricality in the actor corresponds to what a real singing voice — a voice whose life is at once contagious for the hearer — is to the singer, who may, how-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, or may not be a good singer when he has it.

Second, there are the natural assets that the actor has for his business. These may be an effective body, in shape and flexibility, and a good theatre mask, all of such blessings, down to a skin that takes the makeup well, a minor advantage in which actors greatly vary.

A good theatre mask implies contours and conformations that can project themselves over the footlights into the theatre; eyes that can be seen; cheekbones that will not crowd them; teeth whose glitter carries a smile to the farthest row in the theatre; and so on. What one actor, though a profound artist, may succeed in creating only in the course of a long scene, another who is more or less a fool may establish the first minute he is on the stage merely because his brow has a noble outline, a splendid serenity upon it, or because the bone structure of his eye sockets, by throwing stage shadows over them or allowing room for blackleading, conveys the effect of tragic romance. A voice may express to its hearers a score of things that the speaker neither intends nor could understand. Such endowments as these are unescapable elements in the actor as a medium. They have not necessarily anything to do with soul, training, or artistic intelligence; they are to the actor what the violin, good, bad, or indifferent, is to the violinist.

Third, there is the time sense. One of the most expressive languages in the theatre is that of the time intervals. Actors with a sense of rhythm and an instinct for pause, cues, and general tempo, can sometimes easily achieve what players who are much better artists reach only with great elaboration. Glenn Hunter, for example, who is a player without much imaginative scope, can often hit at once by means of his time values what Morgan Farley, who has far more genuine artistic understanding but less acting gift, can approach only indirectly and laboriously.

Like the time sense, but in the region of the eye, is the actor's sense of movement and line, his visual music. Here he transfers the time sense into visual motion, whose rhythm, pattern, and intervals become in themselves expressive as the rhythm in a ballad or a scherzo is expressive, as Michelangelo's design in line and mass is expressive in his Campidoglio, or as a spiral says one thing as distinguished from what an oval says. The flow of Charlie Chaplin's gesture and movement is unbroken and complete; Chaliapin in "Boris" exhibits a visual rhythm that is superb and superbly related to his own particular body and stature and wholly calculated in terms of them. It is through this visual music that the actor is related to one of the theatre's chief and most elusive elements, its movement. It is through this that he draws from us a response akin to that we give to music and dancing, and as powerful, distinct, and hard to describe or exactly remember. Under this head falls the capacity for wearing costumes, which, in fact, come alive on the stage only through the wearer's sense of moving line. This sense for the pure visual medium must not be confused with the gift of mimicry. Mimicry works through the medium of gesture of course, but it turns on resemblance. It is the fifth of these acting parts.

A mimetic gift in the actor corresponds to a good ear in the musician. It is a great advantage, but will not of itself make him an artist. Many good actors have little talent for mimicry. Mimicry is to acting what memory can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be to culture and education, and like memory it must not be too easily despised. The imitation of others is an instinct born deep in us, and is the source of the actor's art. Acting is essentially based on men's actions as we see them in our daily experience; and an aptitude for imitating these actions may be taken as the first ready test of a man's born gift for this particular art. In the theatre there is always to be found a sort of person, often intelligent enough, who can think, theorize, and describe acting till we might mistake him for a player of some skill. The way to show such persons up at once is to let them imitate the simplest action of men and women and to see how certain they are to miss it flat. This gift of mimicry in the actor resembles a gift for likeness in a painter. Such a knack will not make his drawing fine, but it will give him a kind of solid reality with which he can begin and which he can alter and force to his own ends. Corot takes the landscape as material for the expression of his idea; it is plain that he can express his idea more adequately if he knows the exact appearance that he works in, and that by knowing just what he has done to this material we understand better what he has expressed. In order to translate a gesture into elegance or extravagance or drunkenness, an actor may best begin by being able to reproduce the actual, literal gesture that he sees. To that literal and basic gesture the shortest cut lies in the power of mimicry, which amounts to saying that it is from this actual, literal gesture and the knowledge of what it would be in any given case, that all style evolves. The reason most of our extremely stylized productions seem so poor and misled is because the actors lack the needed style, and they often miss this style because they do not command the simple, straight acting from which this style departs.

These five parts — theatricality, physical assets, time and line sense, and mimicry — compose what we may call the pure acting medium as distinguished from that portion of acting that we may call its art, which shares in the principles of other arts and partakes of the nature of all art.

To these basic endowments and faculties in the actor we must add — as we should do not only with the actor but with any artist — the rest of him, all that spiritual and mental and personal and peculiar sum that for want of a better word we should call himself. The sum of all, of himself with his special acting gifts, is what the actor brings to his art, and is what qualifies him as the medium of acting. He remains himself as pigment remains pigment in painting, and in sculpture marble remains marble.

It follows therefore that the actor, being the medium that he works in as an artist, is never the character that he plays, or we should have no art. Even a Mr. Tom Jones acting himself on the stage would have to project on the stage his own notion of himself and his relation to the rest of the play. Even in such a case the actor cannot play from nature. He plays from an idea, which he sets up and which if you like he may have drawn from nature. He is Mr. Jones, but the Mr. Jones projected into his acting is another matter. To say that another actor playing this part does not act Mr. Jones, he *is* Mr. Jones, is such nonsense that it defeats itself. If it were not a matter of conception and presentation, we should not be going around in a circle admiring the actor for being Mr. Jones without being him. The actor is always himself, in every rôle he is himself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But he is himself only as a medium for his idea. He uses himself, his body, his voice, and the elusive personal quality that goes with these, exactly as Titian uses paint or Haydn sound, to create a form for his idea.

To create in this medium of himself, the actor needs technique. Acting is a language in the theatre that must be learned. Without technique the actor cannot know the resources of rhythm, what tempo is, what the voice means to such ends as his, or how, when he does get effects, to recognize them, to retain from them what is most expressive and to repeat it when he wills. Through the avenue of technique the actor approaches all wit, elevation, variety, and depth of style. Through his technique he establishes that firm outline that divides his creation from reality or heightens it into art. Without technique, however wonderful his own quality may be, he has no language to speak. Through technique he learns the use of his medium. And through technical labor he gets an intellectual discipline that helps to clarify his ideas, which in their turn are developed by this search for their right technical form.

If cultivation in his technique helps the actor's use of his medium, cultivation in general, a culture in thought, arts, and living, will help his idea. Culture in other arts will nourish and promote the conceptions that he brings to his own. The technical qualities in one art can be transferred to another. You can take rhythm or emphasis, for example, and apply their expression in architecture to music or acting; the structure of Milton's style in "Samson Agonistes" is not unlike Michelangelo's in its formalism, pedantry, nobility, and controlled but intense emotionalism. The rich texture of Veronese, once felt and understood, affords an approach to the texture of Shakespeare's writing. The phrasing in good music can throw light on the thought phrase and on word phrasing. I should think that Debussy would be the best guide to many a drama of Maeterlinck, since the quality of their mood is so totally suggested in some of his music; and that nothing could teach us more about acting Sheridan than the furniture of the period. Emotional or spiritual culture and exercise in one art enriches the substance that we bring to another. The dilation of his mental horizon by knowledge and ideas furthers the actor's opinion into sane judgment and his choice into distinction; it furthers too his understanding of the play and of his rôle in all its meanings and parts. The range, intensity, and glamour of his own living cannot be divorced from the nature of his conceptions. The actor needs always to make of himself a material beautiful in quality and diverse in range for his art's sake; even the finest building is more beautiful for its marble's beauty.

Through the creation of his idea into acting form, the actor achieves a work of art, complete in itself and free of its material. If he has power behind the idea and the expression of it he can, if he chooses, do a beggar, not in whining rags, but in the most exalted declamation and elegance. It will be an extreme case of unlikeness, and he will have to contend with the disappointment or resentment that we feel when we see what is a familiar fact so contradicted or distorted; he will have to convince us of the particular truth that he is expressing. Or he might take the reverse direction and do his beggar in dust and shreds. On the other hand, he could do a king in robes and heroic speech, as in Æschylus, or in homely cotton and the simplest realism, as in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain beautiful and moving folk dramas and rituals. The principle remains the same — the freedom and completeness of a work of art. The actor is as free of his material as any other artist. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that in acting this freedom is more dangerous, since acting of all arts rests most on imitation and arouses therefore more than any other art a strong demand for likeness. It happens too that this lively instinct that is in us for imitation has us doing the stage characters inside ourselves before we know it; before we know it we are acting them, and so are doubly critical over resemblances and doubly jealous of the facts of appearance and similarity.

But whether he works close to the surface of his material or remote from it, the actor must have one chief concern. Having made of himself an expressive medium, he must be concerned with his idea or conception. It is by this means that he persuades toward himself the stream of life in others and becomes, like the loved man in Bianor's poem, "lord of another's soul". The poet when he speaks himself, Aristotle says, creates no image — the actor merely being himself is not an artist. Homer, he says, admirable as he is in every other respect, is especially so in this, that he knows the part to be played by the poet himself in the poem. Only by his idea does the actor share in the whole work of theatre art that he serves; the rest of him is merely used by the director and the dramatist; it is mere medium like the paints, canvas, and lighting.

EPITAPH

By Lynn Riggs

WHEN there must be accounting
I'll not be there to see
The sad mound, the graven slab's
Phrasing over me,

Nor able to direct
The inescapable
Chisel into epitaph
Gay and beautiful.

For this, a certain yearning
Better to define
The brief intoxication
Of beauty has been mine.

Lest the last word be,
Sealing my blood and bones:
"His laughter
Was rimmed with granite stones."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUMBERT WOLFE

By Herbert Gorman

With a Portrait by Maud Grant-Ford

HUMBERT WOLFE is a poet of escape. His escape is from the practicalities of life, yet as he flees from a mechanistic age he is continually turning back, pausing, retrieving his footsteps. His gift is essentially lyrical, a melodic utterance that is in no manner of technical device particularly modern but which is, curiously enough, the phosphorescent garmenting of a peculiarly modern poetic substance. It is true that he abjures the consistent capital letter at the beginning of each line, preferring (reasonably enough) to limit capitals to the opening word of each sentence; but his form, except for this slight innovation, is quite conservative: sonnets, smooth lyrics, suavely fashioned lines, meticulously displaced metres. Coming as he does at a time of poetic unrest and uncertainty, at a time, indeed, when the lyric pulse seems to be flagging and faltering, he offers in himself a unique quickening of tempo, a demonstration of fastidious accomplishment that may well be set against the innovations of the times and offered as ample evidence of the integrity of traditional poetical impulse. He escapes from the times to find the times. He soars beyond himself to meet himself. In one sense of the word, his leap into timelessness is but an inspired adjustment to the world about him. To make these statements clear some investigation of his work is necessary.

Two aspects of his poetic output immediately suggest themselves, the satiric and the lyrical. Though the satiric element is the dominating impulse in "Lampoons" and "News of the Devil", he is yet impelled by the lyrical motif at the same time. "News of the Devil", for instance, may have been conceived as sheer satire but the lyrist, the eager compassionate poet, breaks through the satire time and again, and the ending of that work is almost wholly poetry of a restrained yet indubitable nature. His imaginative faculties, his delicacy of observation and his smoldering of passion, his congenital idealism that pushes him constantly toward a higher plane, will not be subdued to satiric invention. On the other hand, in many of his purely lyrical poems, his hymns of love, his songs of pity, the satiric element — rarefied into something that is both like and unlike itself — peers through the musical lines. This attitude is patent enough. Mr. Wolfe is a poet who has observed the clashing world about him and found it wanting. He has walked through the streets of materialism. His eyes have not been closed, and although they are lifted as high as the hawk flies he has not failed to see the mud through which he has passed. His anger at a gross age has welled up in him and quickened his satiric impulse. At the same time his pity (for he is one of the most compassionate poets in the younger group) has translated much that he has observed and raised it to a lyrical height. Somewhere between his anger and pity the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Humbert Wolfe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elements of satire and lyricism have merged.

It is because of these mingled elements that he both escapes and finds the times. His escapes are through lyrical flights, but the very magic of his lyrical flights must impress upon him how far he has to go to avoid a world in which so much that is foul and shameless exists. From the height of his desire he looks down and pity draws him back. He sees himself in the world that is, sees himself walking through the streets where all the lost personages of his "Requiem" have their daily being, and compassion lures him back to himself. Thus he soars beyond himself to meet himself. His eventual escape is impossible, for his heart and mind are too much a part of the contemporary world in which he is living. This is the secret of his modernity, the fact that he thinks, dreams, and bleeds with an age of which he disapproves. Although he may employ the most conservative of forms, therefore, these forms are no more than a glittering garment for the modern passion that impregnates his thought. He has himself explicitly set down his attitude toward this contemporary world in the introduction to "Lampoons":

> The age in which we live has not even the merit of being an iron age. It is the age of lath painted to look like iron. It is an age in which even vice is simulated, and where virtue is practised for the sake of a new sensation. It is an age in which we are sentimental about the dead, and respect their memories by forgetting the quick. It is an age when we do not persecute poetry, religion, and beauty, because, though we should be glad to do so, we are unable to detect them when they appear. It is an age where nothing succeeds like spiritual failure, and where the best seller and the worst buyer are the intellectual masters of the world. It is an age, above all, where we apologize for the emotions that we do not ourselves experience by adopting those that we imagine (wrongly) other people to have endured. In our loves we all wear our hearts on somebody else's sleeve. In our hatreds — but we have no hatred. We are all such good fellows at heart, even the richest of us.

In short, it is a world that may be despised but which, at the same time, calls for the salty whip of satire. It is an age where passion must be regenerated even if the passion be as dark and fatal as hatred. Although Mr. Wolfe views this lymphatic world with disgust he realizes, deep inside himself, that he may escape it by a sure flight above it. In his work, therefore, certain motifs manifest themselves. First of all is pity. Then there is love. There is passion, too, but the passion is rarefied into something as delicately passionate as the crimson petals of the rose. It is a "high song" that he turns to for these cleansing properties, a song that mingles fastidious nuances of verse with the butterfly colorings of thought. He speeds away from the "age of lath" on gossamer-like wings, iridescent and fragile at times; but there are moments, particularly in "The Unknown Goddess" and "Requiem", when the tone deepens, the colors darken, and the pulses beat high and grave. In the light thistledown snatches of "Kensington Gardens" and some of the moth-like compositions of "The Unknown Goddess" is the sheer poet creating intangible sensations by pure melody, but in the rounded scheme of "Requiem" is a profounder note, a philosophic adumbration that is directly concerned with that world from which he has fled. "Humoresque" is an intermediate book where the profoundest intimations are conveyed in the most delicate stanzas. It is time to investigate this work more closely, so that we may understand the peculiar texture of Humbert Wolfe's mind.

The satirist, it may be admitted, is the less prominent of the two Humbert

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wolfes, or rather the two aspects of the one Humbert Wolfe. His inclinations are too lyrical for him to convey pure satire. The poetical connotations constantly get in the way except in the short squibs of "Lampoons", wherein, after all, it is not a world that is lampooned but a series of unusual figures who stand either above or apart from that world — in other words, the creators. Parodying Milton he declares, "They also serve, who only stand and hate." But Mr. Wolfe does not hate very fiercely. He will throw a lance into Aldous Huxley:

> Here lies Huxley, who was given
> genius enough to rule in heaven,
> but, finding life intolerable,
> chose instead to serve in Hell.

Or he will nip Maynard Keynes and the Bloomsbury school:

> Confident that art and brains
> end with them (and Maynard Keynes)
> the school of Bloomsbury lies here,
> greeting the unseen with a sneer.

Or, to make an end of quotations, he will delicately damn Gilbert Frankau, Ethel Dell, and A. S. M. Hutchinson:

> Gilbert Frankau, Ethel Dell,
> and Hutchinson lie here in — well,
> no one knows, but each one hums:
> "This is where winter never comes."

Still, all this is a gentle hatred. It is disapprobation, of course, but it is not the murderous swing of a battle ax, and that is certainly what an "age of lath" needs. The whole scaffolding should be smashed down so that naked individualities may walk through the desert and build up again those ruined palaces that now gleam as mirages in the skies.

In "News of the Devil" Mr. Wolfe made a deeper plunge toward his satiric goal, but here his poetic instinct got the best of him. The very fact of this obscures his intention in the poem. His hero, Paul Arthur, "proprietor of twenty daily newspapers or more", ambitiously enough decides to perfect a vast merger of all religion but finds that his self created god may not be escaped. The thought in the poem is difficult to follow at moments, but it rises to a beautiful ending. Though Paul Arthur, brought to his knees at last, may cry, "Too late!" the poet has the redeeming answer ready:

> If Time is such a braggart, and the dust
> of man's own blindness the remorseless ghost,
> "too late" for one worn thread is soon enough
> to lose itself within the shining stuff
> of God. "Too late" will little irk or rue
> when the unhasting love of God breaks through
> the puny dams, the crumbling breakwaters
> of Time, and overwhelms the barriers
> that strain at him, and tumble, and are gone,
> while the great tides of heaven thunder on,
> not drowning, but releasing, soul by soul,
> division in the undivided whole.
> Listen! the stuff that God is woven of
> is love of loving for the sake of love,
> which has one only purpose and one aim
> to justify the splendour of that name.
> And therefore "sob the echoes" since you seem,
> to be a man no longer, but a dream
> of a man who saw himself before he died
> with all his sins unblessed, unsatisfied,
> your sins and you have here become a part
> of the immortal movement of the Heart,
> that does not judge, nor blame, nor yet forgive,
> but being needed by all things that live,
> needs all of them, and, therefore, the echoes cry,
> "Be not afraid, Paul Arthur. It is I."

This, then, that started to be a satire of a certain type of modern omnivorous business man — the epitome of our age — becomes, long before the ending, an inspired philosophical poem compact with fire and passion. The proceeding is revelatory of Mr. Wolfe's compassionate cast of mind. His cruelty, his despair, his hatred for the materialistic age, is overwhelmed in an understanding pity and, essential idealist as he is, he cannot but grasp about him for some divine compensation. There is some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing above and beyond the brain and the rationing powers in him, and this something can be described by no other word than "poetry". And poetry is a steed that may not be bitted even by the sharp and malicious wit of satire. Its wings will spread and it will fly above the preconceived intent.

The real Humbert Wolfe, therefore, is to be found in the more purely lyrical volumes, in "The Unknown Goddess", "Humoresque", and "Requiem". In "The Unknown Goddess" he is to be found in

THE WATERS OF LIFE

When, hardly moving, you decorate night's hush
with the slim pencil of your grace, retrieving
the clean flat stroke of some old Grecian brush
that painted dancers fair beyond believing;

when, leaning back the harvest of your hair
under the moon with beauty as still as hers,
your body's wonder writes upon the air
the perfect cadence of consummate verse,

I think, if this upon the air be shaken,
brief as a falling blossom, it can but be
that Time records, by beauty overtaken,
in one gold instant, immortality,

and that the patterns you weave upon the night
have such swift passion, such essential heat,
that all the painter sees, the poet can write,
are but pale shadows of your dancing feet.

Still more is he to be found in "Humoresque", in "Death the Goth" with its moving and lovely ending:

In the Catalonian meadow
electric lamps on trees
coldly, between the tables,
glitter like oranges.
The leaves are pale as women
in that fantastic glare,
and heavy rings of music
smoke upon the air.
In a pool of light the dancers
shoulder, and slip, and dive,
like swimmers in a picture
suddenly come alive.
This is a forest-clearing.
The tamed domestic trees
espy the long green impis
of silent savages,
that crowd upon them, creeping
nearer and nearer, till
when the circle of light is broken
they can leap in, and kill.
And somewhere a loud bittern
will with a single note
stop on the trifling music,
and bite it through the throat.
And the dancers will be dancing,
where the night and forest meet,
with misty ashen faces,
and no floor to their feet.
But your hat with the heron's feathers,
is a helmet for death to see
on the small proud head thrown backwards
of the Winged Victory.
Let the trees creep upon us,
the bittern beat her gong,
they will but find us sitting
in the senate-house of song,
pale upon marble benches,
in neither fear nor wrath
with love, — the quiet Romans
despising death the Goth.

If these are excellent examples of the mounting lyric urge of Humbert Wolfe, his skill in imagery, his power of rising to sure climaxes, his delicacy of word handling — there are times when he seems to fondle soft vowels as though they were jewels — it is in "Requiem" that we find all of his powers at their best and completest expression. In this series of poems — which is really one poem so far as consistently maintained philosophical thought and a rounded theme are concerned — he takes two groups of personalities, the Losers and the Winners in this humming world, and lets each one of them, the Soldier, the Harlot, the Huckster, the Builder, the Teacher, the Common Man, whoever it may be, speak in his or her moment of agony immediately after death. Each one of them bares the heart in a lyric and each lyric is a beautifully rounded effort, some of them outwinging any of the many poems which Mr. Wolfe has heretofore writ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten. It is like a new "Spoon River Anthology" except that the people in Mr. Wolfe's "Requiem" are representative types, that they speak for the entire order to which they belong, and that their speech is a lifted and rhythmical utterance compact with philosophical adumbrations.

Besides this there is a unifying principle underlying the structure of the whole. These Losers and Winners in life become transfigured after death and we see that the Losers, having lost the world, shall possess it, and the Winners, having won the world, shall lose it in that eternal domain on the further side of the grave. But in the end all shall enter into that mysterious kingdom where worldly things are nil. The eventual coda, perhaps the most successful technical feat that Mr. Wolfe has achieved, quietly sums up everything:

The high song is over. Silent is the lute now.
They are crowned forever and discrowned now.
Whether they triumphed or suffered they are mute now,
or at the most they are only a sound now.

The high song is over. There is none to complain now.
No heart for healing, and none to break now.
They have gone, and they will not come again now.
They are sleeping at last, and they will not wake now.

The high song is over. And we shall not mourn now.
There was a thing to say, and it is said now.
It is as though all these had been unborn now.
It is as though the world itself were dead now.

The high song is over. Even the echoes fail now;
winners and losers — they are only a theme now,
their victory and feat a half-forgotten tale now;
and even the angels are only a dream now.

There is no need for blame, no cause for praise now.
Nothing to hide, to change, or to discover.
They were men and women. They have gone their ways now,
as men and women must. The high song is over.

It is compassion, then, that crowns Humbert Wolfe's song. Though he may sing of personal love — and some of the most beautiful lyrics in his various books are concerned with it — though he may indulge in satire, though he may capture the shy nuances of nature, of night and day and flowers and people walking through the park, it is compassion, after all, that impregnates his poetry. It is compassion that brings him back to himself although he continues to be a poet of escape, slipping away from his world through flowered alleys and the high lanes of the blue air shining above it. He is essentially a musical poet, a lyricist who plays delicate melodies on his sun shot flute, and this music — beating in the atmosphere — continually lures him away. Yet it never lures him so far that he fails to see his world. Though the music draws him away, a vast compassion draws him back, and he strives constantly to net his world in its glittering web and draw it upward toward him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OVER THE STEPPE

By Max Robin

WHOLE caravans, drawn by pairs of drowsy little horses and carrying wares of every description, drag themselves wearily over the towns and villages of the Ukraine. Where the owners of these are Jews, the wagons are apt to be well laden, well covered and well bound. One night, a line of them is halted in front of the merchant's house. They wait, wait, till the merchant, dressed properly for the journey, appears. He is an austere type, and it is with firm strides that he makes his way to a wagon in the middle, where a place has been reserved for him. Climbing, he rests his full weight on one foot; and he has no sooner seated himself than he seems settled and at ease. His bearing is one of dignity and pride. He does not talk: a silent Jew; and those about him are silent too.

A whip is flourished, and it resounds with a crack. The first wagon starts, then the second and third, each driver rousing his horses with a click of the tongue. It is still; the town slumbers. The merchant sits, rigidly; and only once, as his impassive frame is shaken by the jolt of his vehicle starting, does he turn back his head. But then it is too late for the group clustered near the gate to notice his eyes, half closed, gaze at them with an expression of paternal devotion and love.

Husband and father gone, gone to travel many days. What if a mishap befall him? Not so soon will the wife and the little ones sleep. Their hearts are drawn, drawn out to the night, where a Jew is riding alone. May God protect and preserve him, that he may some day retire and stay at home, where there is safety and warmth, with his nearest and dearest. . . .

But there are other caravans, of wretched peasant carts, following each other monotonously, in an endless stream. What miserable horses, what pitiable men! Whence do they wander; whither are they bound?

They enter a small town as evening falls. Here and there along the route a youngster has stopped; and he stands, abandoned in his wonderment, his heart shriveled at the sight of the shabby procession: drivers, young and old, some with short whips, others with canes in their hands, their bare feet bruised and crusted with mud, pacing mechanically beside their squeaky, low carts.

One never knows what wares these primitive transporters carry; and the melancholy scene is followed with longing by the adventurous soul of the young. To go along! To wander away this night, and a thousand nights! To tramp, tramp amid a vast, imperturbable silence. Then to enter the steppe. Ah, the steppe! But there is no fear lurking at one's heart. So many are going! Only, perhaps, the first and the last in the funereal procession may be subject to fright. The rest do feel safe and protected.

And one goes, goes. The world is this: a steppe, within a black night, under a deep, starry sky. The air is mild; so warm and mild. The body is light; tired and light. One could sleep while walking, as the horses sleep; one's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet would continue in motion while the brain would sleep. But for the real sleep to follow! Ten nights of exposure, ten nights of unceasing trudging and toil, with this sleep for reward.

Ah, drops; more drops. A movement starts along the line, its beginning and end enshadowed by the night. The men have donned sacks on their shoulders and heads. And now it may rain, and now it may pour. The steppe is about, unending and dreary. Oh, steppe, steppe! Far to go yet? Far, far. There'll be going a-plenty. But where, where is the going? The going is nowhere. You will keep on, forever, lured by your fancy, drawn by the steppe, with the night pressing and the rain falling and falling. . . .

Single wagons are leaving, with peasants drunk. After the fair they had stopped at the tavern and procured strong drink. The bottle was hit on the palm and up flew the cork; gul-gul, the greenish stuff went pouring down their uplifted throats. The peasants staggered and reeled; they clapped their palms in bets and vows. They embraced and laughed; and having vented their spleen on their wee-bits of horses, they climbed in a heap atop of the wagon and departed.

The wagon flies, flies wildly over the road. The road is wide, the road is long. It is cobbled in places, and a clatter arises that resounds like a rattle over the distant countryside. A log-house looms on the road; at the window a face appears. But the wagon has fled, and only a trail of dust has been left in its wake. The drunken men's voices are heard from afar; while one figure, that of the driver, stands out, possessed, tugging the reins and lashing away at the wee-bits of beasts. . . .

THE FLAMING SWORD

By Ethel Kelley

MY lord, it is not I who feel the shame,
Not I, who kept the treasure till you came,
Who know by what things men may live or die, —
Not I.

My lord, I saw the moment come and go.
I held my hand upon my bosom, so.
"Nay, there are some who live ere they are dead",
I said.

My lord, I will be gentle to your need.
I have no tears to weep, no wounds to bleed.
It was not I who held the flaming sword,
My lord!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SKETCH BOOK

SWING YOUR PARTNER

By David Cort

THERE is a well worn superstition current in the land that America has no culture. The dogmatists have looked up twice from their typewriters, listened fleetingly to the bass song of the cities, and reaffirmed it. There is no culture. The civilization of our cities is a gay, hysteric one, but it is sterile. The Lay Mind (whose rôle is taken for the evening by the writer) has, however, a pat and demolishing retort prepared. The philosophic fellows, who play with definitions, have informed him that civilization is quite another matter from culture. Having concealed his first amaze at this revelation, he purloins the news for his own. Civilization is quite another matter from culture. The cities, where civilization grows lush and decays, are of no importance. The rank, earthy blossoms of culture, it seems, are to be sought close to the ground, among the steaming loams of the provinces. Thus, one clue ahead of the rest of the treasure hunt, we hasten into the country in pursuit of the American culture. There is nothing there. But no. Here are the contra dances. What? Can this be our culture?

It is a Saturday night at Weed's in an obscure valley of the ruddy state of New Hampshire. One hundred and fifty couples, not including the score of heavy breathing bullocks who stagger in horseplay in the shadows, have come to the weekly celebration of Weed's Barn Dance, famous in a part of the world that you or I, to our loss, cannot ever know. The rapturous squealing of a violin under the sawing bow of a veteran is emphatic above the thin rattling of a piano. Beneath the music, a prolonged scuffling, as of night beasts passing, surges in quick rushes. The smells are September smells, night smells, animal smells: the piercing, soft scent of cut fields, the sweetly salty odor of sweating beasts and men. Inside, under the rafters, in the light of the kerosene lamps, they are dancing "The Lady of the Lake".

That strange, unmodern name may give one pause. It suggests an entire society, a culture, an art, that are in terms of nothing with which the polite world is familiar. The Lady of the Lake is a contra dance, called otherwise and variously an old fashioned dance, a country dance, or a square dance as opposite to a round dance, the unfamiliar label by which are dismissed the "four legged beast" cavortings of the great centres of population. This is cooperative dancing. Like the French cathedrals, it is the work of an entire community. Though it has many forms, each contra dance has the grace to require that every couple progress continually to a new place in the pattern and dance with a new couple at each repetition of the figure. Thus every citizen, male and female, has a constantly varying relationship to every other citizen, they labor together in the creation of a perfect beauty. The first reaction of the city bred is to compare these communal amenities with the grim linking by twos in the dances of the sophisticated.

The art of the contra dance, like every other great art, has its fixed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forms, its inviolable traditions. The movements of each dance have evolved into what is by now a sacred and long established pattern. It is decreed that the fiddle is the inevitable instrument for the music. An additional piano is tolerated. The "calls" for the dancers to move from one figure into the next are given by the violinist. The effect is hypnotic, upon both the participant and the observer. It is an effect, traceable perhaps to the free, swinging rhythm of the movements and the persistent repetition of the theme of the music, that batters down every resistance.

The contra dance is embalmed and consecrated in a tradition whose history goes back for more than two centuries. Even the flippant must recognize this as a culture. It staggers the credibilities at the first impact to learn that there is in America a form of joyful activity, that is, of art, that has been handed down faithfully from sources now forgotten by any living man. In this magnificent land of glittering commonnesses, of impressive shoddies, of all synthetic new things, here is one slow and immortal thing. It has grown in America. It exudes a two hundred year body smell of America.

At a thousand prototypes of Weed's Barn Dances, the immemorial rites of the contra dance are observed. Here one grows aware of the presence of those pagan gods who are responsible for the "culture" of a land. They are indifferent to Broadway; they are habitués of Weed's. The culture that they create is a slow working matter. It is as deliberate as the enrichening of a manured field. It is fertilized by things commonly thought base, heating, germinating, steaming with rich, vulgar odors, coming at last full formed out of the pleasant excreta of a people.

These dances are native to the soil. They have risen, like the evening mist, out of it. They are as irrevocably related to it as the sort of men and the sort of corn that have grown with them. They have never been blighted by the services of a Publicity Committee who would nationalize, popularize, and extinguish them. Hence it is natural that each dance has remained native to a particular soil. New England is loyal to such venerable divertissements as the Circle, the Boston Fancy, the Lady of the Lake, the Portland Fancy, Old Zip Coon. Dan Tucker has been the rage for a century in the middle west. His half brother, John Brown, is Connecticut bred.

The differences in the execution of these various dances are many, but they have all a single artful essence. No bald account can give the strange illusion of one hundred couples navigating the mazes of a contra dance. The total has the bewildering effect of a magician out of "The Arabian Nights", who successively transforms himself from a man to a mountain to a chipmunk to a beetle to a keyhole to a column of smoke. Before the eye has captured the intricacies of one formation, the dance has moved on to another and more intricate. Now the figure is as of two breakers rushing toward one another. Magically each front shatters and slips through the other. There is a shift that baffles the eye again with its multiplicity. One hundred spinning, shuffling couples are miraculously in order once more. They break, each dancer slides off toward a hidden goal. Each finds a partner, spins and shuffles again, withdraws, faces about, and all march in a right oblique with the grimness of infantry going into the line. The magic of the contra dance as a spectacle lies in this infinitely baffling yet orderly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shifting of masses. Each individual plays a gratifyingly complicated part, but he is lost in the incalculable art of the whole. Each surrenders himself to the dance, and is apotheosized in it. The milkmaid loses her shyness; she charges her swains with the fury of a varsity rush tackle. She glows with animal heat and with godlike joy. She whirls, breast to breast, with a grizzled old centaur. He loses his patriarchal calm for an instant of delirium. The savage eyes of a Jurgen peer for a moment from beneath his lids. The figure leaves him idle for a timed interval and he recovers himself. He looks about him again with an indulgent, grandfatherly smile, hitches up his trousers, gives a tentative skip, and hops into the dance. Another patriarch makes concession to no one. He stands his ground and the dance comes to him, as the sea to Canute; it laps about his feet, withdraws, returns, more insistent; he gives a cautious whirl, swings his lady away, and lapses again into stolidity. Hither and yon the inexpert younger generation rush feverishly about like water beetles. One or two more polished young bucks introduce arrogant mannerisms of their own into the execution of the steps. In the pauses they stand, confident in the proud mastery of the art, with arms folded. The dance is compact with personalities. But the dance engulfs them all, builds out of a hundred whirling egos a total magic.

Is this not an art of a very superior order? The drama attempts to do no more than this, to subvert and exploit the actors for the sake of a final illusion. Music fashions from an infinite conflict a composite beauty. What is at first sight confusion in a Cézanne painting resolves magically for some interior eye into a perfect pattern; this process is very comparable to the æsthetic impact in the ordered chaos of an old fashioned contra dance.

To the American minded, the fact of this æsthetic impact may seem less important than its origins, for the contra dance has, indeed, an authentic American trademark. It has more. It has, imbedded in its names, an inner history of these United States. Observe the manifold aptness of these labels: Beaux of Albany, Chase the Squirrel, Hull's Victory, Haste to the Wedding, Jefferson and Liberty, Maid in the Pump Room, Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, Speed the Plow, Soldier's Joy, the White Cockade, Trip to Nahant, the Devil's Dream, the Lamplighter's Hornpipe, Young America Hornpipe. In a handful of names are summarized the old triumphs, the present madnesses, the comedies, the shibboleths, the recreations, the genius of the American people. Whether it is a valiant category or whether it is not, it is certainly American. Outside the naphtha glare of publicity, here has been caught in a native wax the life mask or the death mask of America. We may look on the robust gambolings at Weed's Barn Dance on a Saturday night and know that there is the kernel of culture with which one hundred and fifty years of bouncing life have endowed us.

THE SHILLING NOVEL

By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie

THERE seems, at first sight, no good reason why anyone should read anything in India. With the living substance of romance all about one — with Kim to be seen any day dodging among the sacred cows, and elephants with the litters of Rajahs atop not yet unavailable as stage properties, despite the inherent superiority of the Rolls-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Royce as a regal conveyance — why bother with romance shredded and desiccated and done up in package and retailed by some turbaned bookseller for "ten rupees, Sahib", and "backsheesh". Of course in the metropolis they don't wear turbans — these booksellers — and often they hail from beyond the cliffs of Dover; and they stick the backsheesh right into the price and say nothing. But even if the bookseller is English and operates in Calcutta, he seems to appreciate that India is really no place for reading. I remember one who languidly superintended my attack on his shelves. "Rather heavy, don't you think?" he would say of each volume of my choice, content apparently to see any number of rupees vanish into the Limbo of the Might-Have-Been rather than that I should, by any chance, overweight my mental machinery. To judge from the booksellers, the climate of India is rather hard on minds.

Yet it would seem that there are moments in India when only a tolerably substantial mental diet could pull one through at all. A rainy season on a tea estate in Assam, for instance. Nothing less than Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" can save one from packing the cellar of one's soul absolutely full of suppressed wishes — unless, perchance, one choose "The Psychology of the Unconscious". Only a continual and vicarious airing of one's ill humors through the medium of people like Burton and Freud can keep them wholesome, while day after day after day the rain pours black from an unexhausted black heaven, and your own voice becomes in your own ears like the roar of waters, and all your clothes and your property take on the dankness of the grave. It is no time for the froth and foam of literature. One needs mental bully beef, and plenty of it.

But most of the time the climate doesn't permit one to go in for anything really mental. In the tropics the brains of the white man seem to evaporate. There's only one thing he can really stand indefinitely, and that is the shilling novel. Now any novel may be sold for a shilling, and most old and famous ones are — or rather were, in the days when the shilling was anything. Booksellers in New York now tell me it is prehistoric. When I ask for shilling novels, they look at me as much as to say, "And where were you during the World War?" then add superciliously, "Oh, if you want something cheap, here it is. A dollar ninety, Madam."

Yet, as I remember, the last thing any shilling novel was in India was cheap. The original shilling had always been lost long since in accretions of rupees in a progress through tropic seas and inland dust to the stands of some small railway station in the Punjab, or the Deccan, or in lazy Bengal. If the shilling novel was not cheap, neither was it elegant. It usually had half the dirt of India on its red paper cover, besides some sprinkling from the last meal of curry enjoyed by the babu who sold it to you. That, indeed, was one of its advantages. It looked so bad that you wouldn't have it around in a library anyway. So you could fling it, without compunction, at the head of your bearer the next time you needed a weapon, or you could use the shilling novel you had just read as a tray for a glass of whisky and soda, while you read the next one.

These incidental uses of the shilling novel were generally most obvious on a long railway journey. At such times even an Anglo-Indian has to fall back on books, and the shilling novel comes into its own. As one progresses into some wilderness of dust and emptiness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it persists at the railway stations longer than any other sign of civilization except tea and whisky, and when one is at last thrown on one's own resources, it is fine for stuffing between one's clothes and other supplies. For romance in India is, after all, sporadic. Benares, Allahabad, Amritsar — these are names to conjure with. But there are incredible miles of bare land between them, with never a jewel or a pagoda or the smile of an unveiled damsel to gladden the eye. Then, if one must have romance, there's only the shilling novel.

Moreover, romance undergoes a strange metamorphosis as one goes east. To us it is in the blaze of the desert sun, and the whisper of palms in the night, the clink of an anklet, the breath and balm of feminine life beneath a crimson veil. It lurks beneath the scalloped marble arches of old Mohammedan palaces, and in the hidden courtyards of the south. It rides on elephants, or camels at least, and does not perish if it eats curry three times a day. But to an Englishman in exile romance wears another face. It dwells in the thick turfy lawns, and beneath a grey sky. Its heroines are all golden haired, and colored like spring flowers. It is in the smart repartee of smart young men in London clubs, and the imported jazz of some awfully up-to-date London restaurant. And so it leaps out of the shilling novel, and fashions mirages in the desert air. Sometimes it comes in the old familiar accents of Lorna Doone or Rob Roy, or even Adam Bede, incredibly fresh and spirited. I remember one man, sitting in the corner of the little railway carriage all day long, as we sped through golden emptiness, glued to a copy of "Lorna Doone", laughing and almost sobbing. Every now and then he would close the book and slap his thigh with rapture. "Best little novel ever written", he would cry. And I remember a leisurely affair, called "Bachelor's Buttons", which a kind fellow passenger purchased for me somewhere between Agra and Calcutta, and which was entertainment for almost half a day. The hero was an amiable old bachelor — a simple minded fool who took some hundred pages to propose to a plain faced spinster. I have never been able to drag myself through a page of it since. But what sober sweetness of life, what soft grey complexities of thought and feeling it seemed, for the moment, to import into that garish world — a clean odor of kitchen gardens, the subdued color of chintzy parlors, and small tempests in a teapot which were comfortable because it was only a teapot after all.

Still I don't think the taste of the average reader of shilling novels in India runs to that sort of thing. He wants home and not India to be the stage setting, and all the heroines to be golden haired, and he revels in London society and scorns the exploits of the wild. It is the literature of escape he wants — escape from all that is to us romance. But he wants it done in strong lithographic colors, according to formula — in which, of course, he does in no wise differ from the rest of the fiction market. Most of the shilling novels one picks up en route in India are the sort that one can't possibly remember. The titles get all mixed in one's memory with the titles of this season's batch of the same thing, which one saw yesterday in Brentano's. The heroines are all sisters, and what he said when he proposed is only a little less difficult to recall than what she said when she accepted. But there is inevitably He and She and the sound of wedding bells in the last chapter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only She is the sweeter because you don't see her original every day on the street, but only think about her. And over the clink, the rattle, the grind of the moving oriental crowd, the whine of the beggar, the shrilling of some old woman behind a mountain of clothing, the mingling of falsetto voices and strange tongues, those wedding bells of the shilling novel sound with the authentic music of dreams.

PASQUALE FIORENTINO

By Bertha Oppenheim

HE was picturesque, like his name, with all the gentleness and romance and passion of the Italian in his makeup. Poor Pasquale, born dreamer and poet! And made by blind fate a yacht's steward, "buttelere", as he delighted in calling himself.

He was born in Sorrento, on the beautiful Bay of Naples. There he was found, poor, sick, and hungry, by Marion Crawford; taken into the delightful home the novelist had built on the heights above the town, and there taught many things.

It was Mr. Crawford who brought Pasquale to me one cold, snowy winter day. "He is irresponsible as a child. But he knows how to serve. He is faithful." They parted with tears in the eyes of both. From that moment Pasquale adopted me — "Signora mia", in the gentlest, musical, low pitched voice. That voice of his was a joy and helped many times when my patience was strained to the breaking point.

He upset things generally, broke precious heirlooms, told lies with a dream in his eyes and a grieved air of childlike innocence. Each time I was disarmed by that gentle smile and the golden voice, and his master's pleading for him.

He never could do things like anyone else.

I remember one night when friends were dining with us, among them an Italian singer. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was mentioned. Just then Pasquale appeared, proudly bearing our Thanksgiving turkey. Crash! — Wedgwood platter in one direction, turkey and trimmings in various others. . . . I bethought me of the dear old Quaker maiden who arose in meeting, saying: "This morning Tabitha broke my best blue pitcher. And I possessed my soul in peace." Late at night, after our guests had left, Pasquale waylaid me on the stairs. "Signora mia, thousand pardons — 'Lucia', I forget — I see Milano, La Scala — Ah, Dio!" With the eyes of Raphael's angels and the voice of an Amati violin. What could one say? And so *ad infinitum*.

In his room he had his guitar, his holy pictures, his mother's Bible, "I Promessi Sposi", that classic story, beloved of Italians, his Torquato Tasso, his Dante. How could I expect him to remember that silver must be polished and street doors locked at night?

In the end, poor Pasquale! After the manner of his race, he fell violently in love with our blue eyed, fair haired Swedish maid. When he threatened her with death and destruction unless she returned his affection, I thought it time to dismiss him of the golden voice and many crashes. And so the "buttelere" with the poet's soul and the child's mind left us, vowing eternal vengeance to Ragna and protesting everlasting affection for me. "It matters not, Signora mia. I always love you like my Signore who writes books and was good to my madre. I never forget."

Nor have I ever forgotten.

Marion Crawford has gone before,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"to where beyond these voices there is peace". He, who always took Pasquale's part, has laid down life's burdens, and needs no longer to plead forgiveness for all the world's sins.

And Pasquale? Who knows?

ONE NIGHT AT CAHILL'S

By H. Bedford-Jones

WE recall many a charming tale, done in the most Lamb-like of accents, regarding the rare and curious old volumes picked up at the farthing stalls. Le Gallienne has reminisced most delightfully and incredibly in this fashion, as have others; but I, for one, long since decided that these degenerate days never witnessed any such glorious discoveries as have been recorded in *le temps jadis*.

Many and many an hour have I spent delving along dusty shelves in grimy shops, or by the less alluring ways of the spick and span, rebound and furbished, dustless and listed Olde Booke Shoppes whose displays are priced at their weight in carats. In both have I been disappointed. Many a catalogue have I pored over, only to decide that all catalogues are supplied from publishers' remainders or else are priced for war profiteers.

One concludes that the old book trade is a thing of the past, at least so far as we none too affluent consumers are concerned. The dealers know too much about their wares and are too eager after excess profits. They fatten upon the rich manufacturer who seeks scholarly polish, or the scholar who has inherited the price of gratification. If perchance they find an Elzevir, however mean, they placard it at a rare price and await the victim who thinks that all Elzevirs are treasures.

Once, indeed, I found a little shop in New Orleans, far off the tourist lanes, where I encountered a score of delightful French volumes filled with hand tinted plates, at some very low figure. Alas! I had just been entrapped in Royal Street and had but scant money left. I bought a number of the sweet tooled morocco volumes at some little sacrifice, and went my way. Later, in funds, I returned for the remainder of the set, only to find that a famous playwright had discovered the treasure; all were vanished.

With this exception, luck was seldom mine. Old book shops were many, bargains few. From city to city it was the same old story until, upon a cold and foggy night in San Francisco, I chanced to pass the forbidding and grimy portal of a shop kept by one Cahill.

I merely sniffed and turned to catch a street car; having come from a survey of certain well furbished shops, I felt that I had no more time to waste. Then I perceived the proprietor, sitting in an easy chair in his window, which framed dull old spectacles within a luxuriant and mighty fringe of reddish-grey whiskers. Fascinated, I looked again. Once more to try my luck! Hopeless though I knew it to be, I would still essay the impossible — and I entered.

Truth to tell, my entry was compelled less by hope than by that curious spectacle in the window. Within the doorway I came to a pause, aghast before a dim array of shelves which at some prior day had been assorted but were now jumbled and heaped in a most erratic madness of confusion.

The fringed old gentleman in the easy chair was reading one of his own books; an excellent sign, this. He barely vouchsafed a grunt in response to my greeting, directed me to switch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the lamps and help myself, then resumed his book and a huge pipe. As directed, I turned on the lights and began my explorations. Already the mystic alchemy of this stage setting held me gripped in a pleasant excitation, a glowing confidence that here awaited unguessed treasure trove.

Mirabile dictu! At the very first turn I pulled down a glorious big volume, newly bound in half morocco, which proved to be no other than Doctor Shaw's travels in Barbary. Every map, every letter and engraving and page, was perfect; even the paper was as chastely unblemished as when struck off the press of Oxford University in the days of the first George. The presswork, like that of the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, was a delight to the eye. Abounding in Arabic, old style Greek, Hebrew, and less remembered tongues, it was all as nobly executed as though drawn by hand and lithographed.

A treasure indeed — but the price! Well, a price was penciled on the flyleaf; it would scarcely have amounted to taxicab fare home. I sighed over the high insolence which prompts dealers to face their customers with the prices these wares fetched ten or twenty years ago; then I turned to the fringed divinity with a tremulous inquiry.

"Everything marked plain", he responded, without raising his eyes from the book in his lap.

Ye gods and little bookworms — the dream had come true! Or was it a chance find? Some lure, perhaps, to catch unwary feet?

No matter. Within five minutes dinner was forgotten, responsibilities were put aside, and I was fast hooked. Those unordered shelves held everything from Russian novels to French scientific treatises. Americana ran riot unchecked and unknown.

Imagine a copy of that rare and little known translation from Verelius by Bishop Percy — at fifty cents! Or, no less expensive, a spanking fine copy of Madame de Grandfort's execrated work on the Creoles of Louisiana, serene in its dingy binding of antebellum days! Here, truly, was the sort of place hitherto found only in tales of old romance.

A little old French handbook for gardeners, with quaintly tinted plates; or a finely bound first edition of Palgrave, an historical work from the library of the Garde Royale Hussars, an uncut copy of Father Prout — however, why go into too great detail? Few of us enjoy like tastes.

One more must be mentioned, however — the memoirs of Ripperda, that noble Hollander who became a Spaniard, wearing the collar of the Fleece and ruling all the wide realms of Spain, and who then passed into Morocco and ruled that land as pasha — Ripperda, who took new religions or families at will but who ruled always until the gout fetched him to a devout Christian end — here was the crowning find!

I staggered home that night freighted with treasure, gloriously happy. A few days afterward I returned, with the intent of further search and seizure, but this time I did not enter. Instead, I only turned mournfully from the doorway, above which flaunted the dire announcement:

THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED HANDS

"THE END"

By Arnold Mulder

I RISE to suggest a new national movement to persuade publishers to delete that senseless redundancy "The End" from the bottom of the last page of the books they send forth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Especially in the case of novels and printed plays, or rather in the case of any form of narrative or dramatic literature. A very intelligent friend of mine stated the case something like this: "Those two little words always bother me. I have perhaps become deeply attached to a character or set of characters. They are no longer characters to me, but persons, friends. And the better the author succeeds in creating the illusion that his people are alive, the more I resent 'The End'. The words seem to leer at me from the surrounding white space on the page. 'But of course those characters aren't people at all', the two words seem to say; 'we take it for granted you haven't been simple enough to believe all this time that they were. We assume that you are not so credulous as all that. For just look at us — "The End"! We snip off the thread of their artificial lives. They are merely contrivances, not people. We kill 'em all off in six letters, and there isn't a sign of blood. Why? Because there was no blood in 'em. You can't shut off real people by printing "The End" somewhere in the middle of their lives. Therefore the people you have just been laughing over and crying over aren't real. You've had your leg pulled. Q.E.D.'"

All of which is reasonable and sensible. Many people have perhaps become hardened to the familiar words and never give them a thought, but such people wouldn't notice the omission of the words either. So why not give ear to those more sensitive souls who wish to continue to believe in the people of the novels they read after the book is laid aside?

Moreover, if it is necessary to print "The End" on the last page of a novel, why then is it not also necessary to print the words "The Beginning" at the top of the first page? As:

The Beginning
THE HEART OF THE AMŒBA
Chapter I
The Beginning of the Beginning of the Beginning
1
First Things First

It would in effect be equivalent to a solemn assurance on the part of the publisher that nothing has gone before, that the reader is not plunging into the story like a movie fan who enters the picture palace at the end of the second reel.

There is sound reason for flashing "The End" on the screen at the close of a tense picture drama, although of course the clinch kiss that lasts from three to five minutes might take the place of the words. We excited movie fans might get the custard pies of the comic that follows immediately all mixed up with the slush of the drama if "The End" did not come between them. And such a mixture might spoil both of them as works of art.

But there is no such excuse for printing "The End" at the conclusion of a novel. The origin of "The End" is of course obvious. In days long past, novelists like Richardson and Fielding used to publish their books in instalments, a custom that Wells in his "Outline" tried to revive. Ten volumes to a single novel was mere child's play. On the last page of each volume the publisher of course had to indicate that more was coming; hence "End of Volume VI" or "End of Volume IX". And then when the wordy novelist had squeezed out the last tear and staged the last clinch and spoken the last noble sentiment, it was up to the publisher to assure his readers that the gentleman of the quill would not have a relapse and come out with still another volume. We can imagine the typesetter of those days forming the wish, with a sigh of relief, to place at the bottom of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the page, "The End of the End of the End", but contracting it into the simpler "The End" and letting it go at that.

Ever since then we have been printing those words at the conclusion of our books, though all reason for them has disappeared. Even pollywogs do not insist on keeping their tails after they have become frogs.

The demand for the deletion of "The End" is in its way symbolical of the "new novel". There are still plenty of novels that actually end, but this is against the canons of the "new novel". Life does not end until breath is out of the body, and not even then according to Sir Oliver and Sir Arthur Conan; the really vital novelist no longer works on the assumption that there is a period to the life of his characters, that after the final page of the last chapter all is over for them. While the publishers still print "The End" at the bottom of the last page, many novelists no longer end their books. The great bulk of the reading public is of course still occupied with the years, roughly, between eighteen and twenty four or five, but it is beginning to be more and more possible for the novelist to tell of forty and fifty and sixty, always leaving the impression that something may happen to his characters even after that date that will be worth compressing into a work of art. For all such books "The End" is of course entirely out of place, and may even be obnoxious to sensitive readers.

The final test is not a matter of time at all, but of artistic quality. If the novelist succeeds in creating characters who in the overworked and often unveracious phrase of the publishers are "real flesh and blood people", whether he finishes with them at twenty or at sixty, "The End" is in a manner a repudiation of their vitality, as my friend in my opening paragraph suggested. But for such characters the presence or absence of "The End" is after all not very important. They will insist on remaining alive in spite of a whole paragraph of "The Ends" crowded at the bottom of the last page to snuff out their lives. And as for characters that haven't any life of their own anyway, well, such cannot be made more dead by "The End" than they already are.

So perhaps the only real reasons for putting an end to "The End" are the feelings of those readers who like consonance between the form and the spirit of a work of art, and the plea that the type metal used to cast the "The End" slug might be set to work more profitably. Publishers are always talking about the high cost of manufacturing. There is metal enough in the ten thousand or more "The End" slugs annually wasted by American publishers to set up an average size novel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSEPHONE

By John Drinkwater

(Persephone was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, the goddess of corn. While gathering flowers in the plains of Enna she was ravished away by Pluto to his kingdom, Hell, where she became his queen. On Ceres's complaining to Jupiter, the god promised that Persephone should be restored if it could be shown that she had tasted none of the fruits of Hell. In this Persephone failed, having eaten a pomegranate, whereupon Jupiter ordained that she should remain for six months of each year in the shades with Pluto, returning to earth for the other six.)

I

ALL seasons were alike to Pluto. Hell
Not comfortless, nor only torment (far
From torment only since the impetuous day
When he had borne her down, Persephone,
From Enna's plains, his mistress and his queen),
Yet knew not change. In Hell no day and night,
Nor leaves to come and go, nor from the sun
Cool green of shades, lightened his caverned reign
Of easy gloom where, without any tides,
Voluptuous monotony was all.

II

Persephone, the bright Sicilian girl —
Lovely that even in Paphos envy burnt —
Of Ceres born and Jove, immortal now
In Pluto's kingdom, was not as of old
In that far seeming-fatal hour of loss.
Forgotten now that noon of Enna's rape,
The arms of Hell no longer terrified
The zone that once reluctant they had bound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In violation, and unwooed possessed.
Once the divided year as Jove ordained
Made earth not wholly lost, she learnt a mood
Not of forgiveness merely in her times
Of Pluto's wedlock. Slowly as she watched
His gentler hours of lordship over Hell,
And how his appointed regency was kept
Not tyrannously among his patient people,
She gently loved his gentleness, and felt
Almost remorse for the fury of reproach
With which her ravished girlhood that first day
Had shone in Hell upon his sated lust.
Now into their ageless lives had friendship come,
Counsel, and gossip of the gods, and she
Went fragrantly among the mourning ghosts,
Who liked their lord the better for her grace,
With good thoughts blessing him that he should bring
A hope so lovely to so dark a world.
Nor was her kindness only this. She drew
Greatly at last into his god's embrace,
And knew her beauty not unfitly spent
Upon his joy, nor undelightedly.

III

The god, adept in Olympian amours, found
His quarry here not docile as was wont
To the accustomed ritual of pursuit,
Submission, and the indolence of neglect.
Enjoyed, her beauty, quick and desirable
As any in the strumpet-lists of Jove,
Was yet untold. After the burning hour
Ever this girl of Enna had from earth
Enchantment that perplexed and held him still.
Not now was appetite served and put by,
And beauty used a paramour dismissed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As with the simple gods, who in their loves
No spectral memories knew nor anxious hope,
Neither remorse nor listening upon time,
Eternal moments being all their care.
His pupil she in immortality,
Still young in godhood, and his debtor so,
Learning from him the moods that know not time,
And ways exempt from fear and fortitude
Of age and death, yet here immortal went
In Pluto's apprehension something vexed
By mortal still. That empery complete
Of Hell, its confines perfect from the world
Beyond, that lucid unmysterious dusk,
That still unwearied and unvigorous clime,
Where secret was not, yet knowledge was not delight,
And neither body nor mind a shadow cast, —
In Pluto's Hell she kept, his ravished queen,
His equal in immortal nature now,
Things not immortal: ardors and desires,
Slow-stealing thoughts, senses alert as for
Falling of whispers not from lips of Hell.
Loving and loved, always, he knew, unknown
To him was this earth-rapt Persephone,
And grieved. Sometimes upon her brooding came
His silent step, and he would pause, and learn
From her expectant, far adventuring eyes
That saw him not, the first clouding of fear
Had ever closed upon his god's content.
Not knowing time, or how its records passed,
Yet as he watched her, sharp upon his mind
Would strike the fearful presage of a call
Summoning now, or now, and she must go —
Must go, with time again a dateless loss
Till, since Jove's contract said it, she should come
To heal again the sorrow she had made.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

Upon his coming now she turned, and bright
With news, with happy news, his lamentation,
Her face was love, was pity, was the doom,
The doom that must forever wait, he knew,
Upon her presence through eternity.
Her tenderness he took, greedily held
His being to its flowing bounty, while
He knew her also tenderly resolute,
Her will as one with the supreme decree,
Inevitably fixed. "Persephone!"
He cried, and flaming drew her to his lips,
"Not now, not now — a little yet, a little —
The season falsely calls — what messenger
Has crept upon my Hell now to betray
Our love, our kingdom —?" Shaken in wrath he turned
Upon the watchers at Hell-gates — "What sloth
Slackens you, demons of my guard? What foot
Of stealth has tricked you, knaves of my promotion,
My absolute faith? Persephone your queen
Is here beguiled — come forth and bear your torment —
Transgressor — you, or you —" Upon his arm
One hand in admonition stayed, and one
Was lifted with a finger to her lips,
And gently on his anger came her word —
"No blame is theirs. There was no messenger,
No foot of stealth. The season has not lied.
I shall return. Lover, I will return —
But now the earth is stirring, and I know —
I need no messenger. The shaken mold
Is my initiation." And she sang —

V

They call me now to the Athenian plains,
Green buds from Salamis to Marathon,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time tells the barren branches that the pains
Of frost are gone,
And all the spring now waits a word from me,
Persephone.

Along the Danube and the Volga now
Forests of blossom tremble to release
Upon my touch, knowing that Enna's vow
Shall bring them peace,
Fulfilment, laughter, under my caress,
Their prophetess.

Ceres, my mother, waits. In the dark days
She has been tending all the buried roots,
Hearing afar the wagons, and the praise
Of loaded fruits,
And in my blessing only may they be,
Persephone.

Now Pan is keeping with his burdened ewes,
Telling them that I come for their content,
And through a million sheepfolds now the news
Singing is sent
How all his shepherd's promise, word by word,
In Hell is heard.

The lilies and the primroses are ready,
Violets and hyacinths and daffodils,
Snowdrops and crocuses, to greet their lady,
In valleys, on the hills,
By rivers, in the woods, along the sea,
Persephone.

On many a marble crowned acropolis,
The citizens are come to festival;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I hear them cry —"Where is the bride of Dis,
Now winter's fall
Leaves every altar waiting on her spring
For garlanding?"

By reeded pools, along the water meadows,
Under the warmer eaves, in dusky brakes,
The sun has soothed away the winter shadows,
And wings and wakes
The pretty birds to song on every tree —
"Persephone!"

"Persephone! Persephone! Persephone!"
The budding year makes music of my name;
I am the word, the touch, the melody,
The sign and flame
Of earth's expectancy, her spirit and dress
Of loveliness.

So for a little, lover and lord, farewell —
About Hell's gate the swallows are in flight,
And I must go. But earth again will tell
Her winter night,
And homing to your kisses you shall see
Persephone.

VI

A flood of light out of the upper world,
Blinding the ghosts, silvered the fruits of hell.
On Pluto's face, pale in the unwonted gleam,
She looked a moment, and a moment drew
It down to hers, and turning, while the gates
Swung slowly back on the familiar gloom,
She passed again into the fields of spring.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LONDONER

The Late Sir Sidney Colvin — An Exhibition of Children's Books — Sir Philip Gibbs Takes a Gloomy View of the Radio and the Film — A New Edition of Disraeli's Novels — A Last Word

LONDON, *July* 1, 1927.

THE death of Sir Sidney Colvin removes from our midst a figure which has several memorable literary associations. Colvin was first of all the biographer of Keats. He was the friend of Stevenson, and the excellent editor of Stevenson's Letters. He was the writer of a short biography (in the English Men of Letters Series) of Landor, and the editor of the admirable selection from Landor's Imaginary Conversations in the Golden Treasury Series. He was the friend of Conrad, and had his share in the public acclaim of Conrad. Of his other work I know nothing, but I gather that he did good service for the department of the British Museum to which he was attached, and that several of his purchases for the Museum showed not only understanding but astuteness. I never read the volume on Landor in the English Men of Letters Series, and so I cannot speak of that with any justice. The selection, however, was quite a good one, and the introduction was clear, reasonable, and attractive. My knowledge of Landor's work is not exhaustive enough to enable me to say whether Colvin's judgments were the inevitable ones, but they seem to me to have the air of rightness, and I have always admired this preface more than anything else of Colvin's that ever I read. For his editorship of Keats's Letters I did not at all care. He omitted the Fanny Brawne letters for poor reasons, and the omission has always appeared to me to be unjustifiable. Also, the hope which Colvin expressed that his would be the definitive edition of the letters was ostrich-like. He could not prevent readers from consulting the editions of Mr. Buxton Forman, and how any edition of a man's letters which has been abridged and castrated can possibly be the definitive one passes my comprehension. The hope, and the omission, taken together, show what Colvin's chief lack was. It was a sense of anything approaching humor. I know that humor shows itself in strange ways, and most men define the sense as they list, so as to make it correspond with their own attitude to things in general. Therefore, I will make it clear that what Colvin lacked — in my opinion — was the negative sense of humor which combats what we call priggishness. He was serious — it is no sin — but he was also solemn about little things; and solemnity about little things is regrettable. He was also something of a snob, as he showed when he came to write the Life of Keats. He was all the time conscious of the fact that Keats had not been born a gentleman, and the consciousness colored his judgment of Keats's poetry. He found it "low-bred", and when Keats used the word "squeeze" in a love poem, Colvin very fastidiously shuddered and could with difficulty bring himself to admit that poem into his collection of posthumous pieces. On the other hand, I think the edition of Keats which was published

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Florence Press will long be the best edition for ordinary readers who like their poetry to be set in beautiful type and in something near chronological order. The chronological method has its obvious shortcomings, and I am not going to defend it against legitimate attack. But it has this advantage, that where there is some reasonable justification for the editor's assumptions of date (as there is in the case of Keats), we are enabled to observe the growth of the poet's mind and to estimate his work anew in the light of this revelation. I do not consider that Colvin can at all compare as an editor of Keats with Mr. de Selincourt, and yet this has always seemed to me a good and worthy piece of work. His connection with Stevenson was one of those curious anomalies which I should like to discuss at length, but which I must leave. Stevenson needed just such a friend, and Colvin gave marvelous and unstinted help to one who could hardly have done what he did if some such help had not been vouchsafed. That Colvin irked Stevenson from time to time there is no question. That some of his influence was bad I believe. But that he gave the best of himself in a loyal and generous friendship I am quite confident. It is much to his credit. What is less to his credit — as a critic — is that he underestimated some of Stevenson's most honest work, and overestimated some of it that was affected and invalidish. That is excusable in a friend who desired to see in his idol's work those personal attractivenesses which had so long provided the link between them. I only twice saw Colvin, and on both those occasions I had long talks with him — about Keats, but not about Stevenson. Our introduction was effected by Hugh Walpole, who was a friend of Colvin's and knew him very intimately, so that I started under favorable circumstances. On both occasions I found Colvin very agreeable, not at all affected or assertive, and a charming talker. That he was somewhat crotchety about Stevenson, and that he resented much that was written about Stevenson by later critics, there is no doubt. In his gentle way he expressed himself quite savagely about these later comers, who loved Stevenson this side idolatry. Nobody will think the less kindly of him for that. The feeling, and its expression, were alike natural in one who had given so much of his life to the unconscious creation of a legend. Therefore it is as a friend that Colvin will go down to our grandsons, rather than as the biographer of Keats and Landor. As a friend his name will stand high, and deservedly high. As a critic I expect to see him superseded in a very short time, and on the whole I believe that his supersession will be perfectly right and proper.

* * * *

I see that there has been a very interesting little exhibition of children's books at the Banks Sisters bookshop in Church Street, Kensington. This collection included all sorts of books dating from 1791 to the present day and must have been particularly instructive, since it showed the sort of lesson books to which our ancestors were accustomed, and ranged from an ancient history of London to some very early alphabets. One early educational book was that which was derived from Sir William Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwick" in such a manner as to make its contents suitable for "the entertainment of youth". A little boy called George converses in this work with his father, and in this way is not only instructed himself but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the cause that instruction is imbibed by other children. The dialogue form is thus shown to have been among the favorite ruses of educationalists from quite early times, although in the books of "manners" collected by Dr. Furnivall and made accessible to ordinary readers by Edith Rickert I believe that the instruction was conveyed, as it were, "straight". If readers are unacquainted with Miss Rickert's edition of "The Babees' Book" I can promise them something of a treat from the pages of that entertaining miscellany. My recollection of the book is a little dim, for it is now some years since I read it, but there is all manner of interesting material in its hints to the young which reveals the difficulties of culture in past times. What children of the Elizabethan era might do and might not do is notable not only for its amusingness, but for its comment upon what was at that day considered proper for their elders; indeed, in reading "The Babees' Book" I was often tempted to suspect that the instruction was two edged. Perhaps it was.

* * * *

At any rate, the exhibition by the Banks Sisters showed several remarkable features of early books for children. For one thing, the books were all miniatures, a fact which appeals to me, since I think there is nothing so delightful as a small book which one can hold easily in a small hand and which one can afterward treasure. The tendency nowadays is to make books large. They look better value, and to a public which is bent upon getting apparent value for money this is probably a point. To those of us, however, who really read books, the smallness of a volume is one of its chief attractions. Arnold Bennett has lately been weighing upon the kitchen scales some of the new books submitted to him by enterprising publishers, and he has some horrifying tales to tell. Even "The British Dental Journal" has been protesting against a too wordy book upon a technical subject, with the statement, "This book contains eight hundred pages, and weighs four and a half pounds." Well, there is some point in this, and I for one should welcome the return of the duodecimo. Moreover, I think the children of the past were very lucky to have their lesson books so small. Nor did the collection of the Misses Banks confine itself to lesson books, for there were to be glimpsed, also, a number of early games and panoramas. A most ingenious notion, and one which I should be glad to see imitated by other booksellers, for the more the public is made to realize what has been done in the past, the more probably shall we have an intelligent book buying class in the future. I should like, indeed, to see a great extension in the exhibition of various types of books. It should be, if possible, international, for there is no doubt at all in my mind that among modern nations the Germans have made — externally — prettier little bijou volumes than any other nation. I will not go so far as to suggest that the insides of the books are as charming, because they are too often printed in the Gothic type which personally I find hideous. But a study of the books of all nations is very illuminating, and this is where such an exhibition as the Leipzig Book Fair — which this summer is to make a special feature of children's books — has its clear value to all who are concerned. In a smaller way, the Banks Sisters by means of their exhibit have done good work, and if they will only follow it up they will confer a boon upon book lovers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the Banks Sisters have been showing us what books for children looked like in a past era, Sir Philip Gibbs has been delivering a lecture upon the contents of the books of our own day, and has been taking a gloomy view of the effect upon book buying of the radio and the film. He says that those novels are of most value and of most interest which tell us about our own time, and that the radio and the film, by telling us this more immediately, must in the end oust the author from the field. He selects certain authors as the best of our day, because they tell us about our own time, and he omits from his list authors of great note who have not performed this office because their interests lay elsewhere. Now Sir Philip Gibbs's books certainly reveal to us very vividly and admirably something of "the form and pressure of the time", and whatever he says regarding current tendencies ought to be heard with very respectful attention. But he may be wrong in this instance. I think he is. Or, alternatively, it may be that in condensed report the actual views of Sir Philip have been misrepresented. But if he did really say that those books which chronicle the hour are the best books of their time, and if he believes this, then I think he is almost certainly wrong. It seems to me that he is proved to be wrong by the survivals from the past. It is not the topical literature of past times which is read with admiration nowadays, but the literature in which there is some beauty that cannot be reproduced. I am as much opposed as anybody could be to the guff that is talked by certain æsthetes about form and pattern, rhythm and art, and so on. To my mind the essential quality of great work is its originality, its peculiarity to the creator (I define originality as Hazlitt defines it in the great essay which he has devoted to the subject); and while there is much scope for the writer who stays close beside the history of his day, the one thing absent from his work is bound to be precisely this grand gift of creation, of originality, the power to go by himself. Accordingly, if I am right in thinking this, books which record the hour are no more æsthetically permanent than newspapers. They do select what is significant, with far greater skill and delicacy, far greater insight and power, than is possible to the newspapers, but in effect they do not rise above the hour, because the hour and its meaning are their sole preoccupation. Now the hour is for the hour, and for the hour it is of the most instant interest and the most instant value. But there is something even more important, even more significant, and that is the eternal. Those writers whose business it is to seek the eternal do so at the risk of present popularity, but their works are read by all generations for the wisdom and the beauty which they contain. The writers named by Sir Philip Gibbs as the best of our generation are all by way of being journalists of passing emotion, of passing intellectual phases, events, theories, of passing wisdom. While it is true that for us they are frequently of the greatest importance, and while they are teachers from whom we of the day derive our acquaintance with what is most significant in current life, they are not, by the exacting standards of art or of literature, the most satisfying of contemporary writers. It may be true that what they give us — understanding of our own immediate concerns — can to some extent be supplied by the films and the radio, although I doubt even this. But what the still greater writers give us, which is understanding of beauty, cannot be given as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well by either of the two substituting media. For proper understanding of the lesson which may be learned from great art we must have reflection, and neither the radio nor the film has as yet discovered any means of creating an atmosphere of reflection. The radio and the film demand instant comprehension. A flash, and they are past. That which is eternal eludes both the radio and the film. Both are fleeting. We seek to put a value upon what is revealed to us in such communications as are made by these impermanent arts — if either can truly be called an art, when both are so little concerned with what is more than of passing interest — and we fail. If, then, it be true that the film and the radio are a threat to that kind of literature which concerns itself with the hour, the efficiency of the film and the radio will not so much destroy as throw into yet sharper relief the kind of art and the kind of literature to which we give the name of "creative". Echoes may be carried by the radio, and aspects by the film; but in neither can we receive the music of the spheres or the wonders of the human spirit. Accordingly the literature and the art which deals with these essential things cannot be affected by what is flashed before our eyes or upon our hearing. By its nature, it defies such rough and ready methods of transport. It must be seen with the inner eye, and it must be apprehended by the inner mind. He who runs can never read what is most worth the reading. So far from destroying the best work of our day, therefore, the film and the radio, by raising hopes which neither can satisfy, can do no more and no less than arouse dissatisfaction. They will send men and women at last to books and pictures, to music which is actually performed, to the realities of which mechanical reproductions are but the shadows. Spoon feeding may for a time content the ignorant, but it will never attract for long minds and spirits that are growing to maturity. The greater the ingenuity of the mechanic, the more will his effort betray the inherent weakness of the medium in which he works. Just as the telephone will never destroy our longing to behold in the flesh those whom we love, so words spoken at a distance and sights seen through the gritty running of a film can do no more than stimulate our longing to see for ourselves, hear for ourselves, and learn for ourselves. Books of the hour answer a need, the film and the radio answer a need; but the greatest need of all is for that which can be communicated neither by film nor wireless, and it is precisely this need which is met by art, in whatever form it may be created by original artists.

* * * *

In spite of the film and the radio, and in spite of the claims of some very vehement political arguments which directly affect the lives of large numbers of people in these islands, there is a marked revival just now in England of interest in one who cannot be conveyed to us by wire or by pictures, and who is apparently more alive today than he has been at any time since his death nearly half a century ago. I refer to Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. We have lately had from D. L. Murray a new short life of Disraeli — I described this book in a recent letter — and we are enjoying the publication of a complete new library edition of his novels, published by Peter Davies, the adopted son of Sir James Barrie. This edition, which has now reached its eighth volume (out of a dozen) is for the man who likes handsome books upon his shelves. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do not think it will ever be read with passionate eagerness, because for some reason the type is not very readable. The page is a solid one, without headlines, and the heavy faced type, beautiful in itself, does not lend an appropriate lightness to the words which have been printed in it. On the other hand, the existing editions of Disraeli's novels are lacking in distinction and even in taste. They are plain to a fault, and they appear to reproduce exactly, after some wear, the typography of the original library edition published toward the end of Disraeli's life. I may be wrong about this. I only state an impression. At any rate, the type page is tame and pale, the type is colorless, and the books gain nothing from the style in which they are set out. Now, however, Messrs. John Lane announce that they will shortly begin the publication of a new edition of Disraeli's tales in a thin paper edition, and for this edition I shall wait with interest. When the late John Lane was alive he issued several of Disraeli's works in what he called the New Pocket Library, but owing to considerations of copyright he could not include the two last works, "Lothair" and "Endymion". I do not know whether the new edition will be printed from the plates of the New Pocket Library edition, but even if that is the case it will be very welcome, particularly as an arrangement has been made under the new copyright law whereby "Lothair" and "Endymion" can now be included to complete the set. As I am speaking of the New Pocket Library, I should like to say what an excellent little enterprise this was. It managed to supply about a dozen of Trollope's books, before there was any of the modern revival of interest in Trollope, and I am happy to say that I own copies of all the volumes of Trollope in this edition excepting only — to my great regret — "The Macdermotts of Ballycloran" and "The Kellys and the O'Kellys". There was also in this series a set of Borrow, a fine quartet of books by one of the most underrated authors in English literature — Captain Marryat — and a promising beginning, never alas carried further than a beginning, with the works of Herman Melville, the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the works of George Eliot. Some of these books, I believe, are not now obtainable, but if they were to be had they would adorn any bookshelf the owner of which had a fancy, as I have, for small, unpretentious, clearly printed editions of writers whose works transcend anything I have ever seen upon the films or heard through the muffled roarings of the radio.

* * * *

One word more. Eight years ago, almost to the day, I received a letter from my friend, Mr. George Doran, asking me to write him each month a "London Letter" for THE BOOKMAN. He promised, of his own accord, and without any prompting from me, that everything I wrote should be printed exactly as I wrote it, with the sole stipulation that he might have the right to omit entire any paragraph which he deemed unsuited to American taste. I accepted the proposal made by Mr. Doran, and as far as I am aware no single paragraph has ever been omitted from my regular monthly letter. Some may echo the sad reflection of Ben Jonson upon the statement that Shakespeare never blotted a line, but I shall not know of that, and it will not impair my feeling of cordial gratitude to Mr. Doran for his confidence and his invariable tact. Indeed, while I have enjoyed writing this letter each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

month, the strongest pleasure of all that I have had from my connection with THE BOOKMAN has been the fact that all the time I have been in a most delightful association with Mr. Doran. First and foremost, my letter has been in some sense a monthly token of friendship between Mr. Doran and myself. With the cessation of Mr. Doran's proprietorial connection with THE BOOKMAN, therefore, comes to an end my own association with a periodical which it has ever been a pleasure to me to read, as if I were one of its regular subscribers and not a contributor at all. The fact that I have throughout been allowed to use a pseudonym has made my association the more intimate, for while I have never used my pseudonym basely, to say things which I should hesitate to say in my own name, there is a curious pleasure in pretending to be somebody else. I cannot say that the pseudonym has been very successful in concealing anything at all, for that would be contrary to the fact. I have seen it, indeed, stated in some periodical that my identity was one of the "best known secrets" in American journalism; and in London, certainly, there has never been any doubt as to who was the real SIMON PURE. Just how that knowledge spread I do not know, but at least it is due to such friends as this letter has made for me in England as well as in America that I should not pass from the pages of THE BOOKMAN without one gesture of cordial greeting and farewell. Another hand than mine will in future write words of information from the centre of English Bookland, and to the owner of that other hand I raise my own in welcome. May he be as happy in his association with THE BOOKMAN as I have been. May he watch each day for some item of interest as I have watched, and live the past interests over again in print as I have done weeks afterward. No writing could be more enjoyable to the writer. My successor will not, it is true, have the peculiar link with THE BOOKMAN which has meant so much to me, but he will have his own rewards and satisfactions, and will interpret the literary life of London from his own angle. Meanwhile, I depart. While I may often, unwittingly, have offended, and while I may have expressed opinions which have been unpalatable to some of my readers, at least it is my hope that nobody has been very seriously wounded either by my opinions or by the manner in which they have been expressed. To such as have been exasperated, my compliments. To such as have been hurt, my apologies. To Mr. George Doran, to the editor of THE BOOKMAN, and to my readers in general, I bid farewell, and for the last time in these pages beg leave to subscribe myself in gratitude for every kindness their friend, well wisher, and humble servant

SIMON PURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK

By Gerald Dillon

IN the business of seducing signatures the autograph collector must display at least some of the qualities of a successful salesman. He is, however, a salesman who seldom, if ever, can personally interview a prospective client, and who has nothing to sell but the doubtful privilege conferred by a blank space in his collection. There are, therefore, but three requisites for any collector. A book, a facile and indefatigable pen, and a certain number of years.

It is of a collection which would have at least some claim to distinction as the product of mature wisdom, and which is surely unique as the work of one's schoolboy years, that I now write.

The book was started with its first signature in 1911, the last being added to it in 1919. Between these years I had gathered eighty three signatures which, with two exceptions, were the fruits of my own solicitous pen. In those eight years the book was twice rebound in order to provide space in its opening pages for mortals of more than common celebrity. It crossed the Atlantic five times and twice was temporarily lost. As the book stands today, there are pages still unfilled. It is, nevertheless, the complete testament of my youthful endeavors.

In the days when I had but few names I sent the book to the late John Singer Sargent. It was, however, returned to me unadorned and without even the formal refusal of a secretary. After a reasonable interval of time had elapsed I wrote to the painter, disguising my school address as that of a country mansion, and politely requested to be informed of his fee for a full length portrait. I anticipated at least an autograph letter in reply. Instead, there returned to me my own letter with the following footnote: "Does this letter happen to be written by a dear little schoolboy who collects autographs?" An entirely unexpected dénouement. Still, I was an optimist at thirteen. Sometime later there appeared in "Punch" a drawing of the gateway of Sargent's Chelsea home. On that gate were many notices — "NO HAWKERS" — "NO BOTTLES" — "NO DOGS" — all of a prohibitory character and emphasizing the retiring nature of genius. I cut out this cartoon and, pasting it on a sheet of paper, wrote underneath: "What about 'No Autograph Books'?" This was sent to the great man over my name. The cartoon and query returned; but underneath was added: "You have scored, here goes — John S. Sargent." Later, I pushed my wares again, and in my book Sargent wrote: "How unaccountable it is that statistical reports are generally thought to afford dull reading when we owe to them the revelations surely interesting to all. That out of ten collectors of autographs, nine die a natural death. John S. Sargent."

Emboldened by such gratifying success I next made application to His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury. In reply, I was informed by a secretary that "His Grace has been obliged to make it a rule never to write in any autograph books, as such a course

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might give rise to misapprehension." There was enclosed, however, a diminutive sheet of Lambeth Palace note paper on which the Archbishop had written his signature. Some years later, after an interval during which the collection had been enriched by Royalty, the Archbishop was persuaded, on second application, to allay his misapprehensive fears. The opening page of the collection being now glorified by the signature of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, it would not have been diplomatic to ask the Anglican Primate to write on any page less conspicuous than that accorded to the Roman Pontiff. There was, however, only one front page: but in an inverted book the last shall be first. This page, therefore, I marked with a card and on it the Arch-Episcopal signature is inscribed.

The signature of His Holiness the Pope appears but very rarely in any autograph collection. Constant and variously worded appeals had I made to the Papal throne without either encouragement or success. And when in the course of time Pius X had been gathered to his fathers and I renewed my appeals to his successor, there was neither breaking nor softening of the Papal rule. The Vatican was, however, stormed from within. I addressed my appeal to a member of the Sacred College, and in reply His Eminence wrote:

Palazzo San Calisto in Trastavere
MY DEAR GERALD:
I have got you the Pope's signature. It is worth possessing as he does not at all enjoy signing his name; but I got him in a good humour today when he had asked me to do something for him.
Yours very sincerely,
F. AIDAN CARDINAL GASQUET O. S. B.

Among the signatures of the six Cardinals in the book, that of Cardinal Merry del Val is remarkable if only for calligraphy. The tremulous handwriting of Cardinal Rampolla surely concealed the great force of that tremendous personality. It will be recalled that Rampolla would have succeeded to the Papacy on the death of Leo XIII had it not been that the Austrian Cardinal pronounced in the Consistory the Veto of His Apostolic Master Francis Joseph. Cardinal Farley remains as "Yours faithfully"; while Cardinal Gibbons subscribes "With sentiments of esteem". The English Cardinal Gasquet prescribes the well appointed use for the right hand; while His Eminence of Malines (in the same dignified hand with which he inscribed for all time the civic and national rights of martyred Belgium) prays for the blessing of God on the head of the collector.

Of churchmen of lesser rank Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson (the convert son of that Anglican Primate who was wont to describe the Catholic Church as "The Italian Mission") added his signature; and Father Bernard Vaughan, with the handwriting of an æsthetic Duchess, made a dull page look picturesque with the simplest of blessings.

The contribution from Bernard Shaw ("*Mais que diable vais-je faire à cette galère*?") is significant if only for the fact that I had been informed on so many previous occasions by his secretary that "Mr. Shaw's reply is always the same; 'I never forge my own name' ". But even this great man's nice customs curtsied to the persistence of a schoolboy. Hilaire Belloc, with a characteristic sense of fit punishment for the crime, supplied a quotation from Homer; while his *fidus Achates*, the facetious Chesterton, strikes the "*mea maxima culpa*" note in declaring, "Homer probably could not write his name: I can write my name: it is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benedictus PP. XV

God will defend
cause of the Righteous
Alexandra
1915.

also serve, who only stand and wait.

Louise Princess Royal. 1915.

Congratulations

Alice Meynell
July 1914

which we owe to the [illegible]
tion, [illegible] interesting
[illegible] of this collection of
[illegible]

[illegible]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing I write best." Of other literary geniuses, not so frank in their admissions, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and Marie Corelli inscribed themselves without comment, and Alice Meynell added "Congratulations".

The political world, from accustomed habits of publicity perhaps, proved generous in its treatment of the collector. Lloyd George, Asquith, Balfour, Bonar Law, Ramsay MacDonald, Curzon, Reading, Birkenhead, Carson, Redmond, Dillon, and Keir Hardie (to mention only a few) came like lambs to the slaughter. Even Joe Chamberlain, paralyzed and unable to write, put a stamped impression of his signature on a page.

From America the book returned with "Woodrow Wilson", "T. Roosevelt", and "Thos. A. Edison". From France it gathered "R. Poincaré" and "G. Clemenceau".

It should be understood, however, that while many eminent people were most courteous in the matter of writing and returning the book at once, there were others who clearly regarded the autograph collector as a subject for different treatment. Notable among the most persistent recusants, who never were persuaded to relent, were Lord Kitchener, Lord Fisher, and Lord Rosebery. On the occasion when I submitted the book to Signore Marconi, there resulted a strange and unaccountable delay. I wrote in quest of my property at discreet and respectful intervals. At length the book was returned to me with Marconi's signature, but with the following reminder from his secretary:

> In returning herewith your autograph book in which Mr. Marconi has written his signature, I would remind you that when you send a book without having been asked to do so, as in the present instance, such things are likely to become mislaid. Busy men, like Mr. Marconi, receive hundreds of such applications in the course of the year and cannot undertake to answer letters in their regard or in fact return them at all.

In contradistinction, however, to such treatment at the hands of busy men I will remember that Caruso found time to caricature himself on a page; and that Lord Aberdeen, the then Viceroy of Ireland, dispatched a telegram to the collector to inform him of the book's safe arrival and the cause of a slight delay in returning it.

A number of my contributors would sign only after I had made a donation to some indicated charity. In this way Lord Charles Beresford wrote his signature in return for an offering to some Seamen's Orphanage. Winston Churchill desired a shilling for the funds of the Church Army. Sir Herbert Tree remained "Yours faithfully" for a half crown to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. For the same amount Ellen Terry wrote: "A peaceable man doth more good than he that is well learned: 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus." The divine Sarah's *"Celui qui donne aux pauvres prête à Dieu"* was inspired for a shilling. Mrs. Pankhurst signed without comment for a small donation to the funds of the Women's Social and Political Union; and Adelina Patti declared "A beautiful voice is the gift of God" for a quite insignificant sum. Of other distinguished ladies, not insistent on the cause of charity, there are Mary Anderson de Navarro, and Lady Butler (sister of Alice Meynell and painter of "The Roll Call" — now in the Windsor Collection).

The problem of approaching members of the Royal family of England through the ordinary medium of the postal service presented considerable difficulty. I was informed by the secretaries of both King George and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queen Mary that, since I was not an acquaintance of their Majesties, my request could not be granted. On behalf of the young Heir Apparent, then at Oxford, I was informed by his tutor, Major Cadogan, of a similar rule established by the King on his son's behalf. However, the ex-King Manuel of Portugal and his Mother Queen Amélie seemed to be guarded by no such rule, and fresh from these successes the book was dispatched to the Imperial Wilhelm at Berlin (prewar *adulation*). It was returned to me through the German Embassy in London with an intimation that His Imperial Majesty never inscribed in any autograph books, and there was added a request that I should not make application again. I recall, however, with more pleasing remembrance the letter of an A.D.C. to the late ex-King Constantine of Greece from Claridge's Hotel informing me that "His Majesty the King of The Hellenes has left London unexpectedly owing to the outbreak of war in the Balkans; but would otherwise have been pleased to have inscribed his name in your book." To Queen Alexandra I had made so many applications that the following intimation became a commonplace in my correspondence:

Marlborough House. S. W.
The Honble. Charlotte Knollys is commanded to express Queen Alexandra's regret that the request preferred in Mr. Dillon's letter of the — inst. cannot be complied with as unfortunately the same rule holds good now as when Miss Knollys was last desired to write.

There came a time, however, when Her Majesty's sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia (mother of the last Tsar) was sojourning at Marlborough House. It may be that Her Imperial Majesty's secretary slept at his post. Somehow my book reached the Imperial *écritoire* and was inscribed: a fact which I afterward respectfully, but without effect, brought to the notice of Miss Charlotte Knollys.

In the war years, however, the Queen Mother, graciously wielding the royal pen above and beyond the peacetime atmosphere of convention, gave way to my further supplication and wrote in the book: "The Lord will defend the cause of the righteous. Alexandra." Then, and then only, hitherto inaccessible avenues were laid bare before me. "Louise" (Duchess of Argyll), "Helena" (Princess Christian), "Beatrice" (Princess Henry of Battenberg, mother of the Queen of Spain), the three surviving daughters of Queen Victoria, all signed graciously and sent letters with the book saying how interested they had been in the collection. There followed "Louise, Princess Royal" (Duchess of Fife, sister of King George), "Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland" (unmarried sister of King George), and "Louis of Battenberg, Admiral" (the man who prepared Britain's navy for the war). The King and Queen alone remained adamant: persistence in such case was futile.

The chief interest of the book to me will remain centred in the signature of the Empress Eugénie. The Empress, spending the long evening of her days at her Hampshire place of exile, Farnborough Hill (the residence which she purchased rom Mr. Longmans, the publisher, and to which she migrated after the Emperor's death at their first place of exile in Kent), was seemingly well guarded from the importunities of the autograph collector. Indeed it appeared that nothing would ever make the Imperial lady condescend to write. It happened, however, that in 1916 I became a neighboring resident of the Farnborough district as a Sandhurst cadet. Hearing that a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diable vais-je faire à cette galère?

G. Bernard Shaw

Puisse Dieu de vous bénir

† D. J. Card. Mercier, ...

Juin 1914

Progress.

probably could not write his name. I can write
name. It is the thing I write best.

G.K. Chesterton

Celui qui donne aux
pauvres prête à
Dieu!

Sarah Bernhardt 1913

...s in ourselves th...
...thus, or thus" =

Ellen Terry =

...onton: .10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

museum of Napoleonic relics was preserved at Farnborough Hill, but carefully guarded from the public gaze, I addressed a letter to the Empress's secretary inquiring if the public were ever admitted to view the museum. The surprise of the writer was considerable when he was informed in reply that although the museum was never open for public inspection, yet in the special circumstances Her Imperial Majesty had been pleased to give instructions that he was to be shown the royal relics if he came to Farnborough Hill on a certain afternoon.

I went, arrayed in all the glory of my best walking out uniform. I was received by a venerable major domo who conducted me to a coach house in which the royal relics were kept. I was shown the carriage in which the Imperial pair received the acclamations of loyal subjects on their wedding day. I saw the cradle of the Prince Imperial. There was the horse furniture which the Emperor's charger carried on that day when he bowed to a vainglorious enemy on the field of Sedan. I saw the gifts which the various crowned heads of Europe had lavished on the Imperial child. I saw the uniforms in which the same Imperial child strutted on his march to manhood; and a few grim relics from Zululand where he died fighting for Britain. And there was something covered with a cloth — the Emperor's death mask I was informed — covered by order of the Empress. So these were the Imperial relics, the keepsakes of a brokenhearted mother, the reliquary of a bereaved widow.

I followed my guide to the church erected by the Empress at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds over her Imperial dead. Here the Benedictine monks, expelled by the French government, raise their voices in thanksgiving today. I went down to the Imperial crypt. In a small chapel there stood a marble tomb on either side of the altar. To the left the Prince Imperial, his coffin resting within a sarcophagus of Scottish granite (the gift of Queen Victoria, costing eight hundred pounds). On the wall, some pampas grass collected by his wonderful mother from the spot where he was speared to death. On the right the Emperor's coffin within a similar covering, the exterior of which was inscribed in letters of gold NAPOLÉON III^me^. In the centre, above and at the back of the altar, there was a vacant niche. It is there that the Empress's body rests today. On emerging from the crypt my guide halted at a simple grave outside the church porch. "That", said the major domo, "is the grave of M. Piétri. M. Piétri was the lifelong friend and devoted secretary of the Empress. When M. Piétri was dying the Empress came to him to ask where he would like to be buried. It might be, Her Imperial Majesty thought, he would wish that his body should return to France. But M. Piétri answered, 'When I die I wish to be buried under the walk at the entrance to the church door. So that whenever you go to visit your beloved dead, your feet, Madame, may always pass over my body.' "

At the conclusion of the inspection I was conducted to a tea table on the veranda of the Imperial residence. It was intimated to me that the Empress had expressed the wish that I should remain to tea. My name was announced in stentorian tones to a lady who presided at a teapot in the company of a wounded officer (the Empress had given up a wing of her house to accommodate wounded officers). Very soon, indeed, my seventeen year

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old susceptibilities were touched to the quick, though I remained in ignorance of the lady's identity other than as a very charming and delightful companion. Indeed, I had become completely oblivious to the passage of time or the mundane realities of space when the measured tread of the major domo roused me from my vision of ecstatic contemplation. This venerable servant, standing at an awful distance, murmured in a reverent whisper, "*L'Impératrice*".

The Empress came. A vision of beautiful age who would seem to saunter through life and eternity, indefatigable, unconquerable and unbowed. The Imperial lady made it seem to this youthful intruder that it was for the pleasure of that afternoon she had waited those ninety four years. She spoke of her son and of her interest in the Sandhurst College ("her boy" had been a cadet at Woolwich). She talked of everything, without particular mention of the war: but above all she emphasized the pleasure it gave her that her visitor should find interest in "her" museum. With the passage of the unforgiving minutes came the moment when, in accordance with Royal etiquette, the Empress rose to withdraw; and as I produced my book I suspected something of malicious humor in the clear depths of the Imperial eyes. I did not remind her of the many attempts I had made to reach her through the post. I thought of the indefatigable Piétri, now perhaps stirring uneasily in his grave. It was he who had signed those letters of refusal. And when I had gone out, and after I was far away, I thought of M. Piétri. Even now in recollection of that wonderful lady I still think of her lifelong friend and devoted secretary; but not of him as the man who intercepted my missives to his Empress. It is rather as of one who would shield his aged mistress from the importunities of the thoughtless; who lies now at the crypt door at Farnborough gladly waiting for that day of resurrection when he may follow his Imperial lady from the tomb.

The last signatures, Sir Douglas Haig and Sir John French, were added to the collection in 1919. I had been through the war and decided that such names would complete a worthy monument to the labors of my vanished youth.

COLOR

By Sidney Cox

WHEN the constant breeze blows harder
On the patch of grass that's partly grey
And partly brown, there's a more mysterious waver
In the few tall buttercups. The grass blades
Toss and flounce, thrust madly and press back,
And pendulate together as if in scary fun
Until they shudder swiftly into a happy slack.
Now the wind moves slow across the ragged turf
That's still a gold and young green shimmer in the sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRVIN S. COBB: ASK HIM ANOTHER

By Grant Overton

GROPING for the universal simile — page Mr. Wilstach — I can only say that Irvin S. Cobb is the Babe Ruth of fiction, the Mussolini of humor, and the anecdote's Best Friend. Take all the writers who have ever contributed to "The Saturday Evening Post" — no, that won't do. Take all the writers who have ever contributed to American magazines, including the Scandinavian, and take all the reporters who have contributed to American newspapers, including the feature writers at the Snyder murder trial, and how many of them do you remember? You say: "Well, of course, there was Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and there was Irvin Cobb." Enter any doctor's office or any hospital throughout the English-approximating countries and what one book, besides "The Care and Feeding of Children", do you find on the premises? A volume called "Speaking of Operations", Irvin S. Cobb speaking. Who invented the Negro story, if he did not actually invent the Negro himself? I. S. Cobb. Who issued the Emancipation Proclamation in behalf of the southern gentleman and cast off from him forever the shackles of a Confederate Colonelcy? I. Shrewsbury Cobb. Who was the president of the Confederate States? Old Judge Priest. Who discovered the secret of A Laugh a Day? I. S. C. are the initials and Scranton, Pennsylvania, can take them or leave them. Columbus stubbed his toe upon America, but who has recently completed the first extensive researches into sixteen of the United States and one region thereto adjacent? C-o-b-b.

Such are a few of the lesser claims upon our consideration made by the subject of this article. His greatest distinction may as well be pointed out now. I was going to save it for the end, but I guess I can find something else.

Irvin Cobb is the living witness to some millions of his fellow countrymen, and chiefly persons of his own sex, that a writing fellow is not necessarily a deviation from male normalcy.

Now because this is or until recently was a delicate topic I am not going to beat around the bush any. Let me not la-di-da. The ineradicable instinct of the male members of the human race is to regard with suspicion anyone who writes. Anyone who wears trousers, that is. It does not matter that Dr. Johnson wore trousers; no one except Boswell ever saw them, for Samuel was always clad in a greatcoat. Mark Twain does not help; his bifurcations were of snowy flannel. But it is everywhere known that old Irv Cobb not only wears pants but on one or more occasions has been observed to adjust a vertical strap worn in relation to pants and being a portion of what are called suspenders. Suspenders! Mind you, I do not say he has had them on in recent years; the point is immaterial. You just know he has worn 'em.

Other men take one good look and they know that this was the face that launched a thousand quips. They read Cobb's stuff and it tastes as juicy as a fresh-boiled ear of corn. But the great decision comes as they study, not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his literary style, but his personal contours. Gazing upon him, they see what Cobb himself saw, and so aptly described, when once he held the mirror up to nature. In his own words, "he is rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a light roan in color, with a black mane. His figure is undecided. He has always voted the Democratic ticket. He has had one wife and one child and still has them. In religion he is an Innocent Bystander."

SPEAKING OF HUMORISTS

The first essential in a humorist is that he shall be a humanist. Since he must be exceedingly careful whom he laughs at, he mostly laughs at himself, with a cordial invitation to others to join in this harmless pastime. The invitation is nearly always accepted. Occasionally, in the presence of a fairly homogeneous audience, the humorist may practise upon someone else with safety. But let me illustrate.

"There were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike." This is funny; and yet at meetings of the Hibernian Society it is as well to have the speaker himself Irish — but of course he would be.

"There were two Englishmen named St. John (Sinjun) and Abercrombie (Crumb)." Funny throughout the United States and territorial possessions, but usually omitted at gatherings of the Pilgrims Society.

"There were two Americans named George F. Babbitt and Elmer Gantry." This is not funny at all.

"From first to last, upwards of a hundred different ticks let me have their patronage. I learned to scratch with the Australian crawl stroke and with the Spencerian free hand movement simultaneously." This is universally funny and loses nothing when translated into other languages. Cobb speaks for himself; it's a laugh, it cert'nly is.

"Cobb's Anatomy", "Cobb's Bill of Fare", the famous surgical treatise, "One Third Off" — all are what we now know as Confession Books. God gave Cobb twenty senses and he has put them all at our disposal in fifteen volumes of fiction and fifteen books of wit and humor appearing punctually in the last fifteen years. Statistically considered — and we seem to have become nothing unless statistical; when you feel you are slightly static there is no refuge like statistics — statistically considered (I repeat) there is a Cobb for every taste. But the inclusive and perhaps the definitive Cobb is to be found in his latest book, "Some United States".

He subtitles the work, "a series of stops in various parts of this nation with one excursion across the line", the last chapter dealing with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The first sixteen chapters are devoted to Maine, Kansas, California, Kentucky, New York, Wyoming, Texas, Wisconsin, Oregon, more Oregon, Virginia, New Jersey, Indiana, North Carolina, Arizona, and Louisiana. "The plan I have in mind is to pick out certain States which appear to me to have personalities." In an attempt to write a separate piece about each separate State, "I should run out of material long before I ran out of States."

I am not so sure of that, but at any rate the seventeen chapters of "Some United States" are ample to illustrate Cobb's qualities as a humorist — and more than a humorist. For the striking thing about a genuine humorist is that he knows with precision when to be in earnest. Cobb may jest about the hotel bed in Kansas — "through the flimsy mattress I could see the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uplifted shapes of the springs where they were coiled to strike" — but in the more fundamental matter of Kansas lawmaking he neither misunderstands nor menckens. Behind those billboards lies New Jersey. Cobb duly notes the billboards — he has apparently made a study of them deserving the award of a Ph.D., or anyway an Adv.D. But Cobb, with television of whatever sort, sees back of the boards the televistas which certainly do still exist in Burlington County and Sussex and up the Water Gap way. Much of Cobb's United States is scenery, although I cannot find that he errs by attributing to any State more scenery than it actually has; but mostly he deals with people. And readers of his book are going to realize that Cobb is almost the first to know and appraise our country's true natural resources in anything like their variety and richness. He knows our natural resources from Abe Martin to Ziegfeld.

Tall corn in a bottomland
With the wild morning glories
Coiling about its stalks
And its cutlass blades rasping together —

Pardon me, I am not quoting Carl Sandburg. The above lines are part of a sentence by Cobb in his chapter on Louisiana. Such vigorous felicity of descriptive phrase is not rare in Cobb. A humorist is a man who can make his adjectives keep in line and his verbs obey the "Forward, march!"

A real Virginia supper — nothing elaborate, you understand, only three kinds of hot bread and in the meat line merely a country-cured ham and a platter of broiled quail and a few running yards of smoked sausage and first one thing and then another. This way and that, like the incense from their pipes, the talk will go eddying. But no matter what turn it takes, underlying it and savoring it as the hickory smoke savors their Smithfields, and spicing and sweetening it as the autumn frosts sweeten their Albemarle pippins, is an essence of composite traditions that is distinctly Virginian.

If I found an appropriate context in the works of Mark Twain and inserted this appreciation in it no one would find the passage apocryphal. A humorist is a fellow who homecures his sentiment with hickory smoke.

A humorist is a ham. Meaty, super-digestible, properly smoked and seasoned. Juicy. His wit is used sparingly, stuck in here and there, like the tiny cloves that speckle the rich rind of his proper substance.

Cobb is a great humorist because he is most other things first.

SPEAKING OF SHORT STORY WRITERS

Everything is known about the short story and much of it can be formulated in a few excellent rules.

A short story is always something significant happening to somebody. On the structural side, it is related to the play, not to the novel. Therefore it generally consists of a great many little scenes, with the curtain almost imperceptibly descending on one and instantly rising on another. To cover a lapse of time and give necessary information short narrative passages, often somewhat disguised, are resorted to. The author must know his end before he starts, in the sense that a playwright must, and in a sense in which the novelist need not. A mental outline, often of great exactitude, may suffice; some writers find that as soon as they outline a story on paper that story is dead for them. As with longer fiction, the backbone of the short story is sound characterization; form and even movement are of less importance. Characterization must be through action and speech; it must be recognizable to the reader, that is, identified by his knowledge of human nature or some tradition or hearsay that he accepts. Characterization that depends on the reader's imagination is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unsafe. Nor can his identification of human nature be presumed to be wide or profound. A person may or may not respond emotionally to a lonely house, a sunset, or snow tented mountains; he usually feels something or other toward another person. A reader may or may not comprehend or believe an incident; he slides over it; his interest, if he have any, is in some actor. Realism is easy, but without good characterization there is never any reality.

All these principles and others are easy of formulation. Rules — no more dangerous than rules in any art — can be made and used in the work. It is presumed to teach the short story, and facility in it can certainly be acquired. To have something to say is the old, insoluble problem.

And that something to say must, after all, always go unsaid — by the author. Perhaps the perfect short story is one which takes the words out of the author's mouth and puts them in the reader's.

Irvin S. Cobb habitually breaks all the commandments for the short story. He likes narrative, and instead of using it to the short, necessary extent he uses it, most often, for its own sake. A looser, more ambling short story writer never lived. A more formless short story writer never achieved success. He resembles a fighter in the ring, and his story may possibly go only ten rounds but is more likely to last twenty. His story proceeds by rounds; you hear the gong, see Cobb in his corner; the gong sounds and he is back in the ring. He takes more punishment than any writer now before the public. We have seen him, like Firpo, land a terrible punch early in the bout and send his story somersaulting over the ropes. In spite of his ponderosity he is quick on his feet; his immense deliberation is really deliberate and never due to lack of speed. Dozens of short story writers can outbox him; in truth, when Cobb is fighting a story the only boxing he does is of the compass. He always leads with his right — but watch his left. He has two methods of fighting and only two: having in his own time hammered the story to pieces he proceeds to skin it alive and hang the hide in front of us, or else he delivers a swift blow that floors the reader almost as effectually as it finishes the battle. The count is ten; it may be a hundred.

To abandon a fascinating but foolish figure, we may ask ourselves: How does he do it? In the first place, he has perfect nerves. The horror story, to succeed with all readers in every age, requires such. If you are going to be in the least hectic with your horror, like Poe, you may make the timorous shrink and the artistic quiver and the imaginative soul contract. But you will get a good many complaints that the reception is poor. That has never been charged against (for examples) "An Occurrence Up a Side Street" or "Darkness" or "Snake Doctor". The longest wave length is the shortest way home.

Again, Cobb is a saturation. Everything he writes is decisively dyed with a rich, irrevocable stain — all wool homespun steeped in butternut juice. As with most of the perdurable figures of literature, one pays less attention to the particular subject or the particular story; one cares for Cobb.

But it is his mastery of characterization which enables Cobb, in writing a story, to revoke without penalty, drive in the rough and land his niblick on the green, and indulge with impunity in the uncompleted forward pass. Old Judge Priest and not the eminent John Marshall is America's most celebrated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jurist. I admit that Jeff Poindexter is still less widely known than Uncle Tom of Cabin fame. But for thousands of us the sight of a man with shackled wrists will never fail to recall the escape of Mr. Trimm. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, Herman Felsburg, and several others scarcely get their due because of Judge Priest's stature. Cobb's characters can become types without losing their integrity as individuals; if you question that, reread a short story entitled "Boys Will Be Boys".

This is the man who made his first serious effort at writing fiction in 1910, when he was thirty four. He has a few other distinctions not noticed in this feeble essay. He is an incomparable teller of anecdotes, and when he speaks extemporaneously professional talkers go home and tear up their lecture material.

It used to be said, in the desperate effort to find some limitation in Irvin Cobb, that he never had written a novel; most likely he was incapable of writing a novel. But now he has written a novel. It is called "Chivalry Peak". It will appear in book form right soon. So now you must ask him another.

SMALL SONGS FOR A SMALL DAUGHTER

By Marion Strobel

"PRETTY"

"PRETTY", you say of an elephant.
"Pretty", you say of a kangaroo —
Every monkey in the zoo
Is pretty to you!

But if you see a violet,
Or if you see a cream-white rose,
You only purse your mouth a bit
And wriggle your nose!

FIRST SORROW

"NEVER mind. It's not worth crying
Over a dusty chicken feather
Holding the broken ends and trying
To make them grow together —

Never mind, my dear, my dear
I'll find you twenty feathers more."
You look as if you didn't hear,
You answer me, "What for?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART IX

THE afternoon light was silver over sea and land. The sky was ribbed with clouds lying in pale saffron ridges on a surface that was almost white. Trees and buildings caught the color from an invisible sun and trembled on the verge of rosy splendor that was delaying for the sunset. It was one of those autumn afternoons yet early but preparing it seemed for some gorgeous display — as though at the striking of some hour the curtain would be rung up and then — what wouldn't you see? England is always preparing for such displays, but over and over again nature decides that the performance is not quite ready.

"It's your two hours", said Uncle Samuel. "You shall do whatever you please."

"Let's go down to the beach", said Jeremy, "and then have tea at Mrs. Grafton's."

"Who's Mrs. Grafton?" asked Uncle Samuel.

"She has a shop for teas in the village", said Jeremy. "She's out of bounds except you're with your people. Mulling Minor took me and Jumbo there when his aunt came."

"Was it a good tea?" asked Uncle Samuel.

"The tea was frightfully decent but Mulling's aunt was awful."

"Well, how are you?" asked Uncle Samuel after a while. "You seem pretty fair."

"Oh, I'm all right", said Jeremy.

"So there's something the matter?" Uncle Samuel asked, at once detecting trouble.

"I'm all right", said Jeremy again. The time was not yet. So Uncle Samuel, instantly perceiving this, began in his odd jumbled fashion to talk of his own affairs and, as always, he spoke to Jeremy as though he were of his own age and generation.

"You see it isn't right for me to go on living on your father any longer. Of course I pay him something and your mother finds it a help with the housekeeping, but I don't pay as much as I'd be paying somewhere else. Up to now I haven't had it, but lately I've been making some money."

"How much?" asked Jeremy, keenly interested.

"Oh, I don't know. A pound or two. And I'm going to make more. You see they're beginning to like my pictures."

"Who's they?" asked Jeremy.

"Oh, people in London and Paris."

"Aren't you surprised?" asked Jeremy.

"Not very. Tastes change. I was a little ahead of my time. Soon I'll be behind it."

"Chaps here", said Jeremy, "don't like that picture of yours I've got a bit. The one with the purple sheep."

"You hang on to it my boy. That'll be worth some money some day."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jeremy did not reply. He didn't agree with his uncle but, young though he was, he knew that artists had their own ideas about their work and that it wasn't wise to disabuse them.

"It will be awful if you go away. I shall never see you."

"Yes you will."

"Where will you go?"

"Paris perhaps. You must come and stay with me there."

Here was excitement! Paris! As though one said the North Pole. "Oh, that would be ripping! People eat frogs there and snails. Staire says he knows it backwards. I bet he doesn't. He's an awful swankpot."

"The trouble is", went on Uncle Samuel, "I'm rather old to move and I'm frightfully lazy. Not about my work but moving anywhere. If I weren't I'd have moved years ago."

They were in complete harmony now, as though they had never been separated. Jeremy was not of course aware of it but Uncle Samuel was wondering, as he had so often wondered before, why it was that he was more completely at his ease with this small boy than with any other human being in the world.

They were approaching the sea. They went through a gate, then across a shelving field, past a ruined and deserted cottage, then over some dunes and so down onto a beach marbled by the retreating tide.

The sea was far out, a stretch of silver. On every side of them the sand, mother of pearl beneath the faint dim sky, wandered to gentle horizons.

"Let's sit here", said Uncle Samuel, suddenly sinking down onto the edge of the dune. He lay back, his stomach like a round cushion, his legs like bolsters. He looked up at the sky.

"Now then, how are things?" he asked.

Jeremy sat pressed up against him and dug in the sand with his heels.

"Everything's rotten", he said.

"How's that?"

"I don't know. It ought to have been all right. I expected I'd have a ripping term but it's all gone wrong."

"Who's fault?" asked Uncle Samuel.

"It isn't mine anyway. I haven't done anything that I can see. There's a chap I can't stick."

"What's his name?"

"Staire. We've always loathed each other. His father's something swell in the Diplomatists."

"Oh, I see. Well, how's he made things rotten?"

"Oh, every way. He's good at cricket but he's no good at football so he hates me because there isn't any cricket this term, and chaps that are friends of his have been bullying kids in the Lower School and then one new kid ran away and when he was brought back they said I'd been bullying him."

"Well, had you?"

"Of course I hadn't. I'd hardly spoken to him ever. Anyway there've been rows all the term and they say it's my fault and Leeson's been jawing me and says he'll take my Study away if I'm not careful. And now Parlow's sick with me too."

"Who's Parlow?"

"He's my Form Master. He was frightfully decent to me all the first part of the term, so it makes it worse. And they're only playing me for the Second."

There was a suspicious gulp in Jeremy's voice. Uncle Samuel knew that things were in a very bad way indeed. He put his arm round the boy, but only as it were by chance and not as a demonstration. Jeremy did not draw away, as he would have done had it been anyone else.

"Who was this boy who ran away and where did he run to?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He's a boy called Morgan. I don't know where he ran to. He was away a whole night. He's popular now because he didn't split on anyone. It isn't fair, because I never touched him. It's only Staire who told lies to everyone."

Uncle Samuel thought a moment. Then he said: "Have you been showing off because you've got a Study?"

Jeremy turned onto him a puckered and disturbed face. "No, I don't think so. I'm just the same."

"When we get a step up people always think we're showing side whether we are or not. Then probably we do just to show them. If he's been telling lies, why don't you have it out with this boy Staire or whatever his name is?"

"So I would," said Jeremy eagerly, "only I didn't want to have a row this term just after getting my Study. That's why it's so rotten."

"Ever been unpopular before?" asked Uncle Samuel.

"What do you mean — unpopular?"

"Everyone disliking you, thinking you do everything for the worst reasons, wanting you to do them for the worst reasons."

"No," said Jeremy, "I suppose I haven't. I've never thought about it. I just used to rag about."

"I see", said Uncle Samuel, pulling his fat chin as was his custom when he was thinking. "What's the other fellow like, the fellow you hate?"

"Staire? Oh, I don't know. Awfully sidey. Thinks his skin's different from everyone else's. He's jolly good at cricket but he's no use at anything else."

"Well," said Uncle Samuel, "if you weren't yourself, if you were some third person and saw yourself and this Staire, which would you like best — without prejudice?"

Jeremy, who always took Uncle Samuel's points very quickly —they were the kind of points that he would like to make himself if he were clever enough — honestly tried to consider this, saw himself as Jimmy Smith benignly considering an impersonal Cole, an abstract Staire. Funny, when you looked at it this way, how differently you yourself appeared!

"I suppose", he said at last slowly, "that if I didn't know either of them well I'd like Staire best. He's better looking and knows more things. But honestly I think I'm better to be with *much*."

Uncle Samuel laughed and drew his knees up into his stomach.

"There you are. That settles it. All your life there will only be a few people who have time to know you *well*. The general view will be the one the crowd takes, the superficial one. You haven't got to pay any attention to that *ever*. Only two things for you to listen to. Your judgment of yourself, and you've got to make that as honest as you can. Don't be biased in your own favor if you can help it. Don't be too much down on yourself either. And otherwise listen to the two or three people who really love you. You'll be lucky if you have so many. If *they* think there's something wrong with you, then pay attention. It's serious. But the *crowd* — Lord, the crowd! They're *always* wrong. Or no", he corrected himself. "Not always. There's *something* in their idea of you but not enough for you to worry over as long as you've kept your self respect and the respect of two or three who know you." Then he lay back and, beating his hands on his stomach, murmured:

Hey diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over
The moon —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He looked out over the sand, over whose mysterious pools shadows of rose and amber were now softly stealing. "There's one glory of the sun and one of the moon. The stars blaze in their confident splendor and the sands of the sea shall be glorified. . . . Well, it won't do you any harm to be unpopular for a bit. But fight that chap if he's telling lies about you."

They were silent for a while, then Jeremy said:

"There's another thing, Uncle Samuel. You know Jumbo. I've told you about him before. He's always been my best friend. I can't talk to him any more."

"What do you mean — you can't talk to him?"

"I don't seem to want to tell him things like I used to. It was all right when we just ragged about, but now there are other things — all sorts — and he doesn't know what I mean. . . . He wants everything to be as it was — and it isn't."

"Oh, I see", said Uncle Samuel. "Is there anybody else?"

"Not exactly. At least there's a chap called Ridley. He's in the Sixth. I've never spoken to him in my life. I don't think he even knows my name. But I'd do anything for him, I would really. I know it sounds silly. I don't know why I feel like that. It's the way he looks or something. . . ."

Jeremy stopped, awkward and embarrassed. How was he ever to make anyone understand? Uncle Samuel sat up. He stared out to sea, frowning.

"This boy — he's in the Sixth, is he? Sure he hasn't spoken to you or looked at you or anything?"

"No. He doesn't know I'm there even."

"Because friendship with a boy so much older — do you think it's wise?"

"He isn't so much older", Jeremy answered. He was looking into his uncle's face so honestly and with eyes so frank and clear sighted that there was nothing to fear. "He's much cleverer. That's all. He's quiet, you never see him about with anyone else. I'd like him to be my friend. I sort of feel one day he will be." The boy sighed.

"But it's rotten dropping Jumbo when we've been friends so long, isn't it? Only I've changed — I don't want the same things I did, I don't want always to be ragging around — and he hasn't."

"That's all right", Uncle Samuel answered. "Friendship's like that. You aren't friends with someone only because you want to be. You can't have a friend unless you can feed one another. Once or twice in your life you'll meet someone and you'll go on with him for the rest of your days. Finer and finer it is. But for the rest — those you meet on a journey — be grateful for the times you've had together, let it go when it's over, bear no grudges, above all don't prolong it falsely. No one knows at the start what a friendship's going to be. Don't hang on and be false. Life's all movement or ought to be. Don't be sentimental over reminiscences and don't charge others with falseness. On the whole you'll be treated as you deserve."

Uncle Samuel yawned. "I get perilously like your dear father at times. I suppose it's living with him so long. The sad sea waves are creeping into my bones. Now what about tea?"

Jeremy scratched himself like a little dog and jumped up. A great burden had fallen from him. Why? His uncle's lazy words, the sky now scattered with little crimson feathers, the long stretch of misted sands, the sleepy murmur of a friendly sea, the smell of the sea pinks, the stiff sand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grass, the flavor in his nostrils of sheep and wind and salt. Like a young goat he skipped away.

Having had their talk they were now, both of them, very happy and noticed everything that came their way: the gulls perched like white snowballs on the red-brown soil, the bare lift of the green hill against the rosy sky, the girl with two pigs who passed them as they struck into the path, and an old man standing in the dip of the green hill and calling something again and again. He'd lost his dog, maybe, but there was no dog in sight and no sound but the purring of the sea and the grunting of the two pigs.

"And it isn't", said Uncle Samuel, sitting in Mrs. Grafton's cottage, "difficult to live a life like this. I'd sleep late in the morning, have two brown eggs and a rasher of bacon for my breakfast, take my paints with me and go for a bathe, read a bit of a newspaper or the story in 'Home Chat', have a snooze, my head in the warm sand, and so come back when the lights are being lit and the woman of the house is ready for some talk. A fine life for a man my age!"

And it was a fine tea — Jeremy had never seen a finer. There were brown eggs and rashers of bacon, scones and a square of yellow butter with a cow stamped on it, blackberry jam and Cornish cream, a heavy cake thick with currants, saffron buns and watercress — and a black teapot as big as a man's head.

Around the room there were pictures of ships, and there was a fine group of wax fruit under glass, a canary in a cage, and enormous photographs of Mrs. Grafton's father and mother, the fire leaping in the fireplace, and Mrs. Grafton herself with any amount to say.

But best, far best, was Uncle Samuel himself, all bunched up beside the table like a wise old bird, his hair on end, his cheeks round and rosy, his eyes sparkling as they always did when he was happy, talking with his mouth full, banging the table with his fists.

What did he talk of? Shells and fireworks, leprachauns and daffodils, landladies' bills and the mistakes undertakers make over funerals, the Tower of London and Lady Jane Grey, pirates and their bloody ways, painting people upside down when they don't know you're looking at them, kings who keep their crowns in hat boxes, and the man who went to the North Pole and found a bag full of diamonds.

Time to catch his train. Jeremy walked with him along the dusky road to the little station. At the last, just before Uncle Samuel stepped up into the close stuffy little carriage, he took his hat off and sniffed the air, then — because the platform was dim and there was no one to see — he caught Jeremy and held him and kissed him. He had never kissed him in all their lives before. The train snorted away and Jeremy trudged up the hill to school.

Jeremy returned another man. He had not yet reached the status of self analysis, so he did not worry himself as to why he felt differently. He did not think about it at all. He was happy again.

But he was happy now with a strange mixture of aloofness in his happiness. He did not seem to mind any longer what other people thought of him. Uncle Samuel had, in some strange fashion, given him wider horizons. There was the world outside the School — not only the world of his home and Polchester but the world of London and even of Paris — Paris where they bought Uncle Samuel's strange pictures and ate frogs.

Nevertheless, this own immediate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world with Staire in the middle of it became, through the talk with Uncle Samuel, increasingly dramatic. Something was going to happen and that soon. Uncle Samuel had advised that the matter be settled and it was *going* to be settled!

The first sign of Jeremy's renewed vigor was his exceedingly abrupt treatment of Gauntlet.

Gauntlet, coming into the Study, smiling his polite smile, said:

"Well, where have you been all the afternoon?"

"With my uncle", Jeremy answered shortly.

"Oh well, you needn't be shirty about it. There was a House practice on."

"I know."

"Didn't they kick up a row about your not playing?"

"Llewellyn let me off."

"Oh . . . Staire and I went down specially to see you play."

"It was a loss for you, wasn't it? Where's my French grammar? You've boned it, Gauntlet. You're always pinching my books."

"No I haven't. I'll lend you mine if you like."

"I don't want your dirty book."

Gauntlet smiled — a maddening smile to Jeremy. It implied superiority in social status, wisdom, and self control. It also implied secret knowledge and the general opinion of an invisible world that Jeremy Cole was a blithering young ass.

Enraged by this smile, Jeremy advanced so close to Gauntlet that waistcoat buttons were touching.

He then declared himself as follows:

"Look here, Gauntlet, don't you flatter yourself that I don't know the dirty game you've been playing this term pretending to be my friend and talking against me all the time behind my back with Staire and Baldock and the others. You're a dirty sneak, that's what you are, and at the end of the term either you move out of this Study or I do. I'm not afraid of you or of Staire either. I know all the dirty lies your lot have been spreading about me and the Dormouse, and you know jolly well I never touched the kid. I know you've tried to spoil me with everyone, but you haven't succeeded and you won't either. And if I have any more of your cheek you'll know it. And you can tell Staire from me that he'll hear from me one of these days and jolly soon too."

After this he sat down to his French grammar and Gauntlet, sniffing defiance, left the room.

The next thing that happened was the House practice on Saturday. The game, unimportant though it was in itself, had important consequences.

Jeremy, secure as he was, without possible rival for his place as Scrum Half in the House team, had been taking these practice games very lightly. But now, because he had been playing for the Second and because Llewellyn had been decent about letting him off the other day, he determined to play his very best. And he did.

It was a day on which there happened to be no other very important games. Therefore there were quite a number of spectators behind the ropes. Then Llewellyn had arranged that to balance the teams the best Forwards should play the best Backs. The result of this was that Jeremy had in front of him a set of Forwards who would have disgraced Falstaff's recruiting squad. A more miserable lot of screwy, mangy, knockkneed, backbent, and lily-livered warriors Jeremy had never in all his life seen. As a pack they would be driven all over the field! As every-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one knows, Halfbacks, however brilliant they may be, have little chance behind a hopelessly beaten pack. But this afternoon, strangely enough, the opposite of the apparently inevitable occurred.

Whether it was that sheer terror drove them to mighty deeds or that, having nothing to lose in reputation, they flung all caution to the sea breezes, or whether, as Jeremy himself (not as a rule conceited) felt, he fired them with a kind of divine frenzy, the fact is that they played as never in their little lives before, and gave Llewellyn twice the problem in choosing his House pack that he would normally have had.

It may be that Jeremy did indeed have something to do with this. In after days, looking back with all his later international glories thick upon him, he was inclined to wonder whether he ever again played such a game as this. The new self confidence that Uncle Samuel had given him, the sense that he had nothing to lose, the knowledge that Llewellyn, a member of the School First, was there watching him and would report, certain things that during the last weeks Stevens had taught him, all these factors contributed.

He played indeed that day a game that was, at any rate thirty years ago, a new game among schoolboys, a far more open game, not contenting himself merely with going down to the Scrums and getting the ball out to his fellow Half, but opening the game out for the Three Quarters by his own breaks through, and in fact in the last ten minutes of the game scoring himself two tries.

In any case, whether orthodox or no, it was a glorious afternoon. He was conscious of nothing save the rapture and ecstasy of the play. He seemed to know exactly where the ball would be long before the ball itself knew. He was unaware of kicks or bruises, pains or penalties. His body seemed to be made of some divine ether, an immortal body such as only the Gods in Olympus knew. Excited though he was, his brain was cool and clear, his eyes everywhere at once, his short legs of iron and yet swift about the ground, his hands so safe that no ball was too difficult to take. Such divine days come but seldom in a lifetime, but when they are there how inevitable and right they seem! Why should it not be always like this? How simple and natural! What child's play! What heavenly ease and ecstatic natural rhythm! Alas, the Gods are jealous and allow us such joys only to snatch them abruptly from us and prove to us the mere mortals that we are!

So fell Ilium
and the mystic towers
of the immortal Gods!

At half time, as he sucked a lemon, there was more drama for him. Parlow was there behind the ropes watching the game! But just now even Parlow seemed unimportant — a stout, red faced man like other red faced men!

Those two tries at the end were worth a lifetime! The first was scarcely intended. He had snatched the ball from the feet of the scrambling Forwards, had looked for Ewart the other Half, failed to find him, and had dashed through on his own. Finding himself behind the goal line he had planted the ball there!

On the second occasion, only a minute before Time, seized by some kind of demon he had run three quarters of the field, easily eluded the stumbling Back and trotted behind the goal posts at his ease!

There was glory for you! But had it been right? Ought Scrum Halves to be doing the work of Three Quarters?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In such a game it scarcely mattered; he had nevertheless as, covered with mud (the field had in the last quarter been a morass), he left the ground, a secret blinding vision of the possibilities that opening the game might mean!

Climbing the hill, he almost ran into Parlow. He fancied that the Master wanted to speak to him but he swerved, pretended that there was mud in his eye and, his head up, went on his way. Silly, but it gave him pleasure!

Then as he crossed Coulter's he found Llewellyn at his side.

"When you've changed, like to come in and have some tea?"

"Thanks awfully!"

Yes, things were moving. . . .

As he was having his shower in the changing room and shrieking repartees, more or less brilliant, to various friends, Leeson walked through. He stopped by Jeremy, who was maidenly conscious of his nudity and then reassured: "It isn't anything funny to him seeing anyone stripped."

"Well Cole," said Leeson (and before everyone too), "that was like your old style again. Fine game."

Jeremy grinned and then choked because the water tumbled down his throat.

"Get any bruises?" Leeson asked, looking at his brown stocky body.

"No sir."

"Good. I see you're down for the First match against Odell's next Wednesday."

Oh, was he? Splendid! He could have hugged Leeson.

"Play as you did today and you'll keep your place."

"Thank you sir."

Leeson passed on and there was a shrill chorus of: "Good for you, Stocky." "Ripping game!" "You give Odell's socks!"

Then, to complete his happiness, Jumbo came in. He pretended to be looking for no one in particular, but Jeremy knew that he was, in reality, looking for him — and, suddenly, all the restraint that there had been between himself and Jumbo during the last weeks had vanished, they were just as they used to be, and Jeremy knew, as he looked at his chubby, ugly, rather stupid face that he liked him better than anyone else in the world — except of course Uncle Samuel and, well, Ridley . . . but could you be fond of a boy to whom you had never even spoken?

Jumbo had been present at the game and was, of course, bursting with pride about it; but was he going to say so? Not he.

"Not bad for a kid", he said. "But the Stripes were rotten. Anyone could have run through them."

"Bet you couldn't." Jeremy was struggling with his collar and his face was purple, his words strangled.

"Bet I could if they'd play me." There was a chorus of derisive laughter from the crowd upon whom Jeremy, hotly defending his friend, turned.

"All right. Jumbo plays better footer than any of you do."

They walked away together arm in arm.

"Come and have tea", said Jumbo. "I've got a cake."

Jeremy felt a criminal.

"Oh, isn't it rot? I can't. Llewellyn's asked me."

Llewellyn! Jumbo, like many another humble friend of the rising great, had to check both soreness and jealousy. He succeeded manfully. "I say! Fancy Llewellyn asking you!"

"It's only because of the football", Jeremy explained airily. He was nicer then to Jumbo than he had ever been in all their days together before, trying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to explain, without saying anything about it, that all the Llewellyns in the world could be cast into the depths of the sea for one small whim of Jumbo's.

And Jumbo felt this and went away comforted.

Llewellyn's Study showed on every side evidences of the æsthetic Corner. Instead of the mess that most Studies offered you, everything here was of extreme tidiness. The walls were a pale cream, there were some etchings in dark frames (although Jeremy had not at that time the slightest idea of what an etching might be), there was a white bookcase that held books with gleaming bindings, and there was a rough white bowl filled with amber colored chrysanthemums.

In the midst of this refinement the large, clumsy, and broken nosed Llewellyn looked a little out of place, but everyone knew that what Corner wished was law. Of Corner Jeremy was frankly terrified. He looked so remote and superior and elegant — not with Staire's elegance. He was not, as Jeremy in spite of his tender years thoroughly recognized, trying to impress anybody. He was simply himself — and his aloofness was majestic.

A very small fag was making tea. Llewellyn greeted Jeremy with his accustomed lazy roar.

"Hullo there Cole! Come along in! Take a pew. Damned good game of yours today."

Jeremy sat down. He had never before been invited by a Prefect to tea; indeed it was but a short while since he had been even as that small fag making the tea, and making it badly at that.

"What did you think of the game?" Llewellyn magnificently asked him. Jeremy, endeavoring to meet Llewellyn on his own high ground, intimated that in his opinion the Forwards on his side were better than might have been expected.

"They damned well were", Llewellyn answered, "I couldn't believe my eyes. Rabbits like Forster and Lewdo and Munnings and Frankau stuck it like anything. You got them all going. Oh yes you did. No doubt of it. . . . Have some jam. . . . Blast your eyes" (this to the fag) "do you call this tea? The water wasn't boiling."

The fag, who was some two feet in height, his face crimson with bending over the fire but no alarm in his soul because he knew his Llewellyn, blamed the kettle.

"You see," Llewellyn amiably continued, "you get a damned good pair of Halves and the game's half won. That's what I'm always telling them. If they'd stick to you and Stevens for the School Halves all the term instead of all this chopping and changing, then we'd know where we are. What the hell does it matter if a man has an off day? Everyone has an off day sometimes. They're playing you on Wednesday though."

Jeremy modestly acknowledged the honor.

"Well, you play your damndest. Odell's are no class. We ought to beat them easy."

"Yes", replied Jeremy as grown up as he could muster.

He was conscious, desperately, of Corner, who sat there taking it seemed no interest in the conversation, his long thin body lying back in the chair, eating bread and jam, his eyes on the ceiling.

Llewellyn was thoroughly accustomed to his friend's indifference so, sitting on the table that creaked beneath him and swinging his big legs, he held forth:

"You know I'm keener on the House team than the School this year. Don't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell anyone I said so, but all the same we've got a good chance of winning the cup." He dropped his voice. "You know what it is, young Cole; the House wants bucking up and it would do it no end of good to win the Rugger Cup. Things haven't been going too well this term, what with that kid running away and all. We're a pretty slack lot at the top of the House. I'm as bad as any — and there's got to be a change. It's all very well lamming chaps' backsides for being late for games, but what's that compared with all the row going on in Lower School and chaps like you and Staire quarreling? Mind you, I haven't asked you in to tea just to jaw you. That would be a rotten trick. But I reckon that in another year's time you and Staire are going to be two of the most important fellers in the House, and you ought to be thinking of that. What's all the row about anyway?"

Jeremy looked Llewellyn in the face. He liked him. He could tell him just how things were. He did. He explained that he and Staire "couldn't stick one another and never would", that he hadn't wanted a row and had done everything possible to keep out of one, that in all probability it wasn't so much Staire's responsibility as that of his followers, Crumb and Baldock, and that anyway he hadn't had anything to do with the flight of the Dormouse, whom he had never touched and had scarcely spoken to.

"Yes, that's all right", said Llewellyn rather awkwardly. "I don't want to preach and Lord knows I don't mean to, but you and Staire are just beginning to be important in the House and the House means more than your private feelings. Oh, I'm a fine one to talk I am, when I've just slacked around and played rugger and never done anything for the House to speak of, but I've only got a year left now and I'm damned sorry I've mucked up my time so. I can look back and see the mistakes I've made. That's why I'm telling you. You'll be a swell at rugger next year and be having a first class time, and it will be damned easy to slack just as I've done. But you shouldn't. You'll be sorry if you do. See what I mean?"

"Yes", said Jeremy. He saw.

"Why don't you and Staire have a scrap? Chaps always feel better after a scrap."

Jeremy nodded his head eagerly. "It's a jolly good idea", he said.

"Staire's not a funk, is he?"

"Rather not."

"Well, you have a scrap and I'll see that Leeson doesn't interfere."

Into the middle of this bellicose conversation came the languid lazy voice of Corner.

"You've got an uncle who's a painter, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes", said Jeremy.

"What does he paint?"

"Oh, sheep mostly — sheep and trees."

"I'd like to see one of his paintings."

"I've got one I could show you", said Jeremy.

"Bring it along some time."

It was time to go. An important thing had happened during this half hour, something of much greater importance than his talks with Leeson. Llewellyn had accepted him as a friend, had told him, brought him into his world and made him a citizen there. The House and her fortunes were something real to him as they had never been before. And then, coming out of Llewellyn's Study, he did a funny thing. He reacted in precisely the opposite direction. Obeying some impulse that he didn't at the time understand, he turned down the pas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sage into the Lower Common Room.

He had scarcely been there during the term except to look for somebody, just to push his head inside and go away again.

But now he wanted to go back as one of themselves. He wanted to prove to himself perhaps that he didn't, as yet, belong to Llewellyn and his friends or, still further, to show, under the influence of Uncle Samuel's wider horizon, that he belonged to nobody, that he was a free citizen of all the world.

He felt embarrassment as he entered. The long room was filled with boys, even as he had always remembered it. It was like a camp of warriors in one of their off hours — boys reading, boys ragging, boys quarreling, boys writing letters, their chins dug into the paper, boys in a solid group round the fire discussing some matter with the grave faces of old men, boys standing on their heads, boys lying flat on their backs on the dusty floor for no apparent reason at all, boys shouting meaninglessly as though they must let the air out of their lungs, boys fat and thin and tall and short, and over them all and through them and under them a babel of noise, of shrieks and yells and screams . . . the infants of Leeson's Lower School disporting themselves.

No one at first paid Jeremy much attention. He had come in searching for somebody or something and would presently go away again. He didn't belong to them any longer. To the new boys of that term he was already like a visitant from another planet.

In his own heart he was loving the racket and rough-and-tumble. Only a short while back he had been a leader of it all, understanding its moods and sensations, pulling it, unconsciously, first this way and that, happy as a young animal, taking no thought for the morrow, living entirely in the moment.

He would have liked to be back there again as only a few months ago he had been. But he knew that he could not. He had moved on.

He joined the crowd by the fireplace. "Hullo Saunders", he said. "Hullo McCanlis." To the boys of that period the immediate event was the thing, and the immediate event just then in regard to Stocky Cole was the game that he had played that afternoon in the House practise. Those that had not witnessed it had heard of it.

Way was made for him by the fire, and two minutes later he was talking away as though he had never left the Lower School. The atmosphere settled about him like a magic spell — the crackle of the fire, the old black beams of the fireplace with all the names scratched onto the wood, his own among the others, the noise on every side of him, the cosiness and warmth and happiness. He was happy as a king.

They very soon forgot that he was not one of themselves and continued their discussion, which was around the old old question as to whether the Lower School was treated with proper respect or no. And as had so often been the case before, the general conclusion was — that it wasn't.

Saunders, a long and lanky boy with red hair, was the principal rebel and he had a great deal to say. Where would the School be without its Lower School? Simply nowhere at all. Who supported all the games, turned out in force at the matches, cheered at the concerts? The Lower School. Without the industrious and active fagging of the Lower School where would the Prefects be? Why, nowhere at all. Moreover, where was the food for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future heroes, where the sportsmen and brilliant brains of the future? Where but in the Lower School?

Suppose the Lower School were to leave in a body and troop off into the sea never to be in evidence again — would not the School tumble utterly to pieces? Of course it would.

But was the School in general sufficiently aware of these undoubted facts? It was not. Did the School do anything for the Lower School, grant it special privileges or show it unexpected favors? Never! On the contrary the Lower School was crushed, inhibited, stamped upon, deprived of its energy and vigor (the noise at that moment in the room might to an unprejudiced observer seem to give the lie to this statement). What then was to be done about it? What steps should be taken? Who would try to raise up the Lower School to the place where it ought to be?

Saunders pausing for lack of breath, everyone joined in at once, and it was quickly evident that there were two parties here and that they were bitterly at war with one another.

These two parties were in fact the two old ones of the Sheep and the Goats; but, as with many another feud in history, the original cause of the quarrel was forgotten (the private struggle between Staire and Cole had quite sunk into the background).

Unfortunately, the dispute became almost instantly personal. Saunders, who inherited from his father, a member of Parliament, a gift of oratory, was considered by many present a little above himself and far too fond of the sound of his own voice, and of this he was at once informed. Who was he anyway to lay down laws for the Lower School and speak as though he owned the place? On which someone else retorted that he had as good a right as any dirty Goat anyway. On this there followed a chorus of Baas, and then on that an outburst of groans intended to represent the familiar cry of the goat. . . .

Someone pushed someone else, someone caught someone round the neck. A movement became general.

It was now that Jeremy perceived that he was out of his element. A year ago, yes even six months back, he would have joined in the fray with a hearty happiness. Now it seemed to him foolish and all about nothing. He slipped away from the fireplace. The rest of the room, attracted by the noise of the dispute, was hurrying toward the fire, shouting, scrambling over tables, sprawling over forms, laughing with the lust of battle.

No one noticed Jeremy. He had almost reached the door when a small boy tumbled into him.

"Hullo!" said Jeremy. "Look out!" Then he saw that it was the Dormouse, but the Dormouse very different from a week or two before, the Dormouse vociferous, Dormouse *vociferans*, Dormouse joyfully militant.

The Dormouse saw him and stopped dead. "Hullo!" he said sheepishly, coloring to the very roots of his hair.

The boys were, both of them, embarrassed.

"How are you getting on?" said Jeremy gruffly.

The Dormouse muttered something. He was staring at Jeremy with all his eyes.

"Pretty decent?" Jeremy asked.

"All right, thanks", said the Dormouse.

"Like it here now?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"Playing footer?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

(The Lower School games were such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a scramble of minute boys tumbling hither and thither that to be clear as to which part of your job you represented was often a problem — more perhaps for the onlooker than the participant.)

The Dormouse was clear enough.

"Halfback", he said.

"Halfback! What, Scrum Half?"

"Yes."

"Oh Lord, I must come and see you play. I could give you some tips."

"Thanks awfully."

"Whose form are you in?" Jeremy painfully continued.

"Martin's."

"Is he decent?"

"Yes thanks."

"Will you get your move?"

"I don't know."

There was a pause. The Dormouse was gazing as though, did he remove his eyes for a moment, Jeremy would disappear.

"Everything's all right now, then", Jeremy said at last.

"Yes thanks."

He smiled. Decent kid. He'd like to give him a few tips about playing Halfback. He . . .

He looked up and saw that Staire, Baldock at his side; was only a step away.

"Look at Stocky Cole making up to the small kids", Staire said, then moved on as though Jeremy were not there.

Wild furious hatred blazed in Jeremy's heart. It seemed to lift him off his feet with its sudden energy, carrying him in midair.

He turned and hit Staire on the mouth.

"You beastly swine", he said. Staire turned.

"All right", Jeremy cried. "Will you fight?"

Staire, very white, nodded.

"Yes — you little cad."

Jeremy waited; then, as Staire made no further movement, nodded. He was breathless with a burning fiery rage.

"Behind Runners", he said, using the old traditional word.

Slowly he went out.

(To be continued)

THE BLOW-DOWN

By Leo C. Turner

SOMETHING loved a stone, and grew a tree
With knuckled roots to hold it to the soil;
Something that knew how wind and water spoil
The set of things.

But earth cast out the stone, in slow degree;
A brook ox-bowed to tire the rooted hand,
And wind drew out the grip upon the land,
With whistling wings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TYRANT

By Liam O' Flaherty

THERE had been a dinner party at the house of Mr. Patrick Sheridan, the solicitor. The guests had all departed but it seemed that they were yet present in the drawing room, which was now perfectly silent, with that intense silence which follows the loud murmur of many voices talking in small groups about a drawing room, discussing various things. The odor of cigarette smoke still hung about the room, although the large bay window had been flung open wide and the soft, warm, autumn night air was drifting into the room silently. Silently it drifted into the silent room where a minute before there had been a babel of murmuring voices. The ash trays on the little low tables about the room were laden with cigarette ashes and there was an American newspaper on the couch by the window where a visitor had dropped it, its leaves now being fluttered gently by the incoming humid autumn night breeze.

Mrs. Sheridan, sitting alone in the drawing room, was so exhausted that she kept thinking the guests had just gone into another room to look at a picture and that they would be back in a moment; although of course she knew her husband was downstairs in the hall seeing them out and she could hear motor cars purring and people crying laughingly, "Good night." "Goodby." "Au revoir."

She shuddered, listening stupidly to the distant sounds, shuddering in her thin evening gown, with the draft from the window she had opened, listening and looking at the fire that had burned low, now drowsily smoldering in its ashen embers. A dying fire in a deserted room.

Her green silk dress shimmered in the firelight spasmodically, as flames spurted up irregularly from the smoldering fire and then died again, striking her and lighting her up, as if urging her to do something. What? She was too utterly exhausted to think but still there was a great cloud of unformed thoughts in her brain — violent, rebellious, dour thoughts. They were yet formless thoughts. They had yet found no expression in her beautiful, mild white face. But her grey eyes had that staring, fixed look about them which is menacing in a woman; the eyes of a timid, gentle woman who suffers meekly and yet is beginning to revolt.

She was aware of that cloud in her brain but all she could concentrate upon was the babel of meaningless murmuring she had heard all evening, the clatter of plates, the terrific anxiety of preparing dinner and attending to her guests, and her husband's eyes always following her; his lowered eyelids, the pouches under his eyes, and his underlip licking his upper lip when he looked at her. So she sat motionless but shuddering slightly, in a chair by the fire, waiting for her husband to return, a flabby woman of forty, with a faded white beautiful face and a mournful look in her grey eyes; two round, thick fingered hands clasped in her lap.

She heard his footsteps on the stairs. She sat up very stiffly. My God, what would he say? He coughed in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throat, a low pompous sound, and then the soft padding of his feet. . . . Why should she be afraid of these sounds? She raised her head and looked around her stupidly with terror in her eyes, saw the open window and wanted to float out through it, away through the void of heaven: the passive flight of a terrified thing, an unconscious movement of limbs with a terrorstricken mind urging them on, away, away. But she did not move, as if something bound her to the approaching feet and to the cougher, coughing.

He entered and closed the door behind him. Then she had to direct her eyes toward his. She saw him, a blurred figure, tall, slim, elegant, groomed, the face that had smiled affably at his guests now sallow and drawn with a malignant temper; a malignant, domineering, furious light in those suave expressionless brown eyes and the underlip raised . . . raised to strike, a thin lip striking upward.

As he approached her, walking slowly across the room, her face became suffused with a pale red color and all her limbs tingled with shame. Why should she fear him? But it was no use telling herself not to be afraid. For many years now she had been quite helpless while he approached her, with his underlip raised, or spoke to her with that malignant glint in his suave eyes; or even while she knew he was thinking of her, preparing to approach her with his underlip raised.

"Helen," he said, "I must remonstrate with you for the last time."

His voice was low, deep, polished. His words were measured, cultured, almost toneless, expressive of no emotion.

"Yes", she blurted out.

Her voice was deep and soft and guttural. As soon as she had uttered the word, it seemed that her whole character had assumed a different aspect. Her voice was like a key that opened her up and made manifest the secret of the pity which her flabby, downtrodden face excited. It was the crude agonizing voice of a beaten thing, stripped of the delicate intonation and refinement which clothes a woman's voice with many interlacing wraps, making it a mysterious intriguing harmony. The sweet delicate voice of a woman stirs the blood with adventurous thought, but the moaning sound of Helen's voice touched the heart with pity.

"You have positively disgraced me this evening", he continued, speaking with his hands behind his back and in a low, calm voice, as if he had no interest in what he was saying. If he had only expressed anger in his voice it would be less cruel, but that cold calm tone gave him the appearance of a martyred man who was remonstrating kindly with his torturer. "Not once during dinner or afterward did you make an intelligent remark. You made no effort to entertain my guests in the drawing room. You sat there stupidly, as if I had beaten you before they came in. I can only imagine that it was deliberate. Otherwise how could you . . . Listen Helen. We have been married ten years. In these ten years I have worked the skin off my fingers to make a career. It was all for the children that I might have had but which you didn't give me . . ."

"Oh!" blurted Helen, putting her hands to her face. But she dropped her hands immediately and stared at him again lifelessly, with her underlip trembling.

"Please don't go into hysterics", he intoned. "Let me finish. I am willing to pass over this. But now that those hopes are gone I am consoling myself with giving all my energy, all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my talents, all my achievements to the service of my country. You know very well I am a candidate for the Senate. Sir Joseph Flynn's support is vital to me. I brought him here tonight *specially*, that you might make a good impression on him. His support would mean that the Catholic Hierarchy would throw their whole weight in favor of my candidature. You have the reputation of being an ardent Catholic. Unfortunately my attitude toward the Church is doubtful."

Mr. Sheridan laughed dryly, a sort of callous sound, like an uttered sneer.

"But although I had definitely *implored* you to use all your efforts to entertain him you were dumb. Dumb, absolutely dumb. Helen, the position is impossible. How, how do you explain it?"

He made a gesture with his arms and strode to the windows. Helen tried to speak, not to explain it or defend herself, but to give utterance to the cloud of rebellious thoughts in her brain; but she remained mute. It had been like a speech in court and there seemed to be no possibility of reply. The terrifying atmosphere of the court was in the room with him. He seemed to carry with him into his drawing room the whole paraphernalia of terror which supported him in court. The intricate structure of society, by the cunning manipulation of which he wormed his way into prominence, even though "his attitude toward various institutions was in doubt", now as always weighed down her simple stupid mind, leaving her quite dumb. He was right. She was dumb. But why could he not be kind to her and let her exercise her simple talents naturally? Was it necessary for her also to be clever? Were not peace and happiness more valuable than . . .

These were some of the unformed thoughts in her brain which she could not utter.

He went on talking, coldly and abusively. She did not understand any longer what he said but every word struck her physically, like a hot iron, burning her flesh and causing her body to vibrate painfully with the concussion of the stroke. She became more and more confused and helpless, until finally she went into a fit of silent hysteria.

At last he noticed her condition and stopped in the middle of a sentence. Instead of relenting or going to her assistance, his face grew still more sallow with anger. He struck his forehead with his palm and said:

"My God! What a burden!"

Then he walked out of the room slowly without saying good night, coughing pompously in his throat, his feet padding softly over the thick carpet.

"What a burden!"

As she swam back to consciousness that phrase was repeated to her again and again. And as she began to think again clearly it was about that phrase she thought. A burden! That put the whole business in a different light. Morals! Scruples! Duty! Burden! And then another phrase which she had read or heard somewhere long ago and which she had regarded for a long time as an evil temptation: "the inalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness".

She thought thus with her eyes shut and it was very silent in the room. It began to grow cold as the fire faded and the night air reduced the atmosphere of the room, lately crowded with warm-breathed human beings, to its own cold pure odorless intensity.

The cold pure air and the silence reminded her of something. She opened her eyes and rose stiffly, a flabby figure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stiffened with sorrow. But there was now a light of determination in her cowed eyes and her brain was clear. The cloud of formless thoughts had broken and its shattered fragments were falling like soothing soft rain after a sultry day. Dropping gently through her body, soothing the flesh that had been lacerated by his words, falling gently in smooth winding streams all over her, washing away everything. Through this rain of thought a new being emerged, rising upward with cool brow and joyous heart, like a parched flower opening its petals to the rain. Her brain, released from its load of depression, was looking courageously at a means of escape from its sufferings and to a new life of happiness.

She stood erect. She threw back her head and pressed her hands down by her sides.

"Do I dare?" she cried. "Do I dare?"

And as she spoke she smiled. Here in the silence of the cold night air it was so easy to dare. The cold air was powerful, beckoning her. The night belonged to it, when it could reconquer the city and turn the turbulent maelstrom of civilization into a cold silent wilderness. Now it spoke to her and called her, beckoning her to fly to the solitude of the mountains, where there would be peace. It was a fitting time to go.

Autumn, when the leaves were dropping and the mountain sides had become grey again and the heather blossoms had died. It was a fitting time for a weary one to seek a quiet place.

She walked to the window and looked out. Over the roofs of the city she could see the mountains.

"I am a burden to him", she murmured. "Then I am better gone. By staying I will only grow to hate him and load my soul with sin. It cannot be a sin to go. I have done my best for him."

And she thought how loving he was when they were married first and she had to support him on her income. And thinking of that, it struck her that he had married her for her income. Her simple mind had never thought of it before. It was this new being that thought of it. In the cold purity of the night, thinking of the peace of the hills, it was possible to understand many things.

"Yes," she said calmly, "I will go."

"There will be many things to do", she added after a pause. "Little things that I like doing. I will get some old person to live with me. Some quiet old person. I will have a cat and there will be little birds about. And we will plant things and watch them grow. And then, I'll forget all this."

The dying fire tinkled, tinkled, cracking the last muscles of its dying embers. The couches recently bearing the impress of chattering human bodies had straightened out. Already her husband was asleep, dreaming of his ambitions.

"He rises late", she said. "I will pack my things now and write him a note. I will be gone before he gets up. Won't it be wonderful to have each day quiet like the last. And to come out in the morning and watch the sunbeams playing on the grey rocks and listen to the birds singing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOROTHY CANFIELD: THE LITTLE VERMONTER

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

NO one has ever questioned seriously the tremendous power in small things. The atom, the electron, even the germ, speak for themselves. They are the Davids and against them the Goliaths of the world have small chance. Consider the unequal contest between a great building and a small stick of dynamite! Little people frequently seem to possess this same driving force, as if their whole being were concentrated will power. Dorothy Canfield once said that if anyone knew what it felt like to live in a small body, in the future he would always choose to be large. There is something quite deceptive about these small people. You would never suspect them of such deadly seriousness. Looking at Dorothy Canfield, it is far easier to believe that she spent much of her youth dancing at West Point than that she has served for several years on the State Board of Education for Vermont. She does not look in the least like the traditional doctor of philosophy, nor as if she learned new languages as a pastime. I believe that Portuguese is the latest of her string of languages, though it may easily be that she has added another in the last few months.

How many people, I wonder, have formulated so definite a philosophy of life as she? Again it is very misleading to think of her as the novelist who lives on the side of a mountain near a little village in Vermont. Perhaps the significant aspect of this circumstance is the fact that her Red Mountain is the mountain pictured on the seal of Vermont! As a matter of fact she is equally at home in France, where she has lived for years at a time. Once she remarked that having an equal number of French and American friends gave one a nice balance in life, for the French women devote themselves too much to their homes and their families, while American women are prone to give themselves too fully to outside interests. Observing the failings as well as the excellencies of both helped one to balance one's own interests.

Variety is what life needs to be well rounded, Dorothy Canfield once told me. You should know country life as well as city life. You should mingle intimately with people of other countries than your own — living among them, not merely traveling through their cities. As an American, it would be well to have at least part of your education in an entirely different section of the country from that in which you live. This last summer she took her own children to a far western ranch, to give them a taste of a life quite unlike either Vermont or France, and the keen joy of a variety of new horses to ride. I recall her comment that every American should live for a little while in the middle west, for without living there easterners in particular can never appreciate the thirst for culture which characterizes these mid-Americans. Unconsciously Dorothy Canfield is apt to give one the impression that their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own life has been very narrow and lacking in experience.

She herself to be sure had a good start in this matter of varied experiences. Her father was president of a number of colleges in the middle west — one in Kansas, and Ohio State University — while in his later years he was librarian at Columbia University. Her mother, who by the way set her daughter a good example by taking a trip around the world at eighty one unaccompanied by any member of her family — dying on the Indian Ocean, she said, would really be no different from dying in one's bed at home — is an artist and author. She also is a little woman with a dynamic quality about her, but her daughter must have inherited her taste for languages elsewhere, since for all her years abroad Mrs. Canfield has not learned to speak French. She once made a unique trip with one of her daughter's French friends who could not speak English. Though they were quite unable to converse with each other they remained in complete sympathy — proving that after all a great part of our converse is not in words. Part of Dorothy Canfield's childhood was passed in playing about her mother's studio in the Latin Quarter. She once observed that bohemia had no lure if you had known it in childhood! There were other weeks in French convent schools — still another phase of life to add to her collection of experiences. For quite a period in the early days of her marriage she lived in Italy. There was also a year studying in Norway. Since she shared the play as well as the work of her Norwegian friends, she could take a mischievous delight in listening to the comments of visitors from her own land discussing a group of natives, with no knowledge at all that one of the "natives" was an especially clever American.

No one of our novelists has had the charge of writing autobiography laid at her door more frequently than has Dorothy Canfield. It is irritating of course, and yet so completely does she identify herself with her characters that it is not strange. If today she suffers and plans with Mrs. Bascomb of "Her Son's Wife", even more did she laugh and dream and have moods of terrifying seriousness with Marise of "The Brimming Cup". Most novelists use material of setting and incident which are familiar to them. In her case there are the deeper spiritual resemblances. She knows at first hand Mrs. Bascomb's passion for children, and very fully does she partake of Marise's articulateness and her need for analysis. She herself longs to think clearly. It is one of her ideals. Many persons say they desire to think clearly, but either their thoughts are gravely bounded or else they know nothing whatever of the true passion for clear thinking — almost for defining the indefinable — which is hers. Yet with it all she is utterly sane. There will come often her hearty laugh, brushing away the cobwebs of abstractions. The practical side of her also finds echo in Marise and her neighborliness. Many authors live at least a portion of their lives in the country, but they remain apart from the community. Dorothy Canfield has always contributed her share — though I am inclined to doubt her statement that her neighbors scarcely know that she writes, since they see her only as a human being. It is clearly a well worn path which leads up the mountain to "Fishers'". She worked with the other women when they made over the schoolhouse to rent as a summer cottage, using the rent money for school equipment. It was almost clear gain, for the energetic Vermonters furnished the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cottage from their own homes, and did all the not inconsiderable work of the experiment themselves.

Living in Vermont on the mountain, the Fishers are interested in reforestation. There is a fine tract planted and preserved in memory of Dorothy Canfield's father. The work naturally was interrupted by their four war years in France. It is strange to think of their selling their wood in Vermont that they might live in France and do war work there. To both Mr. and Mrs. Fisher France was the second home, and they could not be happy until they were helping. There has been another year in France since the war, and several summers, for the Fisher children must be at least bilingual and their mother wanted them to learn early what she describes as the French habit of good work. The ideal of good work is something to cling to in life. This in itself is characteristic of her, for though her family came out of New England, there is nothing of the transcendentalist about her. She is tiny in physique, but her feet rest very firmly on the ground. Good work which demands care in its every detail is not bad as an ideal for living. Too many Americans are satisfied with shoddy accomplishment and even with shoddy dreams.

Novelists sometimes say that life is harder for a young writer today than it was during their own apprenticeship. Perhaps — but perhaps too in looking back from the heights of their success they forget some of the doubts and disappointments. Possibly competition was not quite so keen as it has become. Reputations certainly were made promptly and definitely. Dorothy Canfield was one of those who worked on "The American Magazine" in its youthful days. She was also secretary of the Horace Mann School for two or three years. As a matter of fact, "The Squirrel Cage" was not her first book, though it was her first big success. She had taken her Ph.D. in 1904, had married in 1907, and this novel was published in 1912. In a day when most writers seemed to desire the longest and most impressive name possible, she abandoned the "Dorothea Frances" to which she was born for the simpler "Dorothy Canfield".

Her educational books were published later under the name of "Dorothy Canfield Fisher", to the confusion of not a few readers. The educational books have become a thing of the past, but I have an idea that they subtly modified all her work. Her novels are deeply concerned with the training of children. Whatever else her books may contain, the matter of the supreme importance of children always plays its part. Educational ideals were in her blood, since her father was a college president, and from the first she had been hailed as a novelist of ideas. Nevertheless in the early days of her writing career she had spent a winter in Rome, where she became intimate with Madame Montessori, who was having trouble with the translation of her book. The publisher appealed to Mrs. Fisher for help, with the result that after the translation of the book she wrote "A Montessori Mother" for American mothers and children. Her reason for this was that many of the difficulties of Montessori methods in this country arose from the fact that American children advance more rapidly than Italian children. Consequently, large numbers of Americans found Mrs. Fisher's book more helpful than Montessori's own. There was at this time an amusing story of a woman who had enjoyed "The Squirrel Cage" and, seeing a new book by Mrs. Fisher announced, promptly read "A Mon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tessori Mother", wondering greatly meanwhile at the author's intention! The concentration at this period on educational ideas, combined with the fact that it was the period of the babyhood of her own children, molded Mrs. Fisher's thought perceptibly. The trend was there, however, for we have the teacher who writes novels and the mother who writes novels, without approaching the constructive thinking of Dorothy Canfield.

Ever since their marriage in 1907 in America the Fishers have made their home on Mrs. Fisher's grandfather's farm in Arlington. It was the tenant farmer's house which they took for their own, and Mr. Fisher has done the remodeling himself. Mrs. Fisher can show a series of snapshots revealing the gradual changes made in the bare little New England farmhouse. The postwar generation has set a standard for radicalism hard to match for those who preceded them. Nevertheless it is to be borne in mind that Dorothy Canfield started life as very much a radical. She was an unconventional and strong minded person, who would do nothing simply because it was the customary thing to do. One of her children had a boy for nursemaid. He proved fully as devoted to the baby, and much stronger when it came to lifting him. She might live in New England, but Mrs. Fisher vowed she would never allow herself to be bound, as so many New England housewives were bound, by mere possessions. A home was a necessity, but it should not be so precious that one could not use it or leave it. Life meant more than things! Consequently Dorothy Canfield would have nothing in her house on which she could not easily turn the key when the spirit of wandering came upon her anew. The fine art of living she felt was something more than caring for a house and the dusting of furniture. She must have lived up to her creed, for the little house on the mountain has been closed for a year or more at a time. It was empty several years at the time of the war, and the key must have been left in Vermont, for when the family came home from France they found the house open and a supper awaiting them — though their neighbors had shown the tact to let them enjoy their homecoming unobserved.

All novelists must take their material from the life which they have known, but more than most Dorothy Canfield's work reflects the varied aspects of her life. "The Bent Twig" revealed the life of the university town which she had known in childhood. "The Brimming Cup" was so vivid a picturing of Vermont that all sorts of amusing anecdotes could be told of the persons who believed firmly that she had written her own story. It was certainly a naive touch to believe that a woman who had decided not to leave her husband for a more prosperous lover should confess the fact to the world in a novel! The little American Marise had grown up as a child among French people. Dorothy Canfield herself used to tell of the church on the hilltop which she saw when she first approached France, and the thrill she found in thinking that this was "foreign parts". Never again, she admits, did any portion of the world seem foreign to her. Neale Crittenden — the Neale of "Rough-Hewn" — owes certain aspects of his prosperous, well established youth to memories of Mr. Fisher's boyhood. "Rough-Hewn" stands out to me as an extraordinarily interesting example of the story one is always longing to unravel. So many writers must have yearned to know why it was that their characters, wandering to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each other from the far ends of the earth, ever found and loved each other. No other author, so far as I can recall, has ever worked out the problem. I should say that the writing of it must have required two distinct processes. Taking her Marise and Neale of "The Brimming Cup", those happily married people from their totally different environments, she must first have reasoned back from the Marise and Neale whom she knew to their beginnings. This process was not on paper. The story she tells in "Rough-Hewn" is the story from the beginnings to the night on Rocca di Papa when they discovered their love for each other. This book was not nearly so popular as it should have been, proving no doubt that the public does not care to know too much about the characters of fiction. As in the case of "Raw Material" — where she presented the incidents from which stories are made instead of the stories made from them — it is quite possible that readers never wholly fathomed the significance of her experiment.

Within recent years Dorothy Canfield, the short story writer, has been almost completely superseded by Dorothy Canfield the novelist. Once, however, it hung in the balance in which medium she would excel. There were two volumes of Vermont stories published before the war. "Home Fires in France" and "The Day of Glory" were volumes of war stories actually written while the author was engaged in war work in France. The last of these books was an especially memorable event in her career. These war stories must have been struck off at white heat. There is no other accounting for them. Today there are secretaries, naturally. In the old days there was always the little one room house in the Vermont field with its desk and stove, near enough to her home so that she could look out of the window at her children at play. In its early days the little house was used alternately by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, while the one not writing would take over the responsibility of running the home and watching over the children, that the other's writing hours might be uninterrupted. In France everything was hopelessly different. Mr. Fisher was driving an ambulance. He went over in 1915, if I remember rightly, and his family followed him in a few months, despite the protests of grandparents against taking children into the war country. Not only did Mrs. Fisher throw that large energy of hers into various types of war work, but there was seldom a time when her house was not crowded with children in need of care and shelter. When her own little girl had been seriously ill with typhoid fever, her mother took her to the south of France to recuperate, but even under such conditions she could not escape the demands on her sympathy of other children who had suffered in the war. And even in such busy days as these she found opportunity to visit in the hospital another American novelist whom she had not previously known. That apparent leisure is one of her characteristic qualities. She never seems overburdened nor driven for time, like most of the modern world, though her days are extraordinarily full.

Her house in France was always filled, and in spite of it she managed to write some of the finest things she has ever done. Very early I discovered that Mrs. Fisher's characters are real people to her. She talks of them as she talks of her friends. I observed it first when she was talking of Barbara Marshall and her children Sylvia and Judith in "The Bent Twig". Bar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bara Marshall remains one of her finest, most balanced characters, while the petty snobbery of the western university town remains a vivid memory. Sturdy little Judy and wilful, luxury loving Sylvia have lost nothing of their reality, though in the last twelve years Mrs. Fisher has written of many other children. One reason why I believe her characters are so vividly realized is the fact that they are always in families, and they have all the human connections which real people possess. As a rule there is an almost equally definite background of community life which seems to plant the characters firmly. They are quite tangible. It would not surprise me to find myself talking with Barbara Marshall or Marise Crittenden, or even the formidable Mrs. Bascomb. Could anything be more definite evidence of this than the volume of protest against Mrs. Bascomb and her high handed treatment of the situation which was menacing the chances in life of her beloved granddaughter? I have seen readers almost speechless with rage over Mrs. Bascomb, which after all is very fine appreciation of Dorothy Canfield's ability at character drawing.

Perhaps the sharpest reason for our present disregard of the radical quality of Dorothy Canfield's ideas is that the radicalism of the postwar generation has centred so largely on sex problems. It would be asking a little too much that they should succeed in setting ablaze the older generation — even though they have brought them to knee length dresses and the Charleston!

Dorothy Canfield's sense of humor is keen but she has not wit. Neither does she indulge in the epigram. She has done very effective scenes but she is not a quotable novelist. It comes back, I should say, to the fact that with her the story is the thing. Very earnest people are seldom witty. They have not time to indulge in sideshow. Wit is for those with time to play upon words. Dorothy Canfield is concerned with ideas and with people. She has chapters of passion and beauty, but you must take them as a whole. I personally never lose my delight in that fine love scene on Rocca di Papa. Love scenes may possibly be easy to act, but they are proverbially hard to write. This particular love scene has the added difficulty of opening the book, so that the reader is wholly without emotional reaction with regard to Marise and Neale.

There is neither fear of criticism nor fear of ridicule in Dorothy Canfield. In "The Bent Twig" she tackled that very delicate problem of the little girls with the modicum of colored blood who tried to pass as white children and who disappeared overnight when it was discovered that they were of mixed race. She has a clean literalness in dealing with a situation of this kind — which means that she gives her full meed of sympathy but does not let her sympathy run away with her. One cannot ignore a fact, however much one may sympathize with the victim. Similarly, in "The Home-Maker" — the first of her books to be put on the screen — she refused to ignore that the father was a better home maker and the mother a better business woman. What case has mere convention beside facts? Some trace of Puritanism lingers in Dorothy Canfield. She might, I think, be very lenient if she could discover a human being who had no other human being's claims upon him. The claims of children she places paramount, and with her an adult has no chance at all if he or she is hampering the course of a child's best development. If it is for the best interests of the children, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father should stay at home with them, no matter if the neighbors would laugh at him. If it serves the best interests of Mrs. Bascomb's granddaughter, it is quite justifiable that the mother should spend her days as a nervous invalid. Life sweeps relentlessly on. Because you were scanted in your chance at life is no excuse for scanting a child.

This belief in the supreme right of children has grown on Mrs. Fisher. It has taken the place of her earlier belief in the right of the individual. In "The Brimming Cup" Marise made her choice between her husband and the man who could have given her a renewal of youth and wider opportunities, without excessive emphasis on her children. Vincent Marsh is scarcely reproved when he suggests that Marise is wasting her time doing for her children things which a nursemaid could do as well. Vincent Marsh would doubtless have had a harder time of it with the present Dorothy Canfield!

There are many things which might be said of Dorothy Canfield's work. Her gallery of children is made up of very human little persons, with scarcely a brilliant one in the lot. Some of them are the stolid little Vermonters with their red cheeks and with the fair hair we see in so few sections of the country today. They are real individuals for all that. Her portraits of women are equally noteworthy. It would be hard to find finer, more gracious and lovable women than she has created. There is, I think, an element of the feminist hidden in her which prevents her men from being equally impressive. They are likely to be the weaklings of the story. At least, they serve as backgrounds for their more vital women and children. As a matter of fact, equality between the sexes does not flourish in literature — if it flourishes anywhere. We are born with our inclinations and prejudices.

The later Dorothy Canfield is a trifle breathless and a trifle breath taking, as though she found life bounded for the promulgation of her ideas. A case of the dynamite again. There is such dynamic force in her. Something has to happen. She will not let you be leisurely and complacent. Life is so short and there is so much to be experienced and enjoyed and accomplished. It is the fundamentals of living and not the fashions and bywords of the moment which concern her. Perhaps too it is because she lives away from cities and refuses to be harried by the unimportant. She is modern and she has been a radical, but life is more than either, and she sticks close to the eternal truths. That is why she can be so completely fearless. That is why she holds out both hands to life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILD GEESE

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

BEAUTY is coming north again,
Slanting, eager as the rain,
With necks like arrows on a bow
Across the sky the wild geese go.

Beauty is coming molded by
The high winds of the upper sky
Into wings that burn to be
In a patterned symmetry.

Loveliness comes like a host
Of swift ships headed for a coast,
Every sail and every keel
Pointed at a common weal.

Comeliness in company,
Every wing where it should be,
The great wild geese with necks like kings
Help each other with their wings.

Keen and clean a young desire,
Straight as tongues of evening fire,
Beauty is coming welded bright
From the anvil of spring's might.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Linoleum cut by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

The Spanish Art Theatre — The Yellow Peril — Farewell of the Neighborhood Playhouse — Merry-Go-Round — The Pulitzer Prize Play — Loose Ends

THE theatre might as well have died the death this languid spring season except for one event of which unfortunately we missed the full significance. This was the presentation of Sierra's Spanish Art Theatre with Catalina Barcena who, we are told, is as famous in Spain as Raquel Meller is in Paris and more recently New York. The critics in general went quite mad over Senorita Barcena, avowing that no actress so beautiful, so gifted, and with such rare charm had been seen in this city for many a day. Her bills consisted of "The Cradle Song" which Eva Le Gallienne presented last winter at her Repertory Theatre and which Josephine Hutchinson made important; a piece called "Fragile Rosina", and, of all strange choices, Shaw's "Pygmalion". Having heard the Senorita extolled to the skies we hastened to see why the critics had been bewitched, and by evil luck we found ourself at "Pygmalion".

This was no doing of ours; we did not know what the play was to be until we were in our seat. Now Senorita Barcena may be the most satisfactory Eliza in existence, but there is no way for a reviewer who does not speak her language to know it. Shaw in "Pygmalion" elected to rely entirely on dialogue, and when an actor moves from one chair to another it is about the only action the play contains. While we are more familiar with "Pygmalion" than much of Shakespeare, we had hard sledding trying to follow what was going on. Eliza's delightful Cockney sounded like so much gibberish in Spanish, and the lengthy speeches of the rest of the cast, pointed with satire in English, reminded one of nothing so much as the click of a typewriter. In the star we found an exuberant young woman, without beauty since the critics have emphasized it, who was excellent as a gutter girl and who gave a fairly poor interpretation of a great lady. We were further confused for a full ten minutes by the fact that, owing to a misprint in the program, Catalina Barcena was billed as Mrs. Pearce, the matronly housekeeper, and we gazed astounded at a plump lady with handsome bovine eyes who sported an ill fitting white wig, under the impression that this was Spain's Sweetheart. Another rôle might make us revise the rather poor opinion we have given of the Spanish Art Theatre, but watching "Pygmalion" we were not very happy. The scenery interested us, it was so very Continental. Solid walls blew in the breeze backstage, there were delightful gaps between proscenium and set, and the furniture was as incredible as anything we ever saw in Madrid itself, that city of gorgeous antique and atrocious modern furnishings. A slim audience of Spaniards and South Americans registered devotion throughout.

So much for the Spanish. "Japanese Authenticity Personally Supervised by Sessue Hayakawa"— thus a pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gram note to "Namiko-San". The very lobby of the Selwyn Theatre exuded atmosphere, with the aid of shimmery gold panels and burning incense. And the stage set and drop curtains were lovely to behold. Aldo Franchetti, who has fashioned this "musical tragedy" from an ancient Japanese drama, dedicates it to the diminutive prima donna, Tamaki Miura, who sings the title rôle. Her appearance was a happy example of the abovementioned authenticity; the other characters — with the exception of Graham Maar, a splendidly fearsome villain — looked like nothing so much as Italian opera singers, which to be sure is exactly what they were. After listening to the strange conglomeration of dialects which passed for English, we gave thanks for Maestro Gatti-Casazza's wisdom in having chosen for his recent venture into native opera, "The King's Henchman", a cast of American and English singers. Doubtless we are over-captious, but these discrepancies, plus the vigorous gum chewing of one of the ladies of the ensemble, detracted from the serious mood of the piece. However, the intermezzo, given over to the rhythmic posturing of the spirits of the woods, portrayed by Mme. Julia Hudak, Serge Sergeieff, and their company, we liked without reservations.

The sad final moment had to come when the Neighborhood Playhouse was no more, and it was ironic indeed that the theatre had to close with a fifth and last edition of "The Grand Street Follies". Patrons had come in a reverential mood, preferring to weep rather than to laugh — the scent of asphodel was in the air. But in spite of this handicap the producers, already referred to as gallant, offered a very gay bill indeed. We have a deep admiration for the work of Paula Trueman, Dorothy Sands, and Marc Loebell, but as usual Albert Carroll was the whole show. He has happily returned to his impersonations which are fabulous. With humor and venom he can take such diverse people as Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske — neither to be sure so difficult to imitate — and search out their eccentricities without once having recourse to the mimic's usual tricks. Besides the abovementioned ladies, others to suffer at his hands were Elliot Cabot, John Barrymore, and Mayor Walker. But uptown theatres and their stars provided most of the fun, with Helen Ford, Mary Eaton, Jane Cowl, and their plays among those pilloried. Since no show was chosen which was not popular the victims ought to be flattered at this glorification. Alexander Woollcott, Percy Hammond, and others of the Neighborhood's more articulate critics came in for a taste of the Grand Street whip. The Playhouse is dark, but its final effort still shines, for an uptown theatre offered its hospitality and the entire show moved north, we hope to new triumphs. And unless managers have grown doddering we predict that Albert Carroll's name at least will be featured in white lights. We could wish the same for all the cast — they have provided us with good fun.

Another revue, more commercial in aspect, was presented when Richard Herndon offered "Merry-Go-Round", to our mind an illogical successor for his popular "Americana". The latter show was noted for its wit; the present one unfortunately has none, although an effect of gaiety is achieved. The formula is simple — enough pretty girls with many costume changes, a snappy orchestra jazzing out not unfamiliar tunes, patter dialogue — the Shuberts can do no more. When Mr. Herndon's show has been shaken down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a bit and rubbed up it ought to be good for a summer run. At least we think so. It pleased us enough, although the temperature was not more than sixty in the theatre, and from the lobby came the rumor of snow — certainly a chill enough atmosphere for conservatism. Its first few performances were highly tentative; regular junction waits occurred while call boys went searching for principals, and curtains were drawn aside at unscheduled moments, disclosing surprising sights. One of these pleased the audience more than anything on the program, for they were treated to the vision of a gentleman, seated on the edge of a bathtub, who was not due to be seen for another five minutes. His embarrassment was so intense that he finally made a break for the wings, while all unconscious the couple with their backs to him continued to trill "If Love Should Come to Me". Of course it was an accident, probably rectified by the next performance. It would have been worth the price of admission alone to have it stand, but unhappily managers' minds don't work that way.

William Collier was in the cast, apparently to his surprise — drafted at the last moment, so he remarked, and without much to say about it. He did, however, have a joke on Lindbergh, probably picked up at the Lambs that day. Marie Cahill also appeared. Yes, the same Marie Cahill whose songs captivated Broadway some twenty years ago. She may have been offered as a novelty; we at any rate have not seen her for ages. A respectful platter of applause greeted her, beneath which could be heard sharp whispers explaining who she was. It is sad to think that there are now one, no, two generations of theatregoing age who have never heard her popular songs.

The committee which has the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize for the best American play of the year — we do not recall the exact qualifications — finished its deliberations during the month and made an announcement. We had waited without much interest because already in our mind we had given the prize to "Saturday's Children"; therefore it was in a state of near collapse that we read that "In Abraham's Bosom" had been honored. This was one of the few plays of the winter that we had not seen — occasionally we cheat and keep away from the theatre on the ground that we see so many poor plays that one or two less can hardly make any difference — but not to have seen the Pulitzer Prize Play was disastrous. We remembered at the time that it got some respectful reviews, and that it was all about the tribulations of the colored race; but since it was being produced in the far distant Provincetown Playhouse, and since we were completely fed up on the black man become articulate in play and novel, we decided that "In Abraham's Bosom" could not be very good and passed it by.

But the opportunity to see it soon arose, for the Provincetown Playhouse, groggy from a season which must have been nearly a knockout financially, girded its loins and advertised a return engagement of its prize play. We girded ours also and hurried down. "In Abraham's Bosom" is the biography of a Negro in seven scenes, and in it Paul Green, the playwright, offers his interpretation of the Negro come to mental maturity. His struggles to educate himself and to raise his race are met on every hand by rebuffs from white men and black. In the end of this play Abraham tastes the bitterness of death and all his work is swept away. Now this is not essentially different

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from "The Bottom of the Cup", "Earth", "Goat Alley", "Black Boy", or Carl Van Vechten's novel "Nigger Heaven". In all the Negro who would rise is crushed back into the earth from which he sprang. His tragedy has been the preoccupation of writers from Harriet Beecher Stowe to T. S. Stribling, so Mr. Green cannot be said to have uncovered any startling new evidence in his play. Nor has the theme, in our opinion, been treated with unusual distinction. The lines are lyric, flowing soothingly in cadenced falls, but on the whole they are not very interesting lines; the drama in them is so subordinated that not more than once or twice does it rise to heights, and then only to become melodrama. Further, any play which attempts to span a period of twenty five years is very likely to be a poor play. If the playwright can depict all of a man's mature life successfully in a period of three hours then he will probably be foiled by his actors, who, for all their grease paint, do not often grow old successfully. Before daring to pit our opinion against the distinguished jury which awarded the prize we gave the matter intense thought, and emerged from our reflections convinced that "Saturday's Children" is a better play.

Two Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, "Patience" and "Ruddigore", opened and passed quietly away just a little more quickly than they deserved. It was not that they were so bad as much as that Winthrop Ames's preceding productions had been so good.

Once more we hied to the movies, this time from a play which was dying on its feet. We dived through the portals of the Rivoli nearby and found ourself at the beginning of "Chang". This picture is by the producer of "Grass" and it is worthy of its famous predecessor. Once again, this time in the jungles of Siam, natives are the actors, wild beasts trail their prey, serpents swing from trees, and the age old fight between man and nature goes on. "Chang" is skilled photography combined with thrills.

With this article we close our period of intensive playgoing for THE BOOKMAN. Reluctantly some months ago we decided that attention was due the new novel which persistently remains unfinished so long as there is something else to write; and, as with our more famous predecessor Louis Bromfield, a return engagement in Paris is in the offing. So we offered up the free seats as a sacrifice. In future the theatrical critic will be Mr. Farrar himself, who in THE BOOKMAN'S new management will conduct a department under the title of "Practically Anonymous"—at least we think it is to be called that. Whatever the name, you're bound to find it full of wit and wisdom.

LARRY BARRETTO

THE DRAMA SHELF

"One-Act Plays for Stage and Study, Third Series", preface by Percival Wilde (French).

"Dramas by Present-Day Writers" edited by Raymond Woodbury Pence (Scribner). Plays long and short.

"Stage Costuming" by Agnes Brooks Young (Macmillan).

"Isabel's Eleven" by H. F. Rubinstein (Doran). Four act comedy concerning the clash of generations.

"An Introduction to Drama" by Jay B. Hubbell and John O. Beaty (Macmillan). Plays old and new, long and short.

RECENTLY SEEN IN NEW YORK

"Spread Eagle" by George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister (Scribner).

"The Jewelled Tree" by Garrett Chatfield Pier (Putnam).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Oil is one of the chief protagonists in this unvarnished tale of a recent presidential régime.

WHILE THE EARTH SHOOK — Claude Anet — *Bard.* This first (apparently) authentic account of the transition from Kerensky to Trotzky would redeem a less worthy novel of Petrograd society.

* YOUNG MEN IN LOVE — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* A violently sentimental author turns serious and thereby loses some of his mannerisms though none of his Mayfair.

THE IMMORTAL MARRIAGE — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* Mrs. Atherton breathes life into that fascinating feminist Aspasia, and the great figures who surrounded her.

DAWN — Irving Bacheller — *Macmillan.* A reconstruction of biblical times admirable for its simplicity and its human note.

* MARCHING ON — James Boyd — *Scribner.* Mr. Boyd brings to this Civil War tale the stirring qualities that set apart his Revolutionary "Drums".

* EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* New England depicted unsparingly — and memorably.

* A GOOD WOMAN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* In which we zigzag between the Town and a missionary hut in Africa, in company with some strange personalities. (*See page 710.*)

BROTHER SAUL — Donn Byrne — *Century.* An interesting attempt to give us a rounded portrait of the militant apostle.

RUSTLE OF SPRING — Clare Cameron — *Doran.* The wife of Thomas Burke tells of her early life in the slums of London. A simple and lovely story.

THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE — Karel Capek — *Macmillan.* A riotously unbridled fantasy of a cringing world dominated by an Absolute Force.

WHEN *Is* ALWAYS? — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* Struggling geniuses may find inspiration in this tale of one who was hard put to it to solve his problems.

DOOMSDAY — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* Though the novelist is skilful in building up character and atmosphere, his account of a girl who finds hollowness in riches doesn't quite ring true.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* This fine study of father and son may or may not prove too sentimental for your taste.

BUT YESTERDAY — Maud Diver — *Dodd, Mead.* The spirit of a dead man exerts a discomforting influence over the lives of those he leaves behind.

THE CASE BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES — A. Conan Doyle — *Doran.* The reappearance of the famous detective and the no less famous Watson brings joy to many a faithful heart. Great stuff for the detective fans.

*GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Professor Erskine turns the trick again, even more successfully than in the case of the beautiful Helen. (*See page 616.*)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The *coup* which proclaimed to an astonished proletariat that an academician has his lighter moments. (*See page 616.*)

*MOTHER KNOWS BEST — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Eight novelettes in which Miss Ferber again demonstrates her power to see life whole.

ALMA — Margaret Fuller — *Morrow.* An all embracing love with its attendant joys, sorrows, disappointments, and final happiness is described in phrases of singular beauty.

SUN AND MOON — Vincent H. Gowen — *Little, Brown.* Only first hand knowledge of the real China could have produced such a clear picture of its closely guarded family life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOLD BENDIGO — Paul Herring — *Lippincott.* Meeting all and sundry with fists or gloves and with never a foul blow, he fairly earned the championship belt.

CONFETTI — Sophie Kerr — *Doran.* Studies of American life of rich flavor and rare color.

ELMER GANTRY — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* This exposé of Big Business in the church continues its hold on the reading public.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN — Lynn and Lois Seyster Montross — *Harper.* Doings of the younger generation in bohemian New York.

FOREVER FREE — Honoré Willsie Morrow — *Morrow.* Abraham Lincoln to the fore, this time in connection with a beautiful southern spy masquerading as social secretary in the White House.

THE SEA GULL — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Juanita is forced out of the California ranch which has always sheltered her from an unknown world, but Mrs. Norris sees her safely through.

THE INTERLOPER — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Being a Duke has its difficulties, as this young man discovers before he at last finds his equilibrium.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Mother gets the decision in the struggle to adjust her son's life.

BLACK APRIL — Julia Peterkin — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Life among the Negroes on an isolated Carolina plantation by one who knows whereof she writes.

THE SON OF THE GRAND EUNUCH — Charles Pettit — *Boni, Liveright.* Backstairs court life at Pekin fifty years ago is hit off with a lightly satirical, humorous touch.

SPRING TIDES — R. E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* A veritable epic of the life of a hand logger in British Columbia, with love interest woven into its intricate plot.

THE MAGIC GARDEN — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* Wherein flowers, moonlight, and a boy violinist bring joy to a little girl whose life is devoid of everything but riches.

* LOST ECSTASY — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* A fine story of the new west and the old east, in which Mrs. Rinehart shows a few tricks to the "heavy" novelists. (*See page 710.*)

* GIANTS IN THE EARTH — O. E. Rölvaag *Harper.* A great epic of the settling of the western plains, translated from the Norwegian of this Norse American college professor.

THAT RIDICULOUS WOMAN — Leonard Rossiter — *Dutton.* Lovers of the bizarre will be pleased with this careful study of a vain woman whose defective body distorted her soul.

THE TAVERN KNIGHT — Rafael Sabatini —*Houghton Mifflin.* Cavaliers and Roundheads are at swords' points throughout this highly exciting tale.

THE OLD COUNTESS — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* Beneath the somewhat melodramatic exterior one senses that sure grasp of character and background that always distinguishes Miss Sedgwick's work.

THE PLUTOCRAT — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* If you've ever been a tourist you'll get special fun out of it; but even the mere citizen can enjoy a laugh at some of his fellows.

HIGH WINDS — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* Anyone desiring light on the intricacies of Paris divorce will do well to study this novel of life as it is lived in American society.

TYPHON'S BEARD — John Vasseur — *Doran.* A story of early Greece told after the manner of John Erskine.

AW HELL — Clarke Venable — *Reilly, Lee.* War stuff that has made a quick leap into the best seller class.

TWILIGHT SLEEP — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Mrs. Wharton lifts the veil behind which New York society seeks to escape reality.

THE EYE IN ATTENDANCE — Valentine Williams — *Houghton Mifflin.* Mystery and psychology, cleverly blended, sustain the reader's interest.

THE SMALL BACHELOR — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran.* There is only one Wodehouse and this novel is in his very best manner — than which there is none funnier.

THE MALLETTS — E. H. Young — *Harcourt, Brace.* Difficult psychological problems are neatly disposed of in this chronicle of an English home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS —

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

The new editions here listed offer a fruitful field for the reader who has time beyond that required for keeping up with the latest outpourings.

"The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe" — "Vasari's Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects" — "The Poems of Charles Kingsley" — Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" — "The Boy Slaves" by Mayne Reid (Dutton — Everyman's Library).

"Down Stream and Other Works" by J. K. Huysmans (Covici).

"C[illegible]" by Stendhal (Boni, Liveright).

"The Peasants" by Ladislas Reymont (K[illegible] Four volumes in one.

"Growth of the Soil" by Knut Hamsun (Knopf). Two volumes in one.

"Stingo"

SO far as novels are concerned this month, this final month, I have nothing to say. "Lost Ecstasy" (Doran) by Mrs. Rinehart is by far her best book, and I should review it here had it not been so admirably described by Mr. Overton in the July issue of the magazine. Louis Bromfield's "A Good Woman", which the house of Stokes releases a few days after the appearance of this issue, will be read avidly. Mr. Bromfield and his admirers, among whom I am one of the most constant, must forgive me if I do not find it quite so fascinating as "The Green Bay Tree" or "Early Autumn". I enjoyed it, however, as much as I did "Possession". Undoubtedly the most interesting book on the desk is "Trader Horn" (Simon, Schuster), that amazing performance of an old Englishman sojourning in South Africa, edited by Ethelreda Lewis with an introduction by John Galsworthy. Mrs. Lewis was admirably suited for the golden gift which chance wafted her way in the person of Alfred Aloysius Horn. If you have read her novels, you know that she has a strong sense of beauty and mysticism, and a rare feeling for pungent incident. The fact that she sometimes confuses drama with melodrama and writes far too well for her plots, has been her strength in this non-fiction book. The result is a narrative of adventure in every way a masterpiece. It is exciting and pathetic. It is filled with rare and quixotic observation. It is one of those literary accidents that occur once in a generation and for which we should all thank the kindly muses. John Galsworthy says that the book has "stingo", and I am grateful to him for making use of a word which was badly needed to eke out the vocabulary of weary journalists and tired blurb writers. Here, certainly, is a book that you can safely take with you wherever you are going this summer!

The Testament of Neuroses

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S personality is vastly interesting, and he knows it. It was far more interesting when he was less self conscious; but here I am not on very sure ground, for it occurs to me that one of the most interesting things about him is the fact that he has always been pretty self conscious. He publishes now "A New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Testament" (Boni, Liveright) dedicated to Horace Liveright, a dedication which partly belies that he is self conscious. He is, at any rate, daring! This strange little book has undeniable charm. It is darned queer. I should like to see what some psychologist would make of it, setting it alongside the prophetic books of Blake, of which, perversely enough, it reminds me. There again the self conscious motif comes in; for I doubt if Blake knew just how strange he was, while I am perfectly certain that Mr. Anderson thinks he is a lot stranger than he is. There is a good deal of rhythmic beauty in these fragments of distilled ego. They will remind you also of Whitman, of Carpenter, of the ramblings of James Oppenheim. And, when all's said and done, they betray one of the most interesting and manysided personalities imaginable. All of Sherwood Anderson, and of a great many other people, is in the poem called "One Who Would Not Grow Old". I quote a part:

> I have wished that the wind would stop blowing, that birds would stop dead still in their flight without falling into the sea, that waves would stand ready to break upon shores without breaking, that all time, all impulse, all movement, mood, hungers, everything would stop and stand hushed and still for a moment.
>
> It would be wonderful to be sitting on a log in a forest when it happened.
>
> When all was still and hushed, just as I have described, I would get off the log and walk a little. . . .
>
> There would be no movement in Chicago, in New York, down by the stock exchange, in towns, in factories, on farms. . . .

Decorative Mr. Simonson

LEE SIMONSON is one of our best designers of stage scenery. That he writes with care and precision and that he has ideas worth the clothing in words is proved by a slight but provocative volume, "Minor Prophecies" (Harcourt, Brace). Among other things, Mr. Simonson doesn't like too many *objets d'art* in museums, and how heartily most folk will agree with him! Properly to house the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum, all of Central Park should be used. This is only one of Mr. Simonson's contentions, although it is the one which he most emphasizes. It is natural that an artist in the theatre should stress the social implications of art, and such an emphasis seems vital in these times. I cannot help wishing that Mr. Simonson would write more frequently, and that he would write more definitely on the theatre, of which there is much to be said, and of which so much that is said is opinionated and ridiculous. I imagine that Mr. Simonson would be opinionated, but he certainly would not be ridiculous!

Poetry at Home and Abroad

"OXFORD POETRY, 1926" (Appleton) leads me to wonder if there is any originality left among the English undergraduates. For this yearly anthology shows grace, intellectuality — everything but poetic fire. However, the collection is far and away ahead of most American college verse anthologies, so it is scarcely wise to carp. Turning from this slim blue book to six more of Simon and Schuster's "Pamphlet Poets", I must compliment them on their wisdom and selection. The most interesting of the six, to me, is "Four Negro Poets". There is also a charming collection of poetry from "The New York Wits", wits before 1900, in case you are afraid it includes the smart young men of today. The most surprising pamphlet is that containing the work of Witter Bynner,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surprising because one forgets what a good poet he is. Of Emily Dickinson one needs no reminder, nor of Emerson, nor of Edna Millay; but the meat of them is in these pamphlets. What an excellent thing they should prove for poetry courses, for those who would really understand the progress of American verse. I should like to suggest to these progressive publishers that they include in their series some entirely new poets. It is becoming increasingly difficult to bring new poets to the attention of the public without much loss on the part of the publishers. Nor do I think it particularly good for a poet to publish a slim volume of verse before the public is ready to receive such a volume. Its only result is a sense of personal satisfaction to the poet and a sense of having done a good deed, or perhaps a very bad one, on the part of the publisher. I see no reason, however, why a good deal of interest might not be awakened by allowing a certain number of young poets to make their début in this pamphlet form.

California and Connecticut

THE book of quiet prose describing natural beauties is rare. Two of them are available this month. Mary Austin's exquisite picture of California mellows with the years, and in a fine new edition "The Lands of the Sun" (Houghton Mifflin) proves again what a great writer of prose she is. It is a book to dream over. It evokes visions of mountains and valleys, it clothes them with historic picturesqueness and with a mystical quality. If words could destroy, Mrs. Austin's estimate of present day California society would be far more effective than another earthquake. At any rate, this book remains one of the finest of American nature books. "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye" (Houghton Mifflin) is certainly not so fine a book; but it is a companionable volume of essays of a wanderer in Connecticut, that most companionable of states. I don't know why more people do not take walking trips through Connecticut. There are fascinating old towns off the common roads infested by automobiles. There are hills quite as beautiful as those of any other section of the country, woods, streams, and, best of all, houses that are unsurpassed in their old fashioned loveliness. Odell Shepard is the tramp who understands the winsomeness of simple and yet somehow unexpected joys along the road. He has a fancy for flowers and birds. He is a nature lover, with enough sentiment to be honestly a lover and not enough to be sentimentally a nature faker. In these days when I should like nothing better than to see the last of the towers outside my office window and take a knapsack on the back, I heartily recommend these two excellent books.

— *J. F.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

LITTLE LIVES OF GREAT MEN

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

LIVES of great men have a way of reminding us how fortunate one is never to be the likely subject of a biography. To write memoirs oneself would be different, though of course the most interesting things never can be told. Even to be at the mercy of one's friends — without the opportunity to bluepencil or suggest — is a terrifying thought. To be sent out upon the stage not in the poor trappings you have been able to fashion for yourself, but as you are seen through someone else's eyes, is a consideration to bid one pause on the very threshold of a public career. A biography is a perilous undertaking — for the subject of it. No matter how conscientious the biographer, he can see his subject only through the medium of his own nature.

Is it not significant that a biography of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus should appear entitled "A Greater than Napoleon", when Napoleon was just trying his first flights some two thousand years after the battle of Zama? Yet here is the mighty Roman vouched for by the little Corsican! It is hard indeed for the present not to show its condescension toward the past!

In our day fiction and biography have drawn close to each other. I suspect that "the new biography" owes more than it will ever admit to the biographical novel. Certainly there are times when fiction and biography intersect. When it comes to autobiography, it is fairly certain that the only really good writers of it are good story tellers! Plenty of people seem to take a morbid delight in confessing their sins in this manner, but whether they can tell the truth is another matter.

More often than not, as in the case of these memoirs of Catherine II, out of their own mouths self chroniclers assassinate their greatness. As an historical document Catherine's autobiographical fragments are interesting, and to the biographer the facts of the Empress's life they contain must be important. On the other hand, though we may have abandoned the old heroic ideal of the Semiramis of the North with her three hundred lovers, this weeping girl, preyed upon by the Empress Elizabeth and her minions, is a pathetic and disappointing figure. There is little here to suggest the woman who could murder her own husband and seize his throne. Biographies should leave us some illusions, and this Catherine is neither dangerous nor great.

Catherine lacks the elements of a showman. She could learn a lot from our other autobiographer, Mr. P. T. Barnum. It might be interesting to know what he would have done with her adventurous career! In her narrative are too many tears and scoldings, and the portrait of the inadequacies of Peter III is so convincing that one suspects her of trying to influence the jury. This Grand Duke gets his girl bride to lock the door that he may play with his toys, and he openly exults over his accession to the throne on the very day of the Empress Eliza-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beth's death. We would almost like this foolish Peter to know that the girl he ignored could stamp him out of existence and send her name hurtling to the four quarters of the earth. It might at least have earned her his respect.

Mr. Barnum in contrast knows far too well how to advertise himself before the public. He not only wrote his own story but he sold it himself. All the time he is intent on proving to you what a fine fellow he is. Even when he confesses his humbugs he is suggesting quite plainly that it is something after all to be able to fool the American people. And he never neglects an opportunity — along with his accounts of Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind and the American Museum he tells you the secret of how to make money and how he fooled the public, and with an equally naive gesture he shows you his press.

These four biographies, of Scipio Africanus, Balzac, Tchekhov, and Thomas Paine, have this in common: that they are written, not to strip away false greatness, but to settle the laurels more firmly on deserving brows. The first three men can lay claim to genius, and Paine is not without elements of greatness. The Tchekhov is a collection of reminiscences of the great man by his friends, together with some hitherto unpublished fragments. The Tchekhov and the Balzac plainly are little books about great men. They add little, even if they do not detract. The Paine biography, on the other hand, and the biography of Scipio Africanus are interpretative if not creative works. One is at least at the right end of the telescope.

Paine is one of the few of his sex who can truthfully plead to being greatly misunderstood. His head may be still unbowed but it is distinctly bloody. How should it fail to be, when Gouverneur Morris as representative of the American people whom Paine had served in their own war for independence allowed him to languish eleven months in a French prison, where he had been cast when he failed to see that a wholesale murder of the aristocracy was legitimate warfare! As late as the days of our twenty sixth president that gentlemen, never reticent about his opinions, referred to Paine as "a filthy little Atheist". The term carried the same sort of accuracy as the nomenclature of the Holy Roman Empire, for Paine was elegant, certainly taller than Roosevelt, and not an atheist. An Englishman by birth, Thomas Paine came to this country, served in the Continental Army, and in the darkest hour of the war stiffened the spirit of the army with his pamphlet on "Common Sense". He did to be sure criticize the Bible in "The Age of Reason", but he wrote in the very shadow of the guillotine "The Rights of Man" — a classic in our own as well as in a preceding day.

The nearest to great biography of any of these books is that of Scipio Africanus — despite its patronizing title. It lifts the great Roman from the mists of antiquity, and shows him possessed not only of military genius but of a statesmanship from which the modern world could learn much. It was Scipio who volunteered to command the campaign in Spain when Hannibal was already ravaging Italy and Rome's generals were in despair. After his victorious campaign in Spain he opposed the entire Roman Senate, insisting that Rome must now wage an offensive war. When they refused him an army by public authority, he managed to raise one of volunteers, trained them in Sicily, and carried the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war into Africa. The test of his strategy lay in the fact that when great Carthage had sued for peace, he imposed such generous terms of peace that Hannibal himself demanded that his country accept them gratefully. He laid the foundation of the policy which made Rome greatest — the policy of making always a better and securer peace. It was the prosperity and prestige of Rome he sought, and vindictiveness he felt only engendered another war. The moderation of his terms to Carthage at the close of the Second Punic War, compared with the terms of the Peace of Versailles, is none too good a recommendation for the Christian Era.

There are many drawbacks to being a great man, and not the least are the biographies. It is easier to render a little man interesting than a great man great. There are not many Lytton Stracheys in a generation, and Strachey made his most flattering success with a dull German woman. Perhaps there should be a conspiracy of silence about these great men. Certainly only Scipio, the far off Roman, seems to retain the habiliments of greatness — and he was nourished on the formidable Roman virtues!

Memoirs of Empress Catherine II. Selected, edited, and translated from the German by Katharine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf.

Struggles and Triumphs, or The Life of P. T. Barnum. Written by Himself. Edited with an introduction by George S. Bryan. Alfred A. Knopf.

Anton Tchekhov: Literary and Theatrical Reminiscences. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. George H. Doran Company.

Balzac. By René Benjamin. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. Alfred A. Knopf.

Thomas Paine, Prophet and Martyr of Democracy. By Mary Agnes Best. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A Greater Than Napoleon: Scipio Africanus. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Little, Brown and Company.

EUGENICALLY SPEAKING

By Will Cuppy

IT has long been evident to thinking men and women that mankind must be surpassed, or at least pretty thoroughly revised and improved. We all hope that as time goes on mankind will snap out of its present ways, become less of a general pest, and develop a number of the attributes appropriate to a truly worthwhile species. That this hope is not just so much blah seems to be indicated by "The Next Age of Man", Albert Edward Wiggam's latest gift to the reading public.

Mr. Wiggam states: "There are, here and there, people who are naturally good, naturally sane, healthy, intelligent and long-lived. These people are naturally happy and naturally civilizable. I believe that through the use of the new instrumentalities of science these people are going, in the course of no great time, to constitute the main body of the population." This thesis he defends with an imposing outlay of erudition and dialectic, great moral fervor and liberal quotations from research workers in the field of the social sciences. The work might well be called the current bible of eugenics.

Since, as the author rightly asserts, "practically all questions are eugenical questions, all happenings are eugenical happenings", the scope of the work is anything but small. The world and all it contains or may contain is Mr. Wiggam's oyster, especially in re genes, hormones, prohibition, disease, war, birth control, reproduction, heredity and environment. The heredity-environment problem, over which so many readers and writers have gone stark, staring mad, is so handled as to illuminate some of the dark places for the layman and at the same time con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siderably to bolster up the eugenical argument.

Nor may Mr. Wiggam's manner be described as academic in the worst sense. A few of his captions run, "Men Are Not Different from Potatoes", "Cupid's Arrows Fly Faster and Farther", "Intelligent People Live Longer", "Beauty and Brains Go Together", "No Sunday School in the Jungle", "Stage Beauties Not Dumb Doras". Students who, for one reason or another, cannot cope with Mr. Wiggam's sensational announcement of recent laboratory findings which "warrant us in believing that the complete control of reproduction will very shortly be placed in human hands" may skip to the chorus girl intelligence tests or to the observations made by Mr. and Mrs. Wiggam "upon the beauty of women's feet as correlated with intelligence and moral character".

Mr. Wiggam has faith that one day men will come to act from eugenical considerations, from social rather than from individual passion. He thinks that "we can so train the intelligence that it will guide the emotions to a sound and happy life of effective social behavior", and is yet aware that always man "will be a damn fool if he gets half a chance" — a tendency which many forward lookers fear may in the long run undo the whole eugenical program. He is an idealist fighting on the side of science (i. e., intelligence) for a more livable world "by the breeding of a larger and larger number of better and better people". He leaves us with a pleasing picture of the coming bio-psychological age, the symbols and instruments of which will be "the cradle, the home, the school, and the temples of religion, art and science".

As with all such books, it would be possible for the trained argufier to stop at almost any point and grow apoplectic in rebuttal. The prize news of the study — that concerning the complete control of human reproduction by new knowledge of the hormones — will only enrage some readers when they come to the statement that a few of the details in this knowledge are still missing. They're working on those now. Others will foam and froth at the author's tedious moral sermons while agreeing with him in the main that "not only do the good, old-fashioned virtues pay, but it pays enormously to educate people in their practice". The savants who supply Mr. Wiggam with his data can hardly object to all this extra-biological material, when he goes out of his way to say that "research scientists have probably the highest average virtue of any group of similar numbers in the world's history".

The section in which Mr. Wiggam sets out to squelch forever "the notion of the immoralities and eccentricities of men and women of genius" is particularly trying. Since it seems to Mr. Wiggam that it is to his advantage as a eugenist to prove that persons of great ability are persons of high moral character, that "the higher up we go in skill — that is, in intelligence — the higher up we go in sound morals and good citizenship", naturally he proves it with miles to spare. He shows that "men and women of ability, talent and genius are the most virtuous persons in the world" and strong, healthy persons to boot by the simple method of claiming the outstanding examples of the opposition camp for his own. If he gets his geniuses mixed up with a rabble of well known persons and bright schoolchildren, his findings should at least convince the mental elect that they are as good as anybody else.

At his best Mr. Wiggam is far from owlish. With great good nature and not a few palpable hits he deals with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such critics as Clarence Darrow, who once declared that he would rather have the none too respectable Jukes family for neighbors than the cantankerous Edwardses with all their theologians, scientists, diplomats, college presidents, and what not. It is perhaps too late now to attempt to remove the sting or the fun from Mr. Darrow's inspired remark. Mr. Wiggam must chalk it up to profit and loss and, if possible, forget it. From whatever cause, public opinion seems to be swinging once more definitely toward the Jukeses, who have kept the sociologists in copy now these many years. The observer with no axes to grind feels ever and again that a family with so much *joie de vivre* cannot and should not be regarded as a total loss to the community.

Unless the reviewer is losing his critical cunning "The Next Age of Man", like "The New Decalogue of Science" and "The Fruit of the Family Tree", should be a best seller. In fact, the best seller quality sticks out all over it. Mr. Wiggam makes favorable mention of enough prominent American professors to sell out several large editions to them and their relations to start with. And gracious knows there are enough of us in need of a popular exposition of eugenics to do the rest. Whether or not he agrees with the whole book, the reader is constantly provided with stimuli to mental gymnastics and counter arguments. When he has perused and pondered each word in this sizable study he can feel that he has, indeed, done a good day's work.

The author does not attempt to conceal the catch in the treatise. He says in his introduction, "Should this entire volume be wrong, it will nevertheless be of service in getting that much of the discussion out of the way, and making its error manifest." Elsewhere he remarks, quite as frankly, "I am merely citing these examples as they come casually to my mind, not to show how much we know about the biology of man and the biological effects of civilization, but how appallingly little we know — at least how little we know that is significant." And that's something.

The Next Age of Man. By Albert Edward Wiggam. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

SONGS FOR A NEW DAWN

By Herbert B. Benjamin

SOMETHING of the joy in poetic reawakening that marked the half dozen years before America entered the World War appears in the poems of the late Helen Birch Bartlett. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive", to be an imagist or an impressionist — or just to feel that when one wrote verse there were listeners. Mrs. Bartlett, although far from being one of the greatest of that day, found expression for what she had to say. Other influences might easily have led her into facile inanities. As it was, she wrote her little well.

The tramping feet of the cornfield poets is in the "Paintrock Road" of Edwin Ford Piper. Here and there one sees the trick of speech that he has learned from others — but the trick is usually a good one and he uses it with discretion.

In this day one still finds a writer of parts rooted to the most tedious of traditional ways. "The Lone Adventurer" of Stanton A. Coblentz is a carefully rhymed and planned didactic poem that might have been turned out fifty years ago. The wonder is that someone should attempt diluted Tennysonianism at this date.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not that the themes that served Tennyson are necessarily outworn. "Tristram" is Edward Arlington Robinson's latest proof that the Arthurian legend is as modern as it was Victorian or mediæval. Mr. Robinson has followed his own chosen path so quietly and written so well that even Mark Van Doren's sympathetic book of analysis and appreciation can uncover little hidden matter in poems that interpret themselves — and can tell next to nothing of a sequestered life.

The sonnet sequence is always with us, and seldom indeed do more than a few of the sonnets that compose it escape being a bit tedious. When several are memorable and nearly all are readable, as is the case in the slender sheaf written by Amory Hare, the achievement is notable.

We have had Negro poems a-plenty these years, spirituals and city songs, dialect poems and lyrics for jazz. Now we have the versified Negro sermon. James Weldon Johnson should know what the preachers of his race sound like, but the seven sermons of "God's Trombones" sound too good to be true. Which is to say that they are very good.

Ever so alien to all of this American verse (and, except for Mr. Coblentz's stanzas, it is all American in savor) is the volume by Sheila Kaye-Smith, "Saints in Sussex". Here we have a Crucifixion and a Nativity and a series of poems for saints' days planted in Sussex. The result is interesting and quaint in a studied fashion. The ventriloquist's dummies which serve as characters are quite devoid of any of the emotional power that inheres in the subject matter. If most of the American poems show that they have some difficulty in achieving a manner of expression, this English series reveals that too much manner can extinguish even momentous matter.

Capricious Winds. By Helen Birch Bartlett. With a biographical note by Janet A. Fairbank and an appreciation by Harriet Monroe. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Paintrock Road. By Edwin Ford Piper. The Macmillan Company.

The Lone Adventurer. By Stanton A. Coblentz. The Unicorn Press.

Edwin Arlington Robinson. By Mark Van Doren. The Literary Guild of America.

Sonnets. By Amory Hare. The Macmillan Company.

God's Trombones: Seven Negro Sermons in Verse. By James Weldon Johnson. Drawings by Aaron Douglas. The Viking Press.

Saints in Sussex. Poems and Plays. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE WEST THAT WAS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ALAN LEMAY gives us a story of the oldtime west which will be a delight to every oldtime westerner. After the dreariness of invincible and tireless super-heroes, it is refreshing to follow the iron fortunes of Slide Morgan, who is in no way greatly good, or wise, or strong. — Not even especially lucky. Nor does he dwarf and dominate the other men of the story. On the contrary, he is human, normal, real: "a single man on horseback — most remarkable like you".

This is as it should be. The star system was never practised on the Free Range. Talky Peters, Jake Downey, a dozen others — not to mention certain of the Cheyennes — are in every way as forceful and convincing as Slide Morgan. Abner Cade, who in the movies would be the "heavy", is here portrayed as a man whose actions are the explainable result of causes given; who is justified to his own mind: a grim, implacable figure, not monstrous, not even to be dismissed without your forced respect.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is pleasant to note that after hard riding Slide Morgan's horses get hungry and tired, that Slide Morgan himself gets hungry, weary, and stupid for loss of sleep; that when he is shot through the wrist he suffers pain, torture, weakness — fever at last; that the wound leaves him maimed and helpless for weeks after. Slide twists a tourniquet above the "gory mass that had been his wrist"; whereas most men — in books — would never have noticed such a thing until their attention was called to it. Again, when Slide meets his enemy and shoots, he not only misses him, but misses by a wide margin. This happens often, but not in books.

Alan LeMay's cowboys act, think, and speak like — cowboys.

> He poured himself a cup of coffee, blew on it, and tasted it warily. "Well, then we rode some. It run along two-three weeks—"
>
> Then they rode some. . . ! Days of hard riding on jaded mounts; days without food, days without water; weeks in the saddle, with guns always loose and ready in their holsters; nights of forced travel, nights without sleep, sleep without rest; a hundred hardships, three running flights, as many desperate rides with riflery behind — all these Talky Peters dismissed with five words. "Well, then we rode some." That covered it as far as Talky was concerned.

Compare this with Charlie Siringo's recent autobiography, "Riata and Spurs". Siringo says (page 91):

> After leaving these lakes we were two days and nights without water.

They had 2,500 head of cattle; but that is his report of those forty eight hours. Doesn't it sound exactly like Talky's version of his anabasis?

After shelves of "epochal, poignant, artistic" books where interminable description of unessential things — millinery, porcelain, and junk — gives all the rich effect of a mail order catalogue, it is a relief to hear men who give you facts, and credit you with intelligence to realize what these facts mean.

Of the epic flight of the Cheyennes, I prefer to say little. The story is terrible, splendid — and true. Read it for yourself; and if you find no beauty on the page where Slide Morgan haggles out the moccasins for Little Frog, send the bill to me.

If to compel your interest is the test of a book, then this is a book indeed. You forget that it is not the actual record of facts.

Sophisticates and Euramericans will not read this book: nor would they know what is meant when I say that Alan LeMay's men worthily uphold the Great Tradition.

Painted Ponies. By Alan LeMay. George H. Doran Company.

WHY RELIGION?

By Charles W. Ferguson

HORACE M. KALLEN, who now lectures in that sanctuary of deposed professors, the New School for Social Research, has written a book which I should like very much to admire. His book, "Why Religion", is not so much an attempt to raise once more the question, Why should we have religion anyway? as it is a rather successful if somewhat flatulent endeavor to discover the seat of religious behavior — an effort to explain human behavior in terms of religious belief and practice. Such a work seems to me just as timely and important as "The Foolish Question Book". We have been treated to such a motley and gibbering host of books with special pleadings that we have quite lost our power to view religion with any more detachment than that exercised by an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archbishop. These special pleadings range all the way from the high blown vagaries of theosophy to the heavy handed attacks upon the Bible which end by presenting that blessed document as a piece of hooligan pornography. To a confusing literature on the subject of religion have been added religious practices at once so monstrous and ridiculous that it has become almost impossible to talk of religion without an emotional upheaval centring in the viscera.

For these reasons, Mr. Kallen's more or less objective comments should be welcome. His basic idea is that the religious attitude is one induced by crisis, either in the life of the individual or in the history of the nation. This brings into play that primitive credulity which causes us to think that we can use preternatural forces for our own advantage. In times past the attempt to control these forces has been apparently successful, and so the idea gets abroad that the effort can be made successful again. Between periodic crises the religious attitude becomes perfunctory, except as it is given life by memory of past crises or the expectation of future eventualities. Then, too, the machinery of religion is kept in reserve but on exhibit, just like a fire engine, and this machinery itself reminds the people that religion has served them in good stead. So it is that religion is born of insecurity and feeds upon what gave it birth. Religion is, in substance, a persistent belief that extranatural forces can be used to secure the ends of man and guarantee human safety. For achieving its purposes there are accepted instruments — the priest, church, prayer, morality, and the like. And, as Mr. Kallen well points out, if religion fails in any single instance, the failure is charged to the inefficiency of the instrument and not to the malevolence of the Force of Power solicited.

This, I maintain, is an illuminating view of religious conduct and dogma. It is, as a matter of fact, so helpful and so capable of repeated verification that it becomes a formula which one is prone to exercise too glibly. But this danger we can avoid as Mr. Kallen himself avoids it — by taking a sufficiently broad view of human behavior and by not talking ourselves into the belief that all religion is lodged within conventional temples and churchly organizations. Perhaps the most arresting sections of "Why Religion" are those given over to a discussion of the "godless religions". Whenever any group attributes transforming power to an event — such as the more spirited of the Socialists attribute to the Revolution of the Third Internationale — that group becomes a religious group. The unemployed fellow on the sidewalks of New York, if his condition has grown sufficiently acute, cannot but attach to a transformation of social states an importance so strong as to be called religious.

So I suppose I do admire Mr. Kallen's book. Its only drawback, I believe, is its unnecessary length and verbiage. What he has said in 316 pages would have made an excellent magazine article of 3,000 words.

Why Religion. By Horace M. Kallen. Boni and Liveright.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

One of the two new titles in this month's score symbolizes the old assumption that summer reading is of necessity "light" reading. That was true in the good old days (or bad old days, as you prefer) when nobody to speak of read anything at all, except the fortunate minority who were able to take a vacation in the country. When ladies played croquet in tight corsets and seven gored skirts and took their dips in the ocean in ten pound bathing suits, life was too exhausting in the summer to allow of any reading except such as served to relieve the tedium of the boudoir, the only place where one could wear clothing appropriate to the season. Today the conditions are reversed; instead of heavy clothing and light reading the fashion is for featherweight dress and the "deep stuff" as intellectual fodder. Even though the public likes its philosophy and psychology sugarcoated and highly spiced, it does seem as if the current craze for physical culture were having the perhaps unexpected effect of stimulating mental development too. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
3.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
4.	Tomorrow Morning	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
5.	Galahad	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
6.	Doomsday	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
7.	The Old Countess *	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
8.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
9.	The Magic Garden *	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
11.	The Plutocrat	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
12.	The Sea Gull	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
3.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
4.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	DORAN
5.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
6.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
7.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
8.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
9.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
10.	The Book of Marriage	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
11.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
12.	The Christ of the Indian Road	*E. Stanley Jones*	ABINGDON

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEVEN SEAS

The Psychological Novel in France — Marcel Prévost's New Novel — Irish Authors in Paris — Ludwig, Schnitzler, and a New German Novelist — The Leipzig Book Exhibition — More American Authors Abroad

THE psychological novel has long been one of the literary forms in which French genius excels. André Gide, Marcel Proust, and the whole school of Catholic novelists have merely continued a centuries-old tradition. Indeed, in the admirable study which René Lalou devotes to "L'Idée de l'Homme dans le Roman Psychologique Français" the fundamental ideas of clear analysis and scientific reticence which govern such novels are traced to their fountainhead in Descartes and his famous "Method". Since Descartes, other philosophers (as well as mathematicians and occasional dramatists) have contributed essential modifications which more or less explain the evolution of the modern prose epic. M. Lalou, whose history of contemporary French literature has been translated into English and published by Knopf, develops a deeper, richer style of criticism in his "Défense de l'Homme" (Kra).

In his essay he takes a few literary accidents and explains them. He attempts an interesting definition of classicism as that school of thought which, with Milton and the church, holds that man comes into the world brimming over with sinful impulses. He discovers that romanticism, in contrast to this idea, insists upon man's essential innocence. For a moment one shudders at the prospect of a theological discussion intruding upon what promises to be an investigation of literary value and charm. M. Lalou has, however, merely touched upon a rich suggestion and, after connecting classicism with Descartes's philosophy by citing the cartesian doctrine that man is subject to error, he advances into purely fictional fields with the "Princesse de Clèves" and the unforgetable "Manon Lescaut". Enslaved by André Gide's impression of these masterpieces, which was first published years ago in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" only to reappear time and again in Gide's "Morceaux Choisis" and "Incidences", the critic isn't quite sure that he admires the altogether too obvious clarity of the former of these two ancient tales. As he approaches Benjamin Constant's Adolphe, the "first modern man", his attitude becomes less restrained. In praising Stendhal he is lyrical — as who is not! — while Gide and Proust discover in him an ardent disciple. He slights Huysmans, Bordeaux, and René Bazin and almost ignores Paul Bourget. These men are toilers in a form now condemned as démodé; yet Huysmans originated certain interior monologues which, elaborated, have since served the uses of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, while Paul Bourget, and after him the others, his disciples, brought into the psychological novel a rigid, confessional examination of conscience which is imposing in spite of its doctrinaire bias.

* * * *

The latest novel of Marcel Prévost, the man whom Henri Béraud used to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

call "the novelist of love and Paris", deals with themes reminiscent of Gide in "La Porte Etroite" or of Bourget in "Un Divorce". It is called "La Retraite Ardente", and Flammarion has already sold nearly half a million copies — an astonishing figure for French publishing. Anglo-Saxon readers must approach this book with minds even more prepared than for Bourget's "Nos Actes Nous Suivent", where the universal superstition of crime and punishment, with its corollary that every act is an expression of God's approval or disapproval, is followed to a logical, and hence exalted, conclusion. "La Retraite Ardente" treats of a legally married woman who, under the teachings of a church which forbids divorce, comes to consider herself an adulteress. For those broadminded — or old fashioned — Americans who can envisage a society where divorce and remarriage is considered not only a social error but a sin, "La Retraite Ardente" will have particular interest. It treats the heroine's retirement from the world in an entirely different spirit from that in which James Joyce deals with a drunkard's conversion in "Dubliners". Faith, however, is in each case buttressed by necessity. Mr. Kernan realizes the dire need of reform after having fallen down in a saloon and badly hurt himself; the Comtesse d'Armatt has been betrayed and insulted by Prince Paul, her second husband, and when he finally installs his mistress in their palace she flies to monastic solitude.

Nothing could be more artfully contrived than the structure of Marcel Prévost's work. In many ways it resembles a well made play, built as it is round the struggle of two domineering forces: Paul, with despotic love complementing his despotic nature; and the Mother Superior, with all the church's power concentrated in her offer of salvation through obedience. The drama of the tale unfolds round the Comtesse's struggle for mastery over her desire to see again her unfaithful lover. Inordinate self examination, at which the reader assists as at a spectacle, eventually leads her into a spiritual peace wherein her only wish is to save Paul from his unholy life of dissipation. Through all her temptation she has been fortified by the purest of the novices, a little peasant girl named Madeleine, who has passed unscathed through the most brutal forms of vice finally to take refuge — with the support of mystical voices and that clairvoyance which sometimes comes to folk of lowly origin — among the nuns and refugees of the convent. When, finally, Paul is stabbed by a jealous mistress, it is Madeleine who goes, like a feminine Paphnuce, to reclaim a masculine Thaïs. Like Anatole France's hero she is fascinated by the lure even as she is repelled by the vanity of her sinner's sin. Through the sacrifice of her own virtue she effects Paul's conversion, although her victory is achieved only after the Comtesse herself, inspired as much by jealousy as piety, has failed. The thread of the story follows in this dénouement a course banal enough; yet with even more subtlety than he has employed in his "Demi-Vierges" (Lemerre) and "Lettres à Françoise", Marcel Prévost is able to breathe life into every phrase, pump quick blood into his somewhat stereotyped characters, and thus evade any reproaches which the younger generation might have made against the protagonists as well as against his form and method.

* * * *

James Joyce comes often to one's thoughts in Paris, not only because of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his actual residence in the city but also because of the increasingly important position which his translated works occupy in French literature. French authors of the day follow Irish letters as closely, or more closely, than they follow American. It was Valéry Larbaud who first developed the parallels between Homer's Odyssey and "Ulysses". This vast modern epic is now appearing in French, its first fragments having been published in the Italian review — directed in the language of Proust and Dada — which has recently made a stirring début under the name of "900". "Dubliners" has been published by Plon as "Gens de Dublin", and Crès has brought out a translation of "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (Egoist Press). Simultaneously Abel Chevalley, whose "Roman Anglais de Notre Temps" has been brought out in the original by the Oxford University Press and in English by Knopf, applies himself to translating from Irish into French James Stephens's "The Charwoman's Daughter" (Macmillan), which thus appears in the Reider collection of Prosateurs Etrangers Modernes as "Mary Semblant — " with a truly delightful new preface by the witty author. George Moore has long been a power in France, as witness the latest translations of his works — a new version of the "Confessions" (Stock) and a first version of "Solitude du Kerith" (Crès). Irish dramatists and poets fare less well. Joyce has several poems from "Chamber Music" done into French verse for a French review. Synge, had he lived, might have seen Maurice Bourgeois's "Baladin du Monde Occidental" introduce his Playboy to the audiences at the Théâtres Antoine and L'Œuvre. Maurice Bourgeois is also a critic, having established an enviable reputation at the Sorbonne by his pioneering "Synge and the Irish Theatre" (Macmillan). Cazamian, in the "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise" which, with Professeur Legouis, he has written for Hachette — the English translation is published by Macmillan — devotes several pages to the Celtic revival. Mlle. Simone Téry, in her "L'Ile des Bardes: Notes sur la Littérature Irlandaise Contemporaine", draws largely upon Bourgeois and Ernest Boyd in writing a work of somewhat popular character. To use an Hibernianism, much French literature is Irish these days!

* * * *

From Berlin comes another book by the indefatigable Emil Ludwig. "Am Mittelmeer" is hailed as one of the best travel books published in Germany for many years. From Genoa to Palestine and Egypt and back again through Greece, Ludwig is an entertaining and informative guide. The book is refreshingly unconventional in its descriptions, yet bears the unmistakable stamp of its author's profound historical knowledge of the countries through which he passed.

Dr. Schnitzler's new "novel" — it is really a long short story, the action of which occupies just twenty four hours — is an ironic tale with a climax which reveals the touch of the inborn dramatist. The central figure of "Spiel im Morgengrauen" (S. Fischer, Berlin) is a young army officer. He is faced with the necessity of raising a large sum of money on behalf of an ex-officer friend who has "borrowed" from his employers. Normally the most level headed officer in the regiment, he gambles for the money. He wins twice as much as is needed, loses, wins again, and finally loses not only his winnings but all he pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sessed in addition. He appeals to a woman whom he had known only too well in the past, now married to his uncle. She has become thoroughly mercenary, but in a sudden sentimental impulse she eventually sends him the money. It arrives half an hour after he has taken his own life. This is a characteristic Schnitzler story, poignant in its appeal and dramatic in its realism.

Leipzig's International Book Exhibition is of exceptional interest from the artistic point of view. The aim of the exhibition is to show beautiful books; and many admirable specimens of German book production, which at its best compares favorably with other national standards, are on view. The progress of book production in Germany is well demonstrated by the display of various editions of the works of Gerhart Hauptmann, whose books have been chosen as representative of the passing phases of development in printing and binding. A special section is devoted to a display of books for children, in which department German publishers used to excel before the war. There is every indication of a revival of interest and activity in this direction, welcome if only as an antidote to the morbid tendency which at present threatens to corrupt German literature.

This curious tendency is illustrated afresh in the work of a new author, Hans Aufricht-Ruda, to whose "Die Verhandlung gegen La Roncière" Jacob Wassermann has contributed an introduction. This volume is the first of a trilogy and deals with a nineteenth century French *cause célèbre*. La Roncière was an officer accused of unmentionable things by the hysterical young daughter of an aristocratic French family, fresh from her convent upbringing. A sordid and unsavory case for the theme of a work of fiction, but yet another instance of the chronic German preoccupation with the psychological aspects of crime. Wassermann is obviously impressed by the work of this new novelist but is guarded in his appreciation of the present volume.

* * * *

Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer" is to be published in France in serial and book form. James Oliver Curwood, Joseph Hergesheimer, Warwick Deeping, Sydney Horler, Hulbert Footner, May Sinclair, William Gerhardi, Rose Macaulay, Booth Tarkington, D. H. Lawrence, Edna Ferber, and of course Edgar Rice Burroughs have been selling foreign rights variously in Germany, Scandinavia, Czechoslovakia, Spain, and Holland. American and British authors are steadily increasing in international popularity.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOSSIP SHOP

THE only way really to cope with life these days is to spend the day in a cold bath and the night in a refrigerated movie. Even this procedure palls. Reading in the tub has never been all it's cracked up to be. One is so apt to drop the book, and there is a peculiar sardonic streak in Turkish towels which makes them keep just out of reach, the spiteful things. Of course all this is pipe dreaming, for eight thirty of every morning finds me in the office with the electric fan whirring and the typewriters clacking, and my secretary walking in nonchalantly as if she didn't know she was late and holding me up with my mail. As far as the mail is concerned, it doesn't so much matter. There is nothing in it except short notes from authors saying, "I'm up here in the mountains. It's glorious, and I think I'll stay until the first of October"; or, "I'm leaving tomorrow for the shore — will you address me here if anything turns up during the summer?" Then there are all the people who left long ago, and who tell you how fine it is in the pine woods. Marguerite Wilkinson and her jolly husband have departed for several months' camping and canoeing along the shores of Lake Champlain. Mrs. Wilkinson is making a new edition of her splendid anthology, "New Voices". Ethel Kelley has joined the Peterboro colonists. I had dinner the other night with Edna Bryner and her husband, who are going to Westport. They have as charming an apartment as there is in this city. It isn't really so large, but it seems spacious; and though there are many lovely things in it, it isn't crowded. Miss Bryner's recent novel, "Andy Brandt's Ark", is having a very gratifying sale. I "interviewed" Edna Bryner, but she said she'd never speak to me again if I published anything she said. So I'm restraining myself, and incidentally cheating her out of a lot of good publicity! But anyway, if you haven't read her book you should before the week is out. Edward Davison, the young English poet who has been so successful that he can no longer be referred to as "promising", has left for the west, after delighting the eyes and ears of countless young white hopes at Poughkeepsie all winter.

There could be nothing more amusing than retiring as editor of a literary magazine, from the standpoint of studying human nature. Burton Rascoe and Seward Collins and I last night, in the heat of summer galloping on, surveyed the literary world, while the baby slept peacefully in the next room, and proofs for the eighth "Cross Word Puzzle Book" were being corrected in the study. Perhaps none of us will ever have so clear a perspective of literary personalities as we had at the hour of twelve last night. When Burton left the "Herald-Tribune" some years ago, it was the signal for all his enemies to get out their hatchets. Now they come smiling back to him, and tell him of their grudges against me. I didn't imagine that so many authors could imagine I had been out after them with a scalpel. Having edited a publication notably and perhaps unfortunately free from violent negative criticism, it is a mystery how I could have made so many enemies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apparently the people you praise don't think you have praised them enough, and the ones you haven't praised are consequently peevish. Most of these enemies aren't worth having. The enemies for whom I have a real affection are the ones who hated publicly and gallantly all along.

Lella Warren, having finished a novelette entitled "Front Wounds", has gone to Montana and wires that she has so far escaped tick fever. Sounds as if she were in search of it. She is the really youthful author of "A Touch of Earth", and a good many short stories since then. Mary Synon has done an early Chicago story, "The Good Red Bricks". What is a Chicago story without politicians and prize-fighters? And Upton Close, of whom we spoke the other month in connection with China, has done a novel called "Moonlady". The evidences are that he knows his China. In the biography field, I am told that Norman Hapgood is rushing through a life of Governor Smith, having sent his wife and children to the country. He says he is doing the thing he hates — working hard; but knowing a great deal about his vigorous past, I decline to believe him. Arthur Howden Smith has done a biography of Commodore Vanderbilt and intends to write about the Astors next. Margaret Culkin Banning is working on a new novel with the tentative title of "Her Own Money". Problems of young marriage again. Edwin Balmer wants to know why so many stories are being written about married people's getting tired of each other. The answer, although it doesn't come very well from a happily married man, is because they do. Only they get over it. I maintain you can't live with anyone for longer than a year without being bored now and then if you aren't careful. Barry Benefield has done another of his wistful love stories in "A Little Clown Lost". It will appear in "The Red Book" as a serial beginning with the September issue. Arthur McKeogh, New York

Edna Bryner

editor of that magazine, has just edited the history of the 308th Infantry. This regimental history, which looks like good reading, contains the story of the Lost Battalion, and if there are any extra copies of it (since it was published privately there probably aren't) it may enter the class of popular war literature. Each member of the 308th is entitled to a copy — this is by way of an announcement to them. Warwick Deeping's newest novel, not yet published, has been snatched at by Famous Players. One of its many titles is "Kitty", and from what I have seen of it, it might have been written by the author of "The Silver Cord". I went to "The Grand Street Follies", after a pleasant dance on the renovated roof of the Hotel Astor, and enjoyed this review with my usual relish. The audience which filled the Little Theatre was as delighted as I, but I wondered what that man from Kansas, just in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town for the week, would think if he strayed in just as the satire of Sidney Howard's mother play was being presented. The burlesque of "The Spider" stands all by itself as a very funny sketch. And I presume our friend from Kansas would think the dancing — especially the two little soldiers who tapdanced up and down the stairs — was better than any he could see in the "girl" shows. Sardi's next door served cold drinks between the acts, and the immense hand which points the way there was stolen and brought into the theatre by a gay young man who had entered thoroughly into the spirit of the follies.

There is little newsgathering by one who stays at home to play with the baby. Magazine editors seem to be changing overnight. It was a joy to know that Arthur Hoffman is to have a new magazine to play with, "McClure's", because Arthur is one of the few really great editors alive. Joe Cox, his capable assistant, is to be editor of my favorite magazine, "Adventure" that is. Hervey Allen dashed in for a moment before his wedding. Edwin Arlington Robinson writes from Peterboro that it is as lovely and as restful there as ever. Steve Benét from Paris tells me that his little girl speaks only French now, which is highly disconcerting to him. Mary Roberts Rinehart is trying to decide whether she will go to Eaton's Ranch again this year, or take a flying trip to Alaska. Our own Eyebrowpencil is now assisting Arthur McKeogh on "The Red Book", and has had a book dedicated to her (probably not the first). O. O. McIntyre says terrible things about me and my magazine in his syndicated article, and it doesn't matter. I suppose his huge audience never heard of either of us, so they won't be any the happier. "Chang" is a great motion picture — I haven't enjoyed anything so much in at least a month. Pretty soon we are migrating to the country to a funny little house, with a garden and a tent fixed just especially for our typewriters. So it goes. I shall miss the Gossip Shop. There's nothing like having someone to talk to who doesn't talk back and who, incidentally, really doesn't have to listen.

The contributors to "The New Yorker" were assembled en masse at Vienna Hall. Eyebrowpencil, who went of course with Stephen Graham, says she met there the handsomest person of all time — Gene Tunney. He has long wanted to go hiking with Mr. Graham and Vachel Lindsay, having known the latter for many years. So Stephen invited him to go to Bulgaria with him on the twenty-fourth of June. Scott Fitzgerald, apparently just back from the coast, sat on the stairs and looked gloomily into space as the smart literary world swarmed around him. Marc Connelly, Robert Simon, and Margalo Gillmore talked in a corner of Bob's plans to go to London and write a musical comedy. Rosy cheeked Jo Mielziner, the scenic designer, danced with the tall, dark lady he married. That Aubrey Beardsley drawing, Fillmore Hyde, hobnobbed with Corey Ford and David Cort. Katharine Angell and H. W. Ross, the noblest editors of them all, kept the sandwiches on the wing and the punch (?) steadily flowing. Lillian Hellman, whose reviews appear almost weekly in "Books", wore a hat which Eyebrowpencil said you buy a curl with. She was with Arthur Kober (her husband), who gets the prize for being the cleverest theatrical publicity man in this city.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eyebrowpencil danced a few whirls with a young author working in a soap factory. She liked him but she can't remember his name. He wrote a book about gyrations. As a matter of fact, she remembers nothing at all about the evening except Tunney's blue eyes and his waving light hair.

No novel of English middle class life is complete without mention of a walking trip — or so I hastily conclude after reading in rapid succession "Rustle of Spring", Clare Cameron's charming account of a girl's adolescence, and "William", that earlier success of E. H. Young whose "The Malletts" has just appeared. I am inspired to undertake this hardy pastime at sight of "The Homeland of English Authors". Therein Ernest Rann describes such parts of the country as have been identified, for a long or short period, with Dickens, Shakespeare, Hardy, George Eliot, the Brontës, and others. Nor is the present generation of writers neglected. We catch glimpses of Sheila Kaye-Smith, Arnold Bennett, Hilaire Belloc, and their confrères, which is all to the good. I have recently been interested in gazing upon the portrait of the lovely Rebecca Gratz, immortalized by Scott. In fact, several studies of her appear in a handsome volume of "Portraits of Jews by Gilbert Stuart and Other Early American Artists" brought together by Hannah R. London, with an appreciation by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and an introduction by Lawrence Park. Another volume which comes along in a limited edition — this time from England — contains "The Unpublished Letters of Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon". Herein we learn much of Dickens's amateur theatrical enterprises, in which he was assisted by the first editor of "Punch". A few weeks

Jacket design for "The Homeland of English Authors"

before his death Dickens confided to a friend that his most cherished day dream was

> To settle down for the remainder of my life within easy distance of a great theatre, in the direction of which I should hold supreme authority. It should be a house, of course, having a skilled and noble company, and one in every way magnificently appointed. The pieces acted should be dealt with according to my pleasure, and touched up here and there in obedience to my own judgment: the players as well as the plays being absolutely under my command. *That's* my day dream.

A good many American authors may have seen America first, but the hegira to Europe will result in much American literature coming from Paris or thereabouts. English authors, too, are summering on the Continent. Du Bose Heyward left about six weeks ago, planning to see Leonard Nason and Stephen Vincent Benét. Michael Arlen forsook Paris for Peru a short time ago, despite the warning of W. Somerset Maugham, who told Arlen there was nothing in Peru that could possibly fire one's imagination. Maugham, by the way, is spending most of his time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a cottage on the Riviera. Compton Mackenzie is in France, too. From across the water Nancy Hoyt informs her publishers that her plans for celebrating the publication of her novel "Unkind Star" went astray because of an unfortunate accident. "I have just fractured my kneecap and feel like hell. I hit it on the floor, and as publicity it is no good. But, Lord, it hurts!" I wince in sympathy.

Are you a failure at parties? Do you lack conversation? Have you no accomplishments to distinguish you from the masses? Then arm yourself at once with a copy of Robert A. Simon's "Bronx Ballads". They have delighted such wiseacres as Marc Connelly, Robert C. Benchley, Franklin P. Adams, yea, even the learned and most dignified Ernest Boyd; can your own social equals resist them? Take your choice: there's Sadie Stein who is "so snappa in her Phi Beta Kappa"; the International Correspondence School champion, Wellington Goldberg; Mrs. Lionel Ginsberg who became rejuvenated as a result of reading "Black Oxen"; Benson Kaplan who returned to his native Bronx to find that "Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more"; and a host of others, engagingly depicted in the sketches of Harry Hershfield of "Abe Kabibble" fame. The musical accompaniments are simple yet astonishingly effective, and the learned foreword to each piece should stimulate the singer who lacks creative imagination. Take the instructions for the rendition of "Mrs. Shephard Margolies", the ballad of one who sought to commune with nature in the manner of the primitives:

> To sing this song properly, it is imperative that the artist invest himself with the personality of Mrs. Margolies. There must be yearning in the voice and the cry of the soul that seeks the lowdown on Indians must be in the heart. It is no song for beginners — but what a masterwork for the singer who has lived, loved and suffered!

While I was poring over these ballads in strolled Milt Gross, all smiles, to autograph copies of "Dunt Esk!!", the latest collection of doings of the irrepressible Feitlebaums and their fellow denizens of the airshaft. One of the first copies was inscribed "To Fodder Doffy, gradually witt werry warm witt tsincere grittings". Father Duffy has professed great joy in it, and I yearn to hear his rich voice intoning one of Nize Baby's bedtime stories.

Elliott Springs was in New York a few days ago, and I took the occasion to ask him about forthcoming products of his pen. "Oh," he said casually, "I'm doing a novel, and I have a play just about finished, and then there are several short stories. But, say!" — there was a decided note of enthusiasm — "you should see my new plane!" Then he went on for about twenty minutes, extoling the virtues of his new acquisition, glad, it seemed to me, that the subject of writing had been dropped. A few days later I had a note from him — more about that marvelous new plane. It was the first time that I had seen his stationery. Down in one corner were listed the following enterprises: Cotton, Real Estate, Airplanes, Automobiles, Radios, Novels, Short Stories, Plays, Scenarios. And the funny part of all that is that it's no joke.

In writing of the month of June, it is natural to refer to the day which brought Colonel Lindbergh to New York. I emerged from the holiday spirit which prevailed in the offices to an expectant city being drawn to Fifth Avenue at the noon hour. The air was filled even then with bits of colored

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

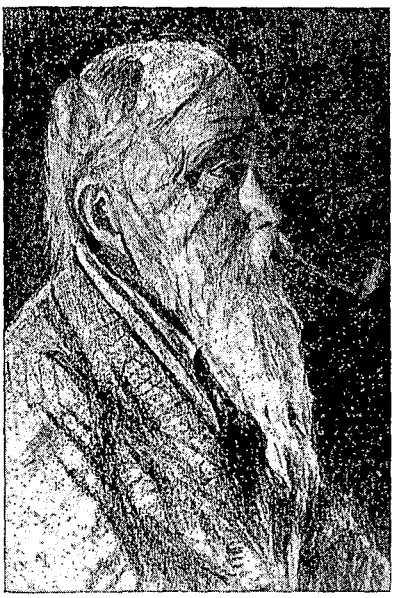
paper which hung in the canyons like the reflections from a cyclorama. It was a golden day and unusually hushed. Five airplanes flew toward the harbor as I went down to Madison Square. My first impression of the parade was a curious sort of moving picture, seen from the back of a restaurant. A gay though heavily bandaged young aviator was standing beside his nurse in the Red Cross section of the grandstands, bowing and blowing a horn, being saluted by marching soldiers. And just as Lindbergh passed, his arms resting on his knees as he squinted up through the storm of confetti suddenly loosed, I was hurled into the street to the curb in time to see New York lovelier than I had ever imagined it could be. In connection with this historical event, I can't very honestly pass over the ridiculous aspects. The Western Union Telegraph Company invented a form greeting in twenty different fashions, ranging from "America's heart goes out to you. Welcome home", to "With welling heart America greets her knight of the air and ambassador of good-will." But I prefer that one, added as No. 21, which the author of "Skazki" has just composed: "Nize Baby! Ate opp ull de ocean!" By the time we go to press, two editions of Colonel Lindbergh's own story will be ready. "We" is his autobiography, including his very interesting ideas in regard to commercial aviation. I should like to have had the time to collect literature on Lindbergh. One of the best pieces of writing came from St. Louis and appeared on the front page of the New York "Times" for June 19. The mother of a sturdy two year old of my acquaintance is keeping a scrapbook for him, and the chapter devoted to aviation has become a lengthy one. John, Jr., is not so fortunate. His parents have been too busy taking care of him in the absence of his nurse to prepare a modern history for him, although I think it a most valuable and entrancing idea.

Did you ever read one of Sophie Kerr's short stories? And then drop into your favorite little Italian restaurant, inspired by a desire for food? That clever author has almost as upsetting an effect on the course of everyday living as the sight of a transatlantic liner sliding from its slip has on a land locked office worker. It is all on account of what people eat in her stories. There is such food as is only dreamed of; and after a glimpse of the ideal, one suffers disappointment even at Longchamps, even at the Crillon, yea even at the swankiest hotels. If you don't believe me, read her last collection of short stories, "Confetti", and see how you fare afterward. I know only too poignantly, for I have not only read "Confetti", but I have lunched with Sophie Kerr Underwood at her house, and I know that she knows whereof she speaks. All my old nonchalance about food is gone. I survey a menu with critical eyes, sigh at the recollection of a vegetable salad and a shad roe the memory of which I shall carry with me always, and hope the waiter doesn't know that my eyes are bright because of unshed tears, while I smile a twisted little smile. Don't think that Mrs. Underwood is a lip smacking person so far as food is concerned. It is with a surpassing casualness that she brings about her superb results. Only she gives food the intelligent consideration it so richly deserves. Eating presents many curious problems. Food is important enough, heaven knows. But it shouldn't be treated as if it mattered. The man every woman dreams of is one who can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order a perfect dinner without any stewing. And how rare they are! The most annoying sorts of food hunters can be divided into two classes. There is the type who licks his lips as he enters the dining room and says, "I know just what I want; a nice juicy steak, not too well done, and new peas and . . ."; and there is the poor unfortunate who never knows what he wants until after his order is given, when he wants what you or the lady at the next table have. There is one other sort of person I should like to exterminate; the bridge player who will not let bygones be bygones, but continues to kick the corpse of the last hand played. . . . I don't usually feel so vicious. It's the heat.

"Get ready for the new Harold Bell Wright novel!" shouts the publicity man via a sheet of paper bearing as a water mark the novelist's name in huge letters of pink — the shade of Mr. Wright's aura, I presume. Well, I shall try to work myself up into the proper frame of mind to receive "God and the Groceryman". "It is very impressive", continues the pink tinged page, "to think of the number of homes into which a new Harold Bell Wright novel goes. For innumerable people he is the favorite author. What he writes comes to his public as something apart from all the other reading they may do. His novels stand for them as a succession of unique experiences that satisfy their craving for the truth of life." The truth of life, in a more adventurous form, is to be found in "Trader Horn", which I have reviewed elsewhere in these pages. Ethelreda Lewis, who put these reminiscences into book form, has written to her publishers, apropos of the instant success of the volume: "It is good to think old man Horn need never sell gridirons again. At present he is in a home for old men at Durbar, where he went to escape the bitter cold winter of Johannesburg, and it is good to think he can emerge when he likes and roam about with a mind at



Alfred Aloysius Horn

rest." Which last phrase diverts my attention to a photograph of James Boyd sitting at ease in an armchair, confiding to a dictaphone. His new novel, "Marching On", was composed entirely in this manner, in spite of the fact that a halt had to be called when a couple of heavy love scenes burned out the machine's bearings. The huge cat reposing in Mr. Boyd's lap seems to be taking the proceeding calmly enough. The next thing you know, we shall hear of novels transmitted by radio while their creators fly across the ocean. What, then, is left by way of novelty?

Vivian Williams, who sometime ago left these sober precincts for the gayer literary atmosphere of Paris, regales us with news of the Latin Quarter. Thus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is that I attend vicariously a soirée given by Mr. and Mrs. Sisley Huddleston, whose guests included James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Victor Llona. Mr. Huddleston's "France" has recently been published in America, and his "Mr. Paname" now follows suit. Ramon Guthrie has completed the translation into English of Bernard Fay's "L'Esprit Révolutionnaire à la Fin du 18e Siècle". Glenway Wescott has returned to the Quarter from New York. His novel to follow "The Apple of the Eye" is reported to be "The Grandmothers". Erskine Gwynne, a kinsman of the Vanderbilts who, born in Paris, reappeared at twenty two as reporter on the San Francisco "Bulletin", has founded "The Boulevardier". This journal is to be devoted to the lighter side of Paris life but its progenitor will not, he declares, tell one tenth of what he really knows. Ezra Pound announces the publication of a magazine called "Exile" to be edited by him. It will appear three times a year until he gets bored with producing it. "It will contain matter of interest to me personally, and it is unlikely to appeal to any save those disgusted with the present state of letters." And Ethel Moorhead proclaims that her quarterly, titled appropriately enough "This Quarter", will print the latest works of new and hitherto undiscovered artists, "as well as the works of the high priests of the Ezra Pound category".

Journalism is probably the most exciting of all professions. The extraordinary story of how Appleton's produced the life of Charles Lindbergh in record breaking time is a fascinating one; but not more fascinating than the exciting hours which preceded the actual writing of the script in the offices of the United Press Associations in the Pulitzer Building, New York. Thanks to the courtesy of Bob Bender, its bureau chief, and Louis F. Keemle, the day editor, Alan Rinehart and I were allowed the chance to see the workings of one of the greatest scoops in history. We arrived, as I remember, about four thirty on the memorable day when Lindbergh was approaching France in "The Spirit of St. Louis". The U. P. offices were keyed to the arrival of constant bulletins, and the broadcasting of them. Keemle was writing his story bit by bit, and a remarkably well written story it was. In front of the cable desks, in his shirt sleeves, stood Mr. Bender, ready to announce the "flash" when Lindbergh should actually arrive. A flash is one of those things which happen seldom. When a flash is given, everything stops; the news is read by, in this case, Mr. Bender; and then it is instantly broadcast to all parts of the country. In another section of the building the extras of the "Evening World" were awaiting the word. If you think that offices under such conditions are in pandemonium, you are wrong. There was a great deal of excitement, but it was suppressed and organized. In the offing was Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press Associations. Then in came, "Flash" — complete silence — "Captain Charles A. Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget, France, at 10:21." Confirmation followed, and at five thirty, our time, just four minutes after the event, we knew that the transatlantic flight had been accomplished — the first people to know, in America, by some minutes. This, I think, is good journalism. That evening Morris D. Tracy, assisted by his collaborator Dale Van Every and others, wrote the life of Charles Lindbergh. How is that for speed?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try as I will in these pages to point the finger of scorn at human frailties, I am continually being accused of shedding naught but sweetness and light. Take this missive from Greencastle, Indiana, for example:

DEAR GOSSIP SHOP:

Surely, in this day and age, you will not mind if a nice lady tells you that she adores you? I know it is audacious but then —

What I like best about you is your gentle irony. Did you ever say anything really ugly about anybody? If you have, I missed that issue of THE BOOKMAN. And yet, your sugarcoated sarcasm at times is not only a delight to read but is an inspiration that urges even me to do things I never dreamed of doing. For instance:

During the winter, while I was convalescing from an operation, I read you for recreation. Alas, it proved to be anything but that. For you mentioned a play contest put on by a prominent publishing house, and in your delicious manner said (I have forgotten the exact words) that now, since prizes were being offered for play manuscripts, etc. many American people who knew nothing whatever about plays and had never written one before would immediately take pen in hand and say, "I'll write a play." If you hadn't said that, I should have been all right. But those words came like a challenge. I hadn't, so I did.

Now I know what you're thinking. You expect me to tell you haughtily that I fooled you. That I carried off first prize. Or perhaps the second. But this is tragedy.

I received none.

The dénouement is simply this. Your sweetly sarcastic remarks started me on the downward path. This same house is soon to launch another contest (so they tell me) and I'm going to try again!

I lay my downfall at your door.

Since you are nameless may I remain so, too? But I am, as I said before,

Devotedly yours,
Just *one* who didn't get a prize.

Those who have availed themselves of the short order French courses of the day will find a passage to delight them in "The Letters of an Individualist" by Ernest J. P. Benn, recently published in England. I remember one advertisement of a French course which says, "Yesterday a letter came to our house, written entirely in French, and I was able to read every bit of it." Well, there are two whole pages of French

Valentine Williams, whose new novel is noted this month

right at the outset of this volume of letters. The French, however, is not the most striking feature of the book. Rather it is the English. The collection comprises a series of letters written to the London "Times" on this, that, and the other, but the spirit of the whole assortment is altogether revivifying in an age of regimented thinking and feeling. With the individualistic intent of the writer, I am in hearty accord. And it seems to me that he has chosen perhaps the least untrammeled medium for the expression of his ideas. I delight in reading the letters sent to the papers each day. One may need to keep a watchful eye on his audience when writing a book, or a watchful eye on publishers when reviewing one. There is, so far as I know, no freedom of expression left, save one: the people's voice column of the daily paper. If a piece is cogently written, it will find a berth there. The subjects of letters to the newspapers are often trivial to the point of being pathological, and they often interest no one but the writers of them. But they are always sincere and they are always frank and courageous. Sir Ernest's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have all these qualities, plus the quality of ably strung prose and interesting ideas. His book, I think, is an interesting idea in itself, though I fervently hope that the success of the volume will not prompt too many obscure correspondents — these inveterate writers of letters — to submit their collected works to publishers.

I should like some advice about where to put a library when it grows up. Does one just stop accumulating books? Does one throw them away? Does one put them in the bathtub? We now have bookcases in every room in the house, including the nursery. This last important domain has a library which Anne Carroll Moore started for us, and Nora Archibald Smith. We have added my favorite childhood volume, "The Pink Knight". Did you ever see "The Pink Knight"? It's not a book that takes up much room. It all started — the trouble, I mean, about books and not enough room for them — because I suddenly got a passion for sets. I wanted to read more of George Meredith; so my kindly chief found me a good set. That was fine, but the set almost filled a whole section of bookcase. Then I hankered for "The Oxford Poets". They will presently arrive, and we are going to hang them from the dining room ceiling. Ordinarily I don't envy people with large houses; but now I do. The only reason I'd like to have a house, is so there'd be room for more books. What do you do with the books when you get them? you may well ask. Nothing. That is the proper reply. Someone recently suggested that apartment dwellers in New York City who like books and children club together and rent an extra apartment for library and nursery space; but even that wouldn't solve the difficulty for long, because children and libraries do grow. The question all seems to boil down to, "Why New York?" That is a question to which I can find no real answer.

The question books had better look to their laurels, for now we have in our midst two volumes of "Guggenheim". For years I have indulged in this intellectual pastime, using such paper as was lying loose about the house. That's all wrong, I find; such haphazard procedure will not do. Moreover, one must look to one's scoring, lest, on becoming as famous as Groucho Marx or Irving T. Bush, one go down to history with an ignominious batting average. The question bookmakers, however, have not given up hope — instead, they have enlarged their range. Biblically minded persons may grapple with George Stewart's "Ask Me a Bible Question" or the compilation of Charles Francis Potter called "Is *That* in the Bible?" And Masons should pore over "Ask Me, Brother!" composed for his fellows by Charles H. Merz, A.M., M.D., 32°. I haven't yet seen the announcement of a similar guide to the matrimonially inclined, but I nominate Helen Rowland for the editorship of this much needed handbook. The very chapter heads of her new book, "This Married Life", are inspirational: "What Every Wife Finds Out"; "The Plastic Art — Making a Husband Out of a Man"; "The Feat Magnificent — Getting a Husband"; "The Greatest Sporting Proposition on Earth — Marriage", etc. Here are a few of Miss Rowland's observations:

> Isn't Science *wonderful!*
> It has taught man everything! That is, nearly everything — except how to keep his shirt from bulging, to shave without cutting himself and to refrain from arguing with a woman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some men are born for marriage; some acquire a taste for marriage; but every mortal one of them lives in the consuming fear that marriage will be thrust upon him, that love will strike him in the dark and that he will stumble into the matrimonial bonds when he isn't looking — as an absent-minded man stumbles into a coal hole.

And that's the way it usually happens.

A man may neglect a woman, lie to her, starve her or beat her and she may go right on loving him — and then, some morning, she may wake up and discover that the way he wrinkles his nose or bites a radish is more than she can bear and has killed her love forever!

A man may value his wife above rubies and even above his favorite gold-plated collar-button — but only a good stenographer is invaluable!

Publishing in America has at last reached the stage where it can produce luxury goods. This I take as a sign of great virility, a mark of high sophistication. Away with textbooks and mere novels. Let us have more trinkets and bricabrac, more commodities which have no conceivable moral good and no purpose save to express the soul of publishers. "The Third Reader" in the Advanced or Adult Edition by Fred Shaefer is such a knickknack as I admire. It is gotten out in the delicate format of the old reader, with a handsome medallion of the Boy upon the Burning Deck stamped ineffaceably upon the pinkish cover. This article is produced by the Longacre Press and is procurable, so the publishers say, at "booksellers, stationers, pharmacists, and curio shops", which all goes to show how much more there is to the book than the printed matter between its covers and the extraordinarily apt drawings of A. D. Condo. In his preface the author, with the fervor of a young Hannibal, expresses the hope that he can make his book one whit as "entertaining as the original works of McGuffey, Parker and Watson, Butler, and other schoolroom immortals". In this methinks he succeeds, and as evidence I cite, with due risk of violating copyright, part of the story, "Wine is a Mocker".

Clarence Milktoast chanced one day to attend a basket picnic with Thomas Bungstarter. However, Clarence little dreamed that when he was led into Perkins's pasture he might also be led into mischief.

Thomas was a lad of vicious inclinations. Clarence was different. He not only shunned wrong, but also looked sternly upon all the vices.

Scarcely had they neared the picnic ground when Thomas stopped and winked. "Hi, Clarence", he said significantly, "what do you say to a treat?"

"I do not penetrate your innuendo", answered Clarence with a qualm of suspicion.

Thomas only looked whimsical, and extracted from his hamper — what do you suppose? — a flask! "Come, take a swig", urged he, "of this prime ginger beer."

Equally surprised and vexed, Clarence recoiled a step. "Perish the thought!" he cried. "I never compromise myself with an insidious brew."

Enough, I suppose, to serve as an aperitif. But, as I say, the book is rather a curiosity than a piece of literature, a triumph in publishing rather than in writing.

The editor of "The Nomad" is looking for the best story of a story: that is, the best account by a newspaper reporter of his experiences in covering an assignment. In fact, the magazine will purchase ten such stories. What an opportunity for the news gatherer whose heart rending narrative, the fruit of infinite toil, is reduced to two sticks, in an obscure corner of the paper at that. On the other hand, the Penn Publishing Company is holding a second play contest, for the five best three act scripts submitted. Comedies are preferred, but serious plays are eligible. They must, however, be free from "objectionable features". Well, best of luck to all of you!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON was John Erskine's pupil and later his colleague at Columbia. He is the author of "Children of Morningside", and was formerly editor of "Contemporary Verse". He lives on the top of a mountain in Woodstock, New York, but he is occasionally glimpsed at the Brevoort in New York. He is a factotum of the Poetry Society. EDWARD LUCAS WHITE lives in Maryland. His latest collection of short stories, "Lukundoo", is warranted to make your hair stand on end with horror, no matter how well trained it is at lying flat or curling prettily. ELSIE SINGMASTER is known very widely by her fiction and her books on American history. Recently she wrote us: "I live a very quiet life in Gettysburg with a good many pleasant things happening each day, delphiniums or water lilies coming into bloom, or a drive into the nearby hills which we call mountains. Not that excitement cannot be had! I have just returned from a neighbor's house where I heard Lindbergh's triumphant procession through New York. We all smiled at each other when we heard the announcer congratulate us upon having all the fun and being out of the confusion."

THOMAS MOULT, English poet and critic, is very well known on the Continent, and deserves to be known even better than he is over here. Besides his volumes of verse he has published several novels, among them "The Comely Lass" and "Snow over Elden". His favorite recreations, he tells us, are wrestling and boxing, and long walks across the moors around his Derbyshire home. MARJORY ROYCE is the daughter of the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll. It is fitting that the last issue of this magazine under the Doran imprint should contain a tribute to one who as a friend and as editor of the London "Bookman" gave to the publisher of the American BOOKMAN unstinted encouragement and advice.

STARK YOUNG, when asked for news of himself, said, "Look at THE BOOKMAN for the last three months", and would vouchsafe nothing more.

LYNN RIGGS was born in Claremore, Indian Territory, which is also the home town of Will Rogers. He has published verse in many of the magazines. HERBERT GORMAN is just finishing his witch novel, "The Place Called Dagon", which is to be published in the autumn. This indefatigable writer is also starting work on his biography of Alexandre Dumas, the elder, to be called "The Fourth Musketeer". He is spending the summer in Eugene O'Neill's lighthouse home in Provincetown. MAX ROBIN has published stories and sketches in "The Dial", "The Reviewer", and other magazines. The Public Library on Fifth Avenue is his favorite haunt and he uses it as his club, reading, writing, and interviewing his friends there.

ETHEL KELLEY'S "Home James" has been so popular that we can hardly say anything to add to her fame. Her book appeared in England some time before it was brought out over here, and met with an extremely cordial reception. RICHARD BENNETT is teaching in the summer school of the University of Washington this summer. He is a native of County Cork, Ireland; but at present he is far from home, for he lives at South Bend, Indiana. MAUD GRANT-FORD hails from South Orange, New Jersey. She does illustrating for a number of magazines. DAVID CORT is a graduate of Columbia University and an associate editor of "Vanity Fair". MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE has been teaching at Mt. Holyoke this last year. Formerly she traveled up and down the world so fast that proofs of articles could never keep up with her. She is married to Sydney Greenbie, the well known traveler and author of travel books. BERTHA OP-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PENHEIM destroyed the morale of our office for a whole day with her letter about what it's like at Big Oak Farm, her summer place in Vermont overlooking the shores of Lake Champlain. There she hoes and weeds and rakes her drive, and looks across at the Adirondack foothills, thereby thoroughly enjoying herself.

H. BEDFORD-JONES is abroad at the moment, possibly collecting material for another of his historical and adventurous novels. His last one was "St. Michael's Gold". ARNOLD MULDER lives out in Holland, Michigan. He has contributed frequently to magazines, his latest writing having been a syndicate feature on libraries. It is too long since we have heard anything from JOHN DRINKWATER. As nearly as we can make out from his occasional letters, he is living happily and peacefully in his house in London. GERALD DILLON lives in Sydney, Australia, where THE BOOKMAN never comes. We were so distressed by this bit of news with which he regaled us that we are thinking about starting a mammoth campaign to get the magazine onto all the newsstands of all the colonies. SIDNEY COX is a professor at Dartmouth, where he teaches English. He has lectured at the Bread Loaf School of English for several summers.

GRANT OVERTON is at last installed in his adobe house in Santa Fe, after a trip to California on behalf of "Collier's Weekly". MARION STROBEL'S greatest interest these days, we suspect, is in the doings of her two little daughters. She lives in Chicago, but her verse is becoming increasingly well known throughout the country. HUGH WALPOLE has taken up residence in Scotland again. "Jeremy at Crale", which has been running in THE BOOKMAN since December, is soon to be published in book form. LEO C. TURNER is a promising young writer. He is not many years out of college, has been seen at Bread Loaf, occasionally drops into town, and plays an excellent game of tennis. LIAM O'FLAHERTY, as is hinted by his name, is Irish, and he has written a number of essays and sketches of Irish life. His last work is a novel, "Mr. Gilhooley". DOROTHEA LAWRANCE MANN speaks for herself far better than we can talk for her. She writes:

> Is there anything about my blameless life which you don't already know? Except of course those choicest bits which I am saving for my reminiscences, which I hope to have run serially forty years from now. You know you'll want to read something new when they come out!
>
> As a matter of fact you've no idea how busy it keeps one treading the straight — or is it strait? — and narrow path in Boston these days. One used to keep busy reading the things one ought to have read, and now it keeps one busy not reading the things one ought not to read. Some one of those beguiling advertising managers in New York writes you a letter and says you simply must *not* miss one of the best books on their list — they always add that it is just the sort of book they know I'd like! — and then when I begin to get interested in it I find it is withdrawn from circulation in Boston! My mind is naturally pure, so that I never seem to know there is anything the matter with a book that Alan Rinehart or Ruth Raphael sends me, but I hate to think that if I have any posterity they will have to move to New York to legalize the library they inherit.
>
> Oh, yes, I have a new study. You know if you go on living in the same house, you ought still to change your study, because after a while the inspiration of a room is sure to get worn out. This is really a very proper study with a man-size desk and a chair in which you could sleep. I always did write sitting in an uncomfortable antique, because my New England conscience warned me that the more uncomfortable you were the more work you would do. I have a bookcase full of inscribed books and a wall with framed photographs of authors, and as I only moved in today, it is still in order. Come on over and see it for yourself! And I'll take your picture sitting under a photograph either of Blanche Colton Williams or of Booth Tarkington!

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN has moved up to the Maine coast for the summer. His new book of poems, "Dew and Bronze", has been highly praised by the critics. WILL CUPPY pops in often to brighten our dreary lives. In addition to contributing each week to "Books" reviews of light fiction which make excellent reading on their own account, he is an authoritative food sampler for the "Herald-Tribune" Institute. HERBERT B. BENJAMIN was formerly columnist on an Albany paper, and is now a free lance advertising writer. We suspect him of writing verse surreptitiously in the course of his career. EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES is in New Mexico, where, in his own phrase, he is "living a new book". CHARLES W. FERGUSON has gone away on a vacation to his native Texas, and our office is the sadder for his absence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

EVER since the advent of the newer form of biography and the discovery of sex by the writers of the twentieth century, I have wondered how it was that John Wesley appeared to be escaping. No one who knew of his years in Georgia could overlook his value to some literary ghoul. Most of those who have known him have been Methodists, and doubtless no Methodist had the temerity to come out with an inferential study of the young Wesley. But the book is here at last. It is done by Marie Conway Oemler under the title "The Holy Lover" (Boni, Liveright) and it deals of course with his perhaps unfortunate experiences in Georgia. Here, it is said, he loved with all his heart; and here it was, while he was yet a young and unsettled man, that he renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil — and of course "the devil is a woman". I cannot see that the book has any basic idea, save the suggestion that Wesley was a human being. That fact, however, seems to give us moderns endless satisfaction. I do not see that it does violence to the founder of Methodism, but it must be admitted that, since he has undergone that inevitable apotheosis which is the good fortune of saints and presidents, some of the implications will come as a shock. But away with this discussion. The story is good. The material yearned to be used. The man appears in a light which, if it makes him ghastly to the righteous, will make him ruddy to the quietly religious and the wicked.

"Things that Matter Most" by Dr. John Milton Moore (Judson) is the most appealing book of lectures I have seen since prohibition. If all the chautauquans could have lectured with the same intelligence and good humor, with the same glibness and courage which Dr. Moore has shown, we should already be a nation of surpassing culture and the chautauqua would be in good repute among our young intellectuals. Most of the material has been presented to the public through radio addresses, but it is indubitably worth presenting again in book form. The first address seems to me the most striking. In it the Doctor raises the question of our civilization's value; his general estimate will not be of any especial interest to the national campaign committees. This fellow Moore is never dull. He is one of those fortunate men whose manner of speech is of more importance than the speech itself. At times he steps on the reader's toes, but is off again — quick as a flash — and there he stands, speaking in that winsome way of his. If he chose, he could make a Fundamentalist out of A. Wakefield Slaten. Dr. Moore has quoted a famous passage from American history which readers will be grateful to have me reproduce here.

> Within the lifetime of people now living, an Ohio school board denied the use of its building in the following action:
>
> "You are welcome to use the school house to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, he would clearly have foretold it through his holy prophets. It is a device of satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

Perhaps the Ohio board foresaw the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. Anyway "Things that Matter Most" matters a good deal.

— *C. W. F.*

Learn SHORT STORY Writing

Dr. Burton

By mail from **Dr. Richard Burton,** "greatest authority" of them all. His students have made thousands. This is a real training course with personal criticism of lessons and written exercises. Also Special Criticism Service for Short-Stories and One-Act Plays by Dr. Burton personally. (Includes marketing suggestions.) Short-Story Writing is the short-cut, at present, to success in Photoplay Writing. Send today for special low rate. **Profit-Sharing Plan.**

LAIRD EXTENSION INSTITUTE
434 Laird Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

SPEAKERS, WRITERS, Club members: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service suited to your requirements, highly endorsed. Revision of manuscripts, story and books, a specialty.
AUTHORS' RESEARCH BUREAU
Room 491, 500 Fifth Avenue New York

Books for Writers 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50. The Writer's Book, $2.50. How to write a Short Story, 65c. What Editors Want, 25c. Catalogue 30 others. Also personal service in criticism of manuscripts and advice as to markets. Correspondence invited.
*JAMES KNAPP REEVE
Service Bureau for Writers. (*Former editor of The Editor) ,Franklin, Ohio

AUTHORS
YOUR manuscripts typed as you want them. Neat, accurate work guaranteed. Reasonable rates. It will pay you to send a postal card at once for particulars and samples of my work. No obligation.
Eva Mifflin, 176 S. Adelaide St., Chatham, Ontario.

YOU, TOO
will find it profitable to advertise on this page if you have any product or service that will aid writers. References required. Rates and full information will be sent upon request.
THE BOOKMAN
244 Madison Avenue
New York

F. M. HOLLY
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE
MOTION PICTURE AGENT
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Rates and full information sent upon application

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures.
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC.
135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City

Strengthen Your Work and Increase Your Sales
By Having Me Criticise Your Manuscripts
Fee — Fifty Cents per Thousand Words
Circulars on request
G. GLENWOOD CLARK
219 North Henry Street, Williamsburg, Virginia

ROBERT THOMAS HARDY
Play Broker and Author's Agent
Formerly editor of Snappy Stories. Has also been on the editorial staff of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Street and Smith, and the Munsey publications.
All manuscripts are given Mr. Hardy's personal attention. Send for full information.
47 West 42d Street New York, N. Y.

SHORT-STORY CRITICISM
Details on Request
OLIVE SULLIVAN
Literary Secretary to Irvin S. Cobb
Glendale Road Ossining, N. Y.

POETRY CRITICISM
Careful Reading and Criticism by experienced writer.
MRS. E. CRIGHTON
5210 Cornell Ave. Chicago, Ill.

MANUSCRIPTS COPIED
50c per thousand words, including carbon copy
L. F. PLANK MORGANTOWN, PA.

AN AUTHOR FOUND! The U. S. A. contains one author who prefers to write out his books in longhand and mail his MSS. to a reliable, educated man for typing. 16c a page mailed flat in covers. Perhaps you are the other American author whose publisher would show keen appreciation of typing by
EDWIN BLAKE WHITING, BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page XIII*)

book on the whole gives the effect of mechanical exercises performed by moderately talented high school sophomores. The author is both facile and obvious in couplets such as the following:

> Daniel Boone at twenty-one
> Came with his tomahawk, knife and gun.

or:

> 'Twas noon. A dreamy August heat
> Pervaded all the village street.

But the dreamy heat referred to in the latter passage seems to have pervaded the book as well, and to have lent it a soporific quality that bears no relationship to the impulse of the Muses.

Alfred Bertholet's "Kulturgeschichte Israels" is an accepted authority on the cultural background of the Old Testament; a detailed study of ancient Hebrew social, political, intellectual, religious, and economic life in Palestine from its beginnings to the fall of the Kingdom of Judah in 586 B. C. As "A History of Hebrew Civilization" (Brentano) it is now offered to English readers in a good translation by the Reverend A. K. Dallas.

It may be prejudice, but when we pick up a volume of essays we instinctively look for some connecting thread. We always hope that the author has visualized his book before writing it, and congratulate him if he has had the good fortune to secure magazine publication of the various chapters as they have been successively completed. We valiantly hope that he has not been tempted to gather his scattered articles together and publish them in book form. Osbert Burdett has evidently followed the latter procedure with his "Critical Essays" (Holt) and it militates against the value of the book as a whole. Although his introductory essay on Hawthorne stands as an independent piece of criticism, distinguished in any company, it is disconcerting to turn from its sustained pitch to a discussion of the gyrations of Charlie Chaplin. By the same token, a semi-journalistic account of a season at Oberammergau has little place beside an appreciation of "Shelley as Dramatist", and a study of "The Effect of Printing on Literature" is poor company for an excursion into "Vers Libre". If the reader is content to pick up the book at random, or has the agility to readjust his mental attitude with each new chapter, he will be rewarded for at least a cursory survey of this volume.

The frontispiece of Clarence Edward Macartney's "Highways and Byways of the Civil War" (Dorrance) strikes the keynote of his book — human interest — for it shows William Black (who looks to be a boy of thirteen), "the youngest wounded Union soldier." The author, who has devoted sixteen years to the study of the Civil War, has written a kindly, readable volume which throws into relief the great moments of the conflict with a wealth of personal incident and characterization which allows us to forget that he is a stylist. And he makes the emotional and personal quality of the war vivid by his human presentation. Major General Sir Frederick Maurice's "Statesmen and Soldiers of the Civil War" (Little, Brown) is a war horse of another color, a series of Trinity lectures by a professional British soldier. The Civil War serves as the text for a purely objective study of the relations desirable between heads of governments and heads of armies during wartime; and those between Lincoln and Davis and their generals in the field supply analogies for critical comparison with regard to British government and military interrelations during the World War.

The New
REPUBLIC

A thorn in the side of complacency

15c a copy *$5.00 a year*

See special combination offer with Upton Sinclair's novel "Oil!" on page XXVIII of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

IN "The Further Venture Book" (Century) Elinor Mordaunt passes from South Sea isles to cannibal Papua and Java, with the same pungent colorful description of shifting scenes and peoples, and the same frank detailing of how little the artless savage wears and why and where he wears it, which lent piquancy to her earlier volume. It is racy travel stuff by a true he-woman.

Louis Couperus's gift for a delicately intimate visualization of the exotic scene, his ability to penetrate the outer semblance and seize the inner thought and meaning of the exotic psychosis, has never shown to better advantage than in his "Nippon" (Doran), the last work he wrote, which John de La Valette has Englished from the Dutch. In this series of charming letters penned while the writer was slowly dying in a foreign land, his sympathy, understanding, and appreciation for all that was lovely and interesting about him are vividly alive. It is a pleasure to read impressions so clearly, distinctively, and poetically set down, an occasional shade of melancholy only lending its sunscapes greater brilliance.

Inevitably the reader of Somerville Story's new book wishes he were "Dining in Paris". That is the name under which McBride publishes this book redolent of the good things of the Parisian restaurants. It is an exhaustive guide to the cuisines of eating places whose names have long been conjured with, Ciro's, Maxim's, the Café de Paris. But also it can conduct the gourmet to less famous and less costly places where he may fill the stomach æsthetically without emptying the purse utterly. Where to eat (or drink), what to eat (or drink), a hint of how it is prepared and from which of the provinces it comes — where the "interesting people" may be seen and who they are — these are the things that fill this sophisticated little book. Anyone who has loafed properly in Paris will know how important is such worldly wisdom.

Anyone weary of travel books in which "the flags, the dollars and Cook tours march round the world till they meet themselves coming back", will enjoy John Dos Passos's kaleidoscopic, unconventional "Orient Express" (Harper), as bizarrely hued descriptively as its stark color prints. Constantinople, Bagdad, Damascus, Teheran, the Caucasus, and the Trans-Siberian Railroad, somewhat in Blaise Cendrars's brilliant, jerkily laconic manner ("Homer of the Trans-Siberian" is a sparkling essay on the author of "Sutter's Gold"), and piquant historic aperçus born of the shifting, disintegrate ambients of the author's traveling moments (1921–1922), are joined to a genuine knack for evoking sights, sounds, and smells exotic with a realistic tang to make it all worthwhile.

In "Mallorca the Magnificent" (Century) Nina Larrey Duryea offers a simple, pleasantly readable account of her reactions to what she calls "a fallen sector of paradise on the pavement of azure sea". Religion and custom, caves, country houses, cathedrals, and contemporary life are described with a nice sense for the poetic.

Provocative names, Constantinople, Marmora, Bosporous, lose their controversial significance (so inevitably the rôle of any Near East area in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries) in H. G. Dwight's book "Constantinople, Settings and Traits" (Harper). Rather the author has sought to capture the aroma of Constantinople, creating a mosaic showing the varied color and texture of its life in its brilliant and more sober patterns, its mixed peoples and strange traditions. In the most pleasurable parts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Dwight depicts the meditative idling in picturesque coffee houses, about the ships of the Golden Horn, in the mosques and Turkish gardens, as well as the superb merry-making and reverence of the holiday of Ramazan. Occasionally this reader felt the atmosphere of the guidebook, a mere cataloguing of treasures, heavily overtopping the human side. A shorter book, depending for effect on broad, impressionistic strokes rather than the painstaking amassing of innumerable though relevant details, would, we believe, widen the appeal of this work. Many pictures make it attractive and explicit.

A thrilling account of man's effort to reach the highest place on earth is "The Epic of Mount Everest" by Sir Francis Younghusband (Longmans, Green). In it he describes minutely the three expeditions that cost thirteen lives and almost superhuman effort. The layman will be surprised to learn what an extensive organization is required for such mountaineering, and how slowly and painfully climbing must be done in high altitudes, though the expeditions were successful, at least, in proving that the human body can adjust itself — to a degree — to altitudes formerly believed to be fatal.

Harry A. Franck is on another trek. His latest record of high adventure, "East of Siam" (Century), is an intimate and pictorial account of his experiences in the five provinces of French Indo-China. There is little new that can be said of Mr. Franck's books. He has won his spurs by a worldwide vagabondage. This particular volume is replete with a variety of information on France's place in the sun — the far away "Kingdom of the Eminent South". Angkor, which has loomed magically these last few years, is no longer an endurance test, according to Mr. Franck; even in Angkor there are good roads and "tourist-minded Fords" in evidence. Mr. Franck consorts gaily in his journeyings with all sorts and conditions and colors of men, recounting his observations with lively yet penetrating directness.

Are you going to France? Then "The Epicure's Guide to France" (Harper) is as

LINDBERGH
[the flight]
2
GREAT
RECORDS!

Col. Charles Lindbergh recently set a glorious record by making the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris, from the Statue of Liberty to the Eifel Tower.

Nearly as noteworthy was the record set in the publishing field by H. Wolff in the handling of D. Appleton & Company's book, "Charles Lindbergh — His Life."

The flat sheets of this beautiful 256-page book were delivered to H. Wolff at eight o'clock in the morning. *The edition was bound and ready for delivery at 2.30 the same afternoon.*

H. WOLFF
[the book]

508-526 West 26th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

essential as your passport and the inevitable Baedeker. Even if the rue des Saules is as familiar to you as Washington Square, you are doubly in need of an epicurean aid to new and unusual places where "*toujours les bons vivants sont chez eux*". In this first volume of what promises to be a series Messieurs Curnonsky and Marcel Rouff have deftly compiled an accurate guide to the best restaurants in "Paris — The Environs of Paris — Normandy". They do not stop at this, however — for each *arrondissement* they supply a plainly marked map so that the traveler is in no danger of turning the wrong corner. Having led him by the eye, so to speak, to the restaurant, these indefatigable authors in each case suggest the most delectable dish on the menu, and recommend certain sparkling vintages from the wine cellar. Not content with that, they offer recipes of some of the more famous dishes which dare you to try your skill.

One can feel the zestful bumping of the capricious Ford long after having laid down Frederic F. Van de Water's "The Family Flivvers to Frisco" (Appleton). Zestful it is, even to "hear tell" about it — an irresponsible adventure into the everyday unknown of America, with a germ of joyous contagion buzzing in every healthy mile of it. Maybe the health giving exercise has imbued Mr. Van de Water with an all too misleading optimism, though! If he is to be believed, a trip to the farthest west shores of the country, in a cautiously balloon tired but no less common or garden flivver, has no more hazards in it than a flight over a mild azure sea in trim, small sailing brig — except for the bumps! "The real America" he finds to be a matter for simple patriotic pride; the real Americans, coming together from north, south, east, and west to rub shoulders and clasp hands in motor camps along the wayside, an encouraging omen for the understanding of the future. Perhaps he is an optimist; perhaps he just has the wanderlust and doesn't know it. But he certainly has managed to put a tang into his pages.

"Of knowledge and experience the fruit is generally doubt", asserts Aldous Huxley in "Jesting Pilate" (Doran), throwing skyward, in his usual buoyant way, his rocket of defiant phrases, knowing that they will burst in midair in a shower of lovely sparks. Never was his genius as the great literary *poseur* more fully demonstrated than in this volume of essays, many of which originally ran in this magazine. Ostensively, they tell about his travels, mainly in India, whose atmosphere he gives very graphically, since he cannot touch any subject without making it interesting. But actually, the charm is his bewitchingly artificial mode of playing ball with faiths and hopes on which the whole foundation of civilized life rests. He tells us of Indian superstitions; of the jailbird saints of Cawnpore; the deplorable lack of opportunity for the educated young Indian; the tragedies lying beneath the comedy life of Delhi; the ridiculous fairy tales of the Burmese — but all through his light attacks upon existing morals, prevailing religions of both Eastern and Western races, there peeps out something no writer can hope to conceal: the personality that is bigger and broader than any chosen vocabulary.

"So much happened here that it is confusing to recall a tenth of it", says Warren H. Miller in the closing chapter, on Alexandria, of his "All Around the Mediterranean" (Appleton). It is rather to be regretted that Mr. Miller did not think to take that as the text for many of his chapters. He is a guide who is sometimes guilty of outpacing his clients; of losing them, again, in a maze of extraneous historical data. Love for his Mediterranean, and the easy familiarity with its lore of a faithful dweller on its shores, have pushed him into this rather pardonable sinning. His avowed aim has been to "put in just enough history to . . . place the thing seen accurately in the general picture. . . ." He has put in just a little too much, in some places, but there are others — notably the chapters on the Riviera, the Azores, and the enthralling tour of Jerusalem — that counterbalance, and place the book in the worthwhile class.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where to Buy Books

All the books mentioned or advertised in* THE BOOKMAN *may be obtained from the bookshops of your city. These booksellers, by the quality of their service, warrant your patronage.

BOSTON, MASS.

Books for Discriminating Readers

We specialize in religious and religious educational literature

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

The PILGRIM PRESS
BOOKSTORE
14 Beacon Street · Boston — 19 S. LaSalle Street · Chicago

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FREE for the asking, the **S & K MONTHLY BOOK REVIEW**: We have all good books.

STEWART KIDD

Booksellers *Stationers* *Engravers*

19-23 East 4th Street **Cincinnati**

DETROIT, MICH.

Books of All Publishers

Let us send you our catalogues and announcements of new books

SHEEHAN'S BOOKSTORE

DETROIT, MICH.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

THE EDWARD·MADISON·COMPANY
BOOKS·STATIONERY·ART·WARES·CAMERAS
ARTISTIC·FRAMING & PRINTING·
427·429·BLOOMFIELD·Av·MONTCLAIR·N·J·

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BOOK BASKETS FOR STEAMER GIFTS
Books and Magazines $10, $15. Special assortments to order $25 up
We Specialize in Personal Selections
ELIZABETH H. PUSEY, INC.
598 Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Rare Books · First Editions · Sporting Prints · Standard Editions

BOOKS

Real Booklovers invariably go to Himebaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask?

Write for catalogue

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
Booksellers and Stationers
4 East 46th Street

Books on all Sporting Subjects carried in stock, or sought for and bought for customers. Catalogue on request.

THE ABERCROMBIE & FITCH COMPANY
Madison Ave., at 45th St., New York City
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

McDEVITT—WILSON'S
NEW BOOKS—RARE BOOKS
FINE BINDINGS—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
Monthly BOOK-TALK Mailed free
30 Church St. **New York City**

MASONIC BOOKS
The latest books on Freemasonry. Come in and visit our bookshelves. *Mail orders promptly filled. Send for Catalog B.*
REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers
9 West 23rd Street New York, N. Y.

M. J. WHALEY, INC.
Bookseller, Stationer and Engraver
749 FIFTH AVENUE
Between 57th and 58th Streets NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideal Summer Vacations
BERMUDA
Only 2 Days from New York

Average summer temp. 77°

A "different" vacation, with the charm of a trip to Europe. Average summer temp. 77°.

8 day tours—$97.00

and up, including every expense for steamer, hotel and side trips. Longer tours in proportion.

Two sailings weekly on the transatlantic liners

FORT VICTORIA
FORT ST. GEORGE

to this quaint little foreign land.

A happy sea voyage and a real vacation with all sports.

Note: Bermuda is free from hay fever.

For illustrative booklet and reservations write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
34 Whitehall St., New York
or any authorized agent

THE ST. GEORGE HOTEL,

where gaiety and life are centered, offers superb facilities. An addition of 40 new rooms with bath (75 rooms with bath in all) has just been completed. The St. George now accommodates comfortably over 200 guests. Every luxury, an exquisite setting. Large tiled swimming pool. Responsible courier accompanies guests on all sight-seeing trips. Room and meals from $6.50 per day up.

William Beebe, director of tropical research of the New York Zoological Society, recounts with characteristic brilliancy and fascination, in "Pheasant Jungles" (Putnam), his adventures in the wilds of Ceylon, the Himalayas, Burma, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo, during the course of his scientific expedition to those regions some seventeen years ago. Although the capture of rare pheasant specimens was the author's primary object, birds soon become of secondary importance to the reader following Dr. Beebe on his hazardous journeys through savage tropic lands. This is a book worthy of a popular acclaim corresponding to that won by such admirable works from the same hand as "Galápagos", "Jungle Days", and "The Arcturus Adventure".

Some two million Americans will testify that the Great Adventure of the World War was largely composed of mud and cooties. Similarly, the first white woman to enter Lhasa, Mme. Alexandra David-Neel, records in "My Journey to Lhasa" (Harper) that her dangerous travel was largely dirt and cold and hunger. She disguised herself as a religious mendicant and apparently had a good time, all things considered. Her gusto in the daily incidents of the trip is vividly conveyed to the reader, but if Tibet is a land of awesome mystery one would never suspect it from this traveler's tale.

Some twenty years ago Julius Meier-Graefe, the distinguished German critic of art, went to Spain to see the Velasquez canvases in the Prado at Madrid. He came to pray — for Velasquez was the dominant name of the period — but remained to scorn, and to hail instead El Greco, who was little known and has since become appreciated, largely through Meier-Graefe. During the six months of his trip he kept a diary in which he commented not only on the art which he saw, but on whatever else he observed, heard, tasted and smelled. This, a product of a really first rate mind, has now been well translated by J. Holroyd-Reece under the title of "The Spanish Journey" (Harcourt, Brace). The volume includes excellent illustrative drawings by J. Sima and nine plates after paintings by El Greco.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where to Buy Books

All the books mentioned or advertised in* THE BOOKMAN *may be obtained from the bookshops of your city. These booksellers, by the quality of their service, warrant your patronage.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE Booke Shop at 4 Market Square, Providence, R. I., will consider it a privilege to send, upon request, selected lists of books to Reading Circles and Book Clubs in any part of the United States or foreign countries.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Any Book of Any Publisher
PROMPT CAREFUL SERVICE!
THE H. R. HUNTTING COMPANY
(Library Specialists)
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

UTICA, N. Y.

Special Service to Libraries and Book Clubs
GRANT'S BOOK SHOP, INC.
127-129 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.
Central New York's Greatest Book Shop

FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 vols. secondhand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books, and Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests.

FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, LONDON, ENGLAND.

INTERESTED IN ASTROLOGY?

A little brochure "What Astrology Means to You" — new enlarged edition — will be sent to you on request. It is absorbingly interesting and illuminating. *Postage 10 cents.*

CECIL M. HIND
6013-E 27th Ave., N. E. Seattle, Washington

These Booksellers

will gladly show you any of the books mentioned or advertised in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

They will be pleased to advise you in the selection of suitable books for gift or other purposes.

Their expert knowledge is freely at your disposal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OIL!

by

UPTON SINCLAIR

not only tells a story that needs telling, but does it in the gripping, well-knit style of a novelist to the manner born. Here are a few characteristic comments by leading critics:

I can hardly tear myself away from it. It's a big thing, and I believe it can't help making an impression on America. — *Floyd Dell*

Great fiction and great thinking. — *William Ellery Leonard*

A marvelous panorama of Southern California life. — *William McFee*

An amazingly rich gusher of American life, dramatic and interesting. — *The Independent*

"Oil!" is published by A. & C. Boni at $2.50. With The New Republic for 26 weeks (regularly $2.50) it can be obtained at the low combination price of only—

$3.85

The New

REPUBLIC

— a weekly journal devoted to politics, current affairs, literature, art, and criticism;

— non-partisan, except in so far as its liberal classification implies partisanship to all institutions and causes of a liberal character;

— independent, and free from "entangling alliances," in the broadest sense;

— edited by Herbert Croly, and numbering among its contributors and associate editors, writers and thinkers in the front rank of all the vital activities of American life.

THE regular subscription price of the magazine is $5.00 a year, but it is obtainable in combination with Upton Sinclair's splendid novel, "Oil!" on special terms described in the adjoining column.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 West 21st Street, NEW YORK CITY

I enclose check (or money-order) for $.....
Please enter my subscription to The New Republic for.....
.....weeks and send me at once, postpaid, Upton Sinclair's "Oil!"

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY.....STATE.....

B-8-27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRAFTSMEN—NOT JUST MACHINE OPERATORS!

QUINN & BODEN linotypers are trained in the standards of fine typography. They work under ideal conditions. Every job set must achieve the highest standard of appearance and freedom from error within the limitations of its design.

Well made books win honors—and sales!

No one has (and probably no one can) determine the exact relationship between typography and sales. Yet these three recent triumphs of Quinn & Boden books are significant:

1. Three of the Graphic Arts "Fifty Books" were manufactured complete by Quinn & Boden (a larger number than by any other press).
2. Four of the 1927 selections of the "Book-of-the-Month Club", chosen thus far, were Quinn & Boden manufactured.
3. Thirteen books on the combined "best seller" lists of the Publishers Weekly and the Baker & Taylor Company for 1927 were Quinn & Boden manufactured.

"Well printed trade books need not be expensive," *states the catalog of the "Fifty Books" Exhibit. Quinn & Boden are daily creating evidence in support of this truth. May we place it before you?*

QUINN & BODEN CO. *Inc.*

Manufacturers of Fine Books

RAHWAY, N. J.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir Francis Drake

by

E. F. BENSON

The glamorous history of Drake from the time he got his first sight of the Indies to the thrilling climax of the "Invincible Armada." Illustrated. $4.00

Cavour

by

MAURICE PALEOLOGUE

Translated by Ian F. D. Morrow and Muriel M. Morrow

A distinguished biography of the great "architect" of a united Italy by one who is himself a diplomatist and statesman of note. Illustrated. $5.00

Copper Sun

by

COUNTEE CULLEN

Author of "Color"

A new collection of poems, full of rich imagery, subdued gaiety and naivete by one of the vivid figures standing out from the younger group of modern poets. $2.00

From Man to Man

by

OLIVE SCHREINER

"In depth and brilliancy of description it surpasses 'The Story of an African Farm'."—Saturday Review of Literature. $2.50

Giants In the Earth

by

O. E. RÖLVAAG

"Infused with deep poetic feeling . . . it strikes the epic note."—N. Y. Herald Tribune. $2.50

The New Best Seller

THE MATING CALL

by REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers", "Padlocked" etc.

He came back from France to find his marriage annulled. Disillusioned, he sought peace in a struggle with the soil. But even then women would not leave him alone. An absorbing novel told by a master story-teller. $2.00

GIDEON

by INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Author of "Gertrude Haviland's Divorce"

The story of a boy who had to choose between two mothers. A novel about a son of divorce whose inheritance from his father and mother is so different it tears him in opposite directions. $2.00

The Passionate Tree

by

BEATRICE SHEEPSHANKS

Author of "Laughing Heart"

This novel tells of a beautiful romance and a love so great that it found sacrifice even greater than fulfillment. $2.00

Gray Sheep

by

DILLWYN PARRISH

The Author of "Smith Everlasting"

A clergyman and his son and the contrast between youth and age in their dealings with life make a strong, keen, interesting story. $2.00

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

by DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN

Author of "The Pride of the Town"

The story of Ira Clutton, the meanest man in town. A delicious comedy of character and situation as well as a dramatic and convincing narrative presenting the pungent aspects of small town life. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED